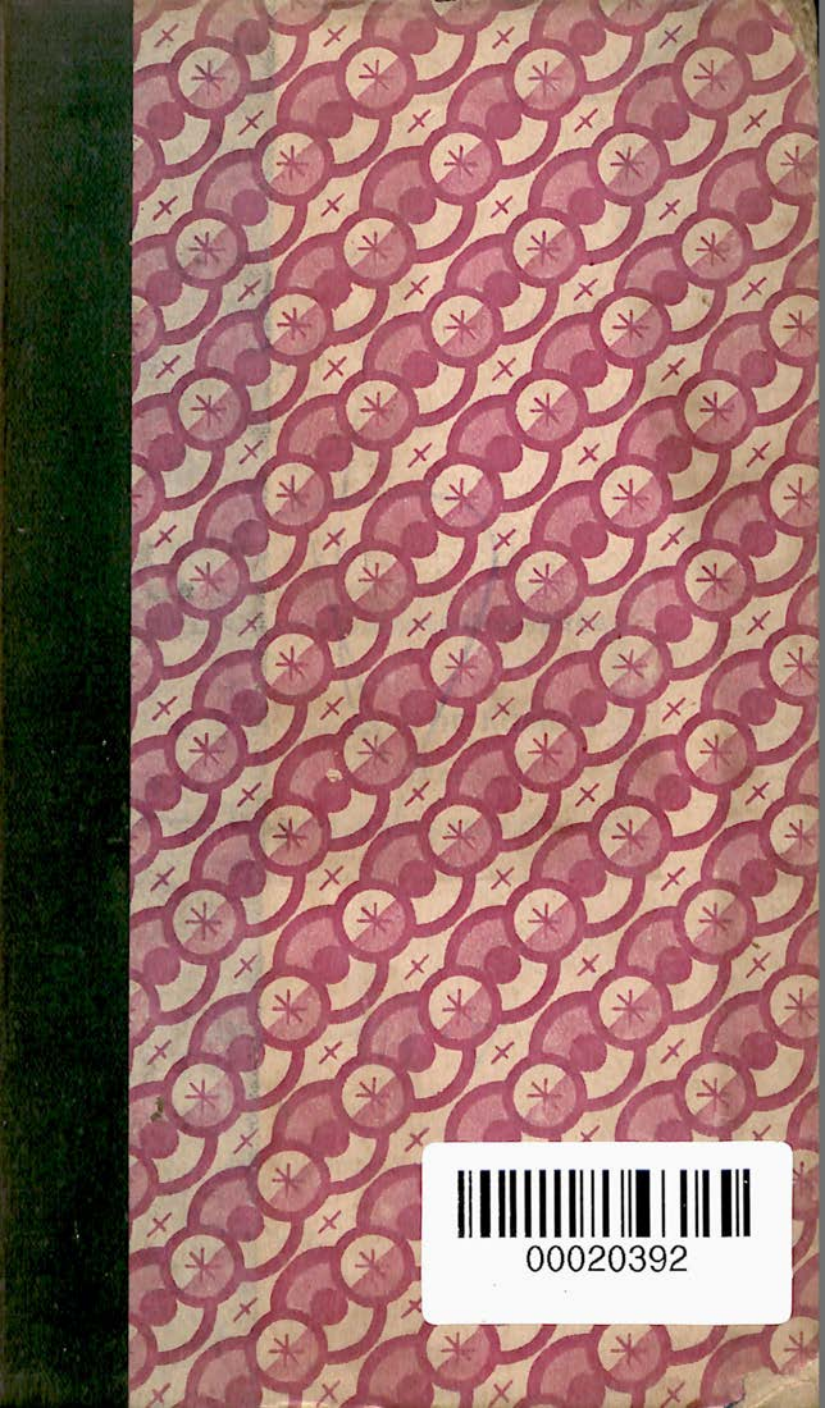
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HISTORICAL MEMOIRS

OF

CARDINAL PACCA,

PRIME MINISTER TO PIUS VII.

Written by Himself.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN,

BY SIR GEORGE HEAD,

AUTHOR OF 'ROME: A TOUR OF MANY DAYS.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca, Prime Minister to Pope Pius VII., comprehend the series of events that fall between the taking possession of Rome by the French in 1808, and the abdication of Napoleon in 1814; including consequently the intercourse between the Roman Pontiff and the French authorities in Rome till 6th July, 1809,—the attack of that day on the Quirinale Palace by escalade, and the forcible abduction from Rome of the Pope and Cardinal Pacca,—the imprisonment of the Cardinal for three years and a half, till February 1813, in the Piedmontese fortress of Fenestrelle,—the means used and the measures adopted by Napoleon in the interim to re-organize the Roman Church and subjugate the Pope,

while under durance at Savona, on the shores of the Mediterranean,—and the negotiations that took place afterwards at Fontainebleau between the Pope and the Emperor relating to the conclusion of the Concordat, and his Holiness's subsequent retractation of that document.

The intrinsic merit of the work itself, as published in Italian, as well as the nature of a subject rendered doubly interesting at the present moment in consequence of the analogy it bears to occurrences now passing within the Papal dominions, were, perhaps, alone a sufficient apology for laying the present English translation before the public; but it has also the advantage of the autobiographical form adopted by the venerable author, that combines to render the relation of the circumstances treated of in his pages lively and entertaining.

Moreover, the individual character of Cardinal Pacca, as it becomes developed under the various stirring vicissitudes of fortune that

befel him during his administration, presents an edifying picture to the public of a pious, well-regulated mind constantly preserving its even tenor, and maintaining in all manner of trying situations a steady, unbiassed equilibrium. Whether captive in an Alpine dungeon, or returning in triumph with the Pope to the Eternal City, ever magnanimous and honourable, undaunted and patient in adversity, humble before God in prosperity, generous though justly indignant towards oppressors, grateful and tender-hearted to benefactors.

Such exalted virtues, though exercised by an open, strenuous advocate of the tenets of the Roman Church, it were surely not unbecoming a member of the Protestant faith to respect and admire. Anxious, at all events, to do all the justice in my power to such virtues, I have faithfully, and to the best of my ability, rendered with fulness and accuracy every idea, sentiment, opinion, argument, fact, or doctrine

enunciated in the course of the work by the illustrious Cardinal, precisely in the true sense and spirit intended to be conveyed by the author.

I have, notwithstanding, for the sake of giving additional clearness and continuity to the narrative, interfered in some measure with its structure, by combining the first two volumes into one, thereby compressing the three volumes of the original into two, engrafting foot and other detached notes into the body of the text, and making a difference in the divisions of the chapters and paragraphs, with some other trifling mechanical alterations of a like nature.

G. H.

22nd January, 1850.

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HISTORICAL MEMOIRS

OF

CARDINAL PACCA.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Letter from the Cardinal Bartolomeo Pacca to the Marchese Giuseppe, his brother.

HEREWITH I send you, my dear brother, the memoirs written during the first months of my imprisonment in the fortress of Fenestrelle, on the subject of which we had so much conversation the last time you were in Rome. I cannot say that the narrative contains precisely a complete chronological account of the events of my ill-fated administration, from the 18th June, 1808, to the 6th July, 1809, but would rather call it an apology for those measures which were undertaken by myself while I was Pro-Secretary of State; and such as may serve as an answer to the various accusations that

have been or may hereafter be made against me—a form which will substantially comprehend a succinct history of everything important during the period in question.

Previous to making you acquainted with the reasons that induced me to extend the present pages to a greater length, and the circumstances under which I was enabled to write them, it is necessary I should observe that, among the various thoughts that in the silence and solitude of the dungeon were busy in my head, there was none more constant, none that wounded my *amour propre* more deeply, than the speculating upon what the opinion of my contemporaries and posterity might be relative to the fall of the Roman court, and the cessation of the temporal power of the Pope, of which lamentable events I may truly say,

> "Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
> Et quorum pars magna fui."[1]

Conscious as I am that no act of my own afforded just cause or even a plausible pretext for the sacrilegious onslaught of the French government, I will candidly confess the weakness of apprehending censure, notwithstanding that I console myself by the reflection that,

[1] Of which I myself was a witness, and bore a considerable share.

even in our own times, my contemporaries have seen the Seven United Provinces of the Batavian republic—a people who, from the time of the ancient Romans, and even under their own governors, up to the sixteenth century, maintained in their constitution a spirit of liberty and independence naturally tending to republicanism—quietly submit without insurrection or popular tumult to a form of monarchical government—the republic of Venice, the most ancient that ever existed, disappear and vanish, in the space of a few days, from the list of European powers—the confederation of the German princes, known by the title of the German Empire, that for so many centuries rendered the German nation the most respectable and the most redoubtable of all the nations on the Continent, dissolved—and finally, the most powerful house of Bourbon, that a few years ago held under her dominion France in her most flourishing condition, Spain, a large portion of the West Indies, various islands and countries in the East Indies, the Two Sicilies, and the duchy of Parma, confined and restricted to the sole limits of the island of Sicily; and even maintaining that possession more in appearance than in reality.

My own contemporaries therefore, say I to myself, who have been spectators of so many, so strange, and

so celebrated changes, will hardly feel surprised that a small state, governed by a pacific, unarmed prince, the merits of whose ministers, whether for good or evil, they will hardly take the pains to investigate, fell a victim to the same formidable conquering power that most wonderfully effected, in the course of a few years, the revolutions above referred to.

As far then as relates to the judgment of my contemporaries I may be tolerably tranquil, but with regard to the opinions of future ages I form the following conjectures.

In the first place, I anticipate the possibility that the animosity of political parties and foreign governments towards the Holy See, or the Roman Court, as they choose to term it, whence is generated a sentiment of distrust and jealousy so inconceivably strong that letters from Rome are as letters from an enemy's country, and feared as if coming from a place suspected of epidemic infection or the plague, will some day or other subside, or become altogether extinct. And I also imagine that the idea that seems to be in vogue at the present day, namely, that in order to acquire the reputation of genius and talent, to stand well at court, and be considered a strenuous defender of sovereign rights, it is indispensable to enter the lists against the Court of

Rome, and with the imagination of Don Quixote create castles out of the Roman congregations and tribunals, and giants out of the cardinals, prelates, and jurists, merely for the sake of the pleasure of attacking them —thereby imitating in these, our own times, the vile ass in Æsop's fable, giving the last kick at the dying lion—will also come to an end.

Still further I foresee, reasoning upon the above premises, that defenders and apologists of Popes, of the Holy See, and of ecclesiastical government, will rise up in different countries in Europe, as we have seen happen in the instance of the Company of Jesus, not only in Catholic nations, but in countries of a heterodox faith; whereby the Jesuits have not only risen cleansed and purged from the calumnious imputations that previously rested upon them, but have been re-established in the Russian empire, in the Two Sicilies, and are now received with the greatest demonstrations of joy and approbation in the very monarchy whence the terrible decree that would absolutely have torn them up by the roots and reduced them to cinders, was fulminated.

Having arrived at these conclusions, the next consideration that presents itself to my mind is the vast, unbounded field that will unfold itself before future apologists of the Popes and the Apostolic See; of whose

history it may be said in the words of Lucius Annæus Florus, with reference to the history of the Roman people, "That those who read it, read the records, not of an individual people, but of the whole human race,"[1] —for the Popes, in fact, as supreme heads and pastors of the Catholic Church, extending their divine jurisdiction over the whole world, have ever maintained a most powerful influence over the gravest affairs of nations, and as temporal princes of a large portion of Italy make an appearance in our own history and in the history of the German empire connected with it for many centuries, so conspicuous and luminous that it was observed by a poet not very favourable to popes, at all events—

> "Rome, dont le destin dans la paix, dans la guerre,
> Est d'être en tous les tems maîtresse de la terre."[2]

Wherefore it occurs to me that, although there exists continually in the world, among the so-called philosophical writers and political hirelings, a malignant desire to depreciate the most zealous pastors and enlightened sovereigns, and the pens of those persons are for ever

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[1] "Ut qui res ejus legunt, non unius populi sed generis humani fasta discant."

[2] Rome, whose destiny, whether in peace or in war, is to be at all times mistress of the world.

bringing before the world, even *ad nauseam*, the scandalous lives of some few pontiffs whom the powerful factions that lacerated Rome and the Roman States in the dark tenth century sacrilegiously thrust into the chair of S. Peter; also the irregular conduct and the avarice of some of the Popes during their residence in Avignon; and, finally, the execrable habits of Alexander VI., and the military enterprises and intrigues of Julius II.; it occurs to me, I say, that posterity will nevertheless cast an impartial view over their entire history, and perceive in a long series, not a few deserving, without a particle of adulation, the surname of GREAT, especially when confronted with the princes their contemporaries who occupied the other thrones of Europe.

They will, at least, acknowledge that various nations received, from the missionaries sent by the Roman pontiffs, not only the first glimmerings of evangelical law, but even the early principles of civilization and agriculture; that useful establishments, religious and literary, tending to the benefit of human nature, were either suggested or promoted by the Popes or their nuncios and legates in different countries; that in various epochs their mediation, either personal or through their representatives, put an end to a state of

anarchy among a people, or was the means of effecting truces among the potentates themselves: thus affording the opportunity for well-considered and impartial treaties of peace that terminated virulent wars otherwise irreconcilable.

Most of all will the magnanimity and wisdom of the Popes of Rome be recognised by posterity in the instances where, as it were in the spirit of rivalry with the ancient emperors to render their city magnificent, they have actually, when the relative state of their resources is taken in comparison, even exceeded their progenitors.

With the deservedly celebrated age of Augustus they will compare the equally glorious period of Leo X., and will hardly sufficiently admire the exalted character of my celebrated benefactor Pius VI., who, in times most unpropitious, had the courage to undertake and bring very nearly to a conclusion the same enterprise that, attempted and in like manner continued by Augustus while he was master of the entire known world, astonished his contemporaries, and elicited the immortal eulogy of the Latin poet upon his labours—

> "Regis opus, sterilisque diu Palus aptaque remis,
> Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum." [1]

[1] A royal work! And the barren marsh that formerly could only be

But the merit of the Popes will appear even in a stronger light many years hence, when Rome shall have appreciated the lamentable consequences of the deprival of their temporal power, as it was appreciated after the long unhappy period of the transfer of their residence to Avignon. Then will Rome and Italy estimate more truly the greatness of their princes, and the enviable wisdom of that form of government which—as many heterodox authors inimical to the Roman Church have pronounced it, and as the evidence of its perfection extorted from the lips of Napoleon even while he meditated the destruction of the Pontifical Government—is the chef-d'œuvre of genius and human policy.

In spite of these reflections that were always revolving in my mind, and, let it be repeated to my confusion, in spite of the comfort derived from the maxims of moral philosophy and our holy religion, I found it impossible to free myself from the same apprehensive dread of the judgment of posterity that I stated in the beginning. I feared, especially, that future generations might accuse the Pope and the Sacred College, and myself also before all the other cardinals, in consequence of

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traversed in boats, now nourishes its frequent cities and feels the heavy pressure of the plough.

having been the first minister of my sovereign, of a want of experience, a want of intelligence, or of crafty, underhanded conduct in the administration of our public duty. In which apprehensions I was confirmed by the recollection of what I heard in Rome when I was a youth, on the publication of the celebrated Brief of Clement XIV. for the suppression of the Company of Jesus, when persons the most friendly and most devoted to the order principally attributed the blame to Ricci, their General, and his assistants. "Ah," said they, "had such a one as Lainez, Acquaviva, or Tamburini been at the head of the order, or a Fabri among the assistants, such efficient persons would have managed to control the tempest—would have mitigated the rage of the sovereigns of Europe against the Society—would have extricated from his dilemma an intimidated, tottering pontiff, who was driven to commit the act against his own inclination; and the sad event would probably never have happened at all."

I remembered also a similar expression of the opinions of the day at the time of the disappearance of the republic of Venice, which people could not persuade themselves to believe could have fallen so shamefully, and have been deprived in one short day of its political existence, after having resisted the formidable league of

Cambrai single-handed, and preserved its freedom and independence for fourteen centuries, unless through the fault of the Doge Manini and the Senate. So that, as relates to Pope Pius VII., the Cardinals, and myself in particular, I fancied that I continually heard as it were sounding in my ears, "Alas! had the chair of S. Peter been occupied by a Julius II., a Sixtus V., or a Clement VIII., and had the sacred senate numbered among its members a Contarini, a Moroni, a Pole, or a Commendoni—

"Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres." [1]

I have never been urged so far by my vanity as to believe myself fit to be compared to such great personages as those above mentioned; and standing as a pigmy to giants in comparison with them—though, by the way, I am by no means sure that, had they been engaged in a similarly unequal state of warfare as myself, with the pen against bayonets and cannons, they would have managed better than I did—I was tortured, notwithstanding, by the reflection of being stigmatized in the eyes of posterity by the blame, whether by reason of imprudence or of want of foresight, of having contri-

[1] Troy, and thou the lofty citadel of Priam, would have still survived.

buted to the fall of Rome and the Pontifical government. Still, however, ruminating and speculating upon all that might be said against my measures, I could anticipate no further accusations or imputations than such as I know to have been applied in the case of others who, whether from want of information or otherwise, have miscalculated the true state of affairs.

It might certainly be affirmed, for instance, that it was highly imprudent to irritate so frequently as I did, by official notes written in a style too impetuous and severe, a haughty monarch in the zenith of his power and grandeur, who never till then had met resistance to his ambitious, gigantic designs, and that I ought rather to have yielded to circumstances, and have endeavoured to conciliate such a personage, and extinguish, if not altogether, at least in part, the flame that, since the occupation of the city by the French troops, had already broken out between the Pontifical government and the French commandant. It might be averred, moreover, that it was rash and in the highest degree impolitic in times like ours, when even in Catholic countries anathemas are so little respected, to launch forth an anathema at all, particularly against a people notorious for scepticism and the contempt for every sort of religious principle; and that it was still more so,

having come to the determination of making public the sentence of excommunication, not to have previously placed the person of the Pope in a state of security, instead of exposing his sacred person to the first sallies of Napoleon's fury, and thereby placing the Church in peril of losing her supreme head, and being thrown for a long period of years into a state of anarchy. For considering the example of all the preceding pontiffs who have been placed in similar difficulties—namely, Gregory VII. and others — all, notwithstanding they were endowed with exemplary fortitude and apostolic courage, thought proper nevertheless, previously to having recourse to the tremendous arms of the Church, to place their own persons in a state of security.

Some people may even go so far as to wonder how it happened, since for several months preceding the Pope's deportation the French troops in Rome amounted frequently to not more than a few hundred men, that no endeavour was made to stimulate the Roman people against the invaders, to whose residence in their capital they unwillingly submitted, and filled as they were with resentment at the Pope's imprisonment and the exile of so many prelates and cardinals, would very readily have re-enacted the celebrated tragical scene of the Sicilian Vespers.

Conscious, however, in my own mind of not meriting the reproach of failing to weigh beforehand well and often projects such as these, which, finding ill-concerted, useless, or wicked, I had good reason to reject, or of not reflecting maturely on the consequences of every individual measure that I did undertake, I consoled myself by frequently repeating the maxim of Christian philosophy, so well expressed by Ariosto in the following verses :—

" Sebben contre ogni debito m' avviene,
Ch' io ne reporti si dura mercede,
E di me creda il mondo men che bene,
Basta che innanti a quel, che tutto vede,
E mi può ristorar di grazia eterna,
Chiara la mia innocenza si discerna." [1]

Finally, I resolved to commit to writing this my answer and apology, and give it to my nephew Tiberio Pacca, who was a prisoner in the same fortress with myself, in order that, in the event of my death, he might be enabled to render an account of me in Rome, or elsewhere.

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[1] Even though it happen that, in spite of all I may deserve, my services obtain such scanty recompense, and by the world below the level of honesty am I rated; sufficient be it that my innocence shine clearly before the eyes of Him whose view comprehends the universe, and whose power is able to restore me to grace eternal.

Having come to this determination, the next thing was to overcome the difficulty of putting the design into execution; since on the first moment of my setting foot in the fortress, the order of the French government was communicated to me by the commandant, to the effect that I must altogether abstain from writing to any person, or from signing my name either to a letter of credit for money, or in any other way whatever. In fact, the second day after my arrival at Fenestrelle, the gaoler even visited the apartment of Michele, my chamberlain, and taking from him his paper, pens, and ink, told him that for the future he must make his accounts and list of expenses in his room, and in his presence.

For this impediment I found a remedy some days afterwards, and procured from my fellow-prisoner, the Count, afterwards Monsignor Baccili, all the necessary implements for writing, which I carefully concealed in my bedchamber. I could not, however, sit at my table to write in the daytime, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected visits, sometimes of the commandant, or of the fort-major, and even more frequently of my gaoler and of a soldier appointed to wait on me occasionally. Rising therefore with the sun, in the tranquil hours and perfect silence of the morning I wrote these

apologetic pages, which I kept continually concealed about my own person till I was able to deliver them to my nephew, with whom once a fortnight, or thereabouts, I was permitted to have an interview; and he had the dexterity to convey them away from the prison on his return to Milan.

Such were really the motives I had for writing these pages, which possibly may at some future day serve to throw a light on the events referred to, and furnish material for whomsoever may be inclined to compose an historical account of the Court of Rome at the period in question, which object, in case the States of the Church had not been restored for a long period, or perhaps had never more formed a part of the dominion of the Holy See, would have been still more important. The cessation of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope will at all events have formed a notable epoch in modern history, such as will render even the minutest details of deep interest to posterity.

At the present moment, so far as regards myself and the measures of my administration, there is no need of apology, inasmuch as, since the return of the Pope and his reoccupation of the Pontifical chair with such full measure of applause and glory, men's language has changed altogether, and the very same operations which

were in times gone by, and will again at a future period be a subject of blame and censure, were visited all of a sudden with encomiums and general approbation. The frank and severe style of my official notes and the renowned bull of excommunication are now extolled as glorious monuments of apostolic liberty and superhuman courage; and the act of the Pope in remaining at Rome, contrary to the example of any of his predecessors, is looked upon, and with great reason, as the magnanimous hazarding of his own life for the sake of his flock, and as an act worthy of the supreme pastor of the Catholic Church, forming one of the most glorious epochs in his pontificate.

Melancholy indeed is the condition of a minister, and sad the reflection, that not on the wisdom and prudence of his measures, but on the contingency of his success, his honour and reputation depend.

A fortunate result not only accrued to myself by the glorious return of the Pope to the Holy See, and the consequent sudden change of tone of my vituperators, but Divine Providence also afforded me an opportunity, during the few months of my second administration after returning from France, at the time when the territory of the Church was invaded by the Neapolitan troops under King Murat, of discussing anew the pro-

priety of the Holy Father having abandoned his capital and retired to the dominions of a foreign power. At the latter period my opinion was in favour of the Pope's departure, and he departed accordingly; and the fortunate issue of that memorable journey, which was a continued triumph, affords another justification of my conduct, and proves that I always shaped my counsel according to the different aspect of affairs. For it is to be observed, on comparing the events of the year 1809 with those of 1815, that in the latter instance, at the time of the invasion of the Neapolitan troops, the Pope left his capital, not after the manner of a fugitive, but in the guise of a sovereign retiring from the seat of his government for a short period; nor even at the time was his departure blamed as the recreant abandonment of the holy chair and his people, inasmuch as his return at a short period was generally anticipated. People of common sense regarded as a passing whirlwind the rash and silly undertaking of Joachim to make war with the aid only of the Neapolitan forces against all the sovereigns of Europe, who, united at that time with the Court of Vienna, fulminated against whomsoever dared to take up arms and espouse the cause of the proscribed Napoleon. Besides, the Holy Father, who had been previously invited, in case of a new invasion of

his territory, by a pious and religious sovereign to retire within his dominions, might therefore freely select, as in the event he did, the city of Genoa, which had been at all times a city devoted to the Holy See, as a place of asylum: for, in consequence of its position affording an open communication by sea with other countries, he might freely and easily communicate thence with the four quarters of the world, and thereby secure an essential point for his divine primacy, and obtain another most important consideration by being able to convene a meeting of the Sacred College within the space of a few days, if necessary; whether for the purpose of assisting in the government of the Universal Church, or, in case the death of the Holy Father were to be added to other misfortunes, of nominating a successor to the chair of S. Peter.

You will see, therefore, my dear brother, by the perusal of these pages, the great difference that existed between the circumstances at the time of Murat's invasion and those at the former period; and you will understand that, if in the latter instance it were wise and prudent to leave the city, which step had the general approbation of the other sovereigns and contributed probably to the more speedy liberation of Italy, it would have been a real folly to have attempted

it in 1809, when even success would probably have been attended with fatal consequences.

Before I close my letter, however, I will anticipate an interrogatory that may possibly occur to you, for I fancy I hear you ask me how it was that I did not foresee the speedy restitution of the usurped dominions of the Holy See and the glorious return either of Pius VII. or of his successor to the pontifical throne in Rome? and how I could have forgotten the beautiful expression of the celebrated Bossuet, who has laid it down as a maxim that in the actual state of Europe, divided into so many powers continually at variance, the condition of a Pope, subject to any one of the many, is a state incompatible with the government of the Universal Church?

True, my dear brother, during the moments when my mind was at peace and tranquil, especially after having fulfilled the sacred duties of religion, I frequently felt a lively hope, I may almost say a presentiment, that the Pope would recover the possession of Rome and the States of the Church; but at other times my reflections were perfectly different, and thoughts and ideas, arising from a more strict interpretation of the very same passage of Bossuet, seriously weakened my expectation of the speedy reinstatement

of the Popes in their temporal government. The language of that celebrated man, afterwards repeated by Fleury and the President Hainault, appears in substance to signify that it was decreed by Divine Providence, when, at the fall of the ancient Roman empire, which comprehended within its vast limits almost all the nations of the earth, many of those nations embraced Christianity and became divided into different provinces, kingdoms, and governments, frequently hostile and always jealous of one another, that, since the Popes, if subject to any one power, could never have exercised freely and impartially their apostolic ministration, a dominion should be allotted to the Roman Church, in order that, through the power of a chief independent of all other temporal potentates, she might be able to hold in her hand the balance, without bias or disturbance.

This expression of Bossuet, taken briefly in the abstract, is replete with good sense and worthy of his character, but in consequence of the circumstances of the times, and the progress of affairs in Europe during the period of my imprisonment, another view of the matter, which I will briefly explain, arose in my mind. I perceived that the political changes in Europe announced a great coming revolution, and it appeared to

me that Providence had in preparation the design of raising up another grand monarchy which might equal or even surpass in vastness of territory, in power, and in grandeur, the ancient Roman empire, under which the supreme pontiffs were able, *notwithstanding they were subjects themselves*, to govern the Church for full eight centuries, to enlarge its limits, and to extend its dominion over the whole of the known world.

I saw, moreover, one single individual dictating laws to almost the whole of Europe, taking no pains to conceal or even to disguise his unbridled ambition, and evidently manifesting his intention to render the whole Continent subject to his dominion. The French empire at that time comprised, in addition to France, the Belgic provinces wrested from the House of Austria; the whole of that great portion of ancient Gaul afterwards re-united in the German empire, and extending from the frontiers of Belgium to the Rhine; and an extensive territory on this side the Rhine to the shores of the German Sea: it included also various provinces of Italy, and the kingdom of Italy itself was nothing more than a French province dependent on the same sovereign. French provinces also might be considered the kingdoms of Holland, Spain, Naples, and Westphalia, whose principal thrones were occupied by

Napoleon's great dignitaries and generals, persons who were, every one, obedient and submissive even to a wink of the Emperor. To such a vast extent of territory are to be added the states occupied by the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, who, like Deiotarus, Ariobarzanes, and Agrippa, in the time of the Roman Senate, and of the first of the Cæsars, had the title of kings; also by those Grand Dukes decorated by Napoleon, who, by a simple decree, might hurl them from their thrones, and convert their states to so many provinces of his empire.

All such appearances, therefore, announced the coming existence of a great monarchy, which might, and actually had in part made to disappear many of those very kingdoms and principalities, which, according to Bossuet's theory, rendered the subjection of the Popes incompatible with the government of the Universal Church.

From all the above considerations, therefore, it followed as a consequence that Divine Providence, always intent upon the preservation of its Church, having by its inscrutable decrees taken away from the Holy See her temporal power, was preparing a series of changes of states and governments, likely on a future occasion to render it possible that the Pope might even, *though he himself were a subject*, rule over and govern

without any serious detriment the entire flock of the faithful.

I was further confirmed in the above supposition by imagining it possible that even from the melancholy event of the cessation of the sovereignty of the Pope, the Lord might produce other and not slight advantages for his Church, and that the loss of the temporal dominion and the greater part of the ecclesiastical property would ultimately prove to be the means of removing, or at any rate of weakening, the degree of jealousy and bad feeling that universally exist against the court of Rome and her clergy.

I considered that the Pope, relieved of the weighty charge of temporal principality that certainly obliges him to sacrifice too great a portion of his precious time to secular affairs, would be enabled to direct his entire thoughts and attention to the spiritual government of the Church, which, though thereby deprived of lustre, pomp, dignity, and the attraction of her temporal benefits, on the other hand would have the advantage of numbering those exclusively who are zealous in the sacred cause among her ministers—those who, so long as they

"*desire the office of a bishop, desire a good work.*"[1]

[1] 1 Timothy iii. 1.

The Pope also would in future have less regard, in the choice of his ministers and councillors, to the splendour of birth, the solicitation of influential persons, and the recommendation of sovereigns, of whose Roman promotions it may frequently be observed—

"*Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy; they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.*"[1]

Finally, in our councils on ecclesiastical affairs the fear of losing the temporal benefits of preferment would cease to be regarded as a motive, which, so long as it has a place in the scale, is liable to turn the balance, and influence the rejection or the adoption of a resolution, by pusillanimous condescension.

These and like considerations weakened, as I said before, my expectation of seeing very speedily the restoration of the Pontifical government, and caused me sometimes to think it hardly desirable that the event, at least for a considerable period, should happen at all. Collecting, meanwhile, in my mind materials for the defence of my own conduct, whether private or official,

[1] Isaiah ix. 3.

I resign myself to the Divine will, and conclude that whatever may happen,

"*Righteous art thou, O Lord, and upright are thy judgments.*"[1]

Your affectionate brother,

B. CARDINAL PACCA.

Benevento, 1*st Nov.* 1816.

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[1] Psalm cxix. 137.

CHAPTER II.

Cardinal Pacca appointed Prime Minister to Pius VII.—Intercourse with the French Authorities — Aggressive Acts of the French Commandant — Arrest of Cardinal Pacca — Voluntary Imprisonment of the Pope and the Cardinal in the Quirinale Palace.

I MAY positively assert, without fear of being charged with exaggeration, that never did a man join an administration in times more critical, or, to say more properly, under circumstances more horrible, than I did when, at the departure from Rome of his Eminence Cardinal Gabrielli, I was appointed by the Pope Pro-Secretary of State.

For several months previously the project of the Emperor of the French to wrest the sovereignty from the Pope and the Holy See was perfectly well known to the public; and although a flattering hope yet remained in Rome and in the provinces that the design might possibly be never put in execution, and that some means or other might be found to ward off the tempest, the hostile entrance into Rome of the French troops on the 2nd of February, 1808—the insult inflicted upon

the Apostolic Palace at the very moment of a solemn religious ceremonial—the incorporation of the Pontifical with the French regiments—the arrest and imprisonment of his Holiness's *Guardia Nobile*—the expulsion of the Neapolitan cardinals by armed force from the city and the kingdom of Italy—and, above all, the usurpation and union of the duchy of Urbino and the Marches to the kingdom of Italy, under a decree expressed in the most injurious terms towards the Pope, and giving, in fact, as the reason, that since the states in question were given to the Roman Church for the benefit of religion, the same were taken away because the Roman sovereign had allied himself to the enemies of religion—all these insults and all these acts of violence afforded reasonable grounds for concluding that the menaced change of government was not far distant.

In addition to all this, another grievous act was committed, such as, even in less civilized times than our own, is unparalleled in history. On the 16th of June some French officers—two or three in number, if I am not mistaken—suddenly entered, without being announced, the apartment of my predecessor, his Eminence Cardinal Gabrielli, then Pro-Secretary of State, whom having put under arrest and ordered to quit Rome immediately, they then proceeded to perpetrate

the unprecedented outrage of putting fastenings upon his writing-desk, containing not only the secret state-papers, but, what is of still deeper importance, papers relating to the extraordinarily delicate affairs of the Universal Church.

The very same afternoon the Holy Father communicated to me in the most obliging terms his intention to appoint me successor of the Cardinal Gabrielli; my official appointment was forwarded to me two days afterwards, and on Saturday, June 18, I commenced my duty at the Quirinale Palace, and signed the letters and despatches that left Rome by the post on that evening.

I therefore entered upon my official business without the tranquillity of mind and security of person which, in composition and writing state-papers of importance, are absolutely necessary to possess; in addition to which, as I was liable at any moment to be surprised in my apartment, as happened to my predecessor, and as the desks and cupboards for official papers afforded no means of security for the documents in progress of completion, I was obliged to contrive hiding places for the purpose.

To proceed, however, with my subject, and with regard to the condition of Rome and the Papal States as existing at the commencement of my administration:

there was, in the first place, in the public mind a total absence of confidence in the stability of the government, not only with reference to the apprehension of temporary political changes, but of its powers of revival; and people, on the contrary, instead of entertaining a sentiment so indispensably necessary to preserve the public tranquillity, to keep the ill-conditioned in the path of duty, to hold in check the riotous and dissatisfied, and encourage and conciliate the population, were expecting from day to day the French to take possession of the city and to change the dynasty.

At the same time, what is still worse, we were without a sufficient force to keep in awe the rebellious; for the French held their garrison in the fort of S. Angelo, whence by means of their dependants they virtually interfered with everything, even the superintendence of the prisons; and they had taken from the Pope not only the regiments of the line, but the police, both which, notwithstanding that they received their pay from the Papal treasury, were actually under their command: so that I had not, with the exception of the few Swiss guards stationed at the gates of the Apostolic palace, a single military person to whom I could give an order. In the provinces, it is true, the police were nominally under the command of the prelates and governors, but

even there, in every instance of their acting contrary to the French policy, they were invariably either exchanged, or arrested and thrown into prison by the sheriffs, who arbitrarily and capriciously kept them in custody or gave them their liberty, influenced therein by the very dregs of the people, whom they secretly enrolled into a corps under the title of the Civic Guard.

In addition to the deficiency of an armed force, the want of another most powerful spring in the machine of government—that is, money—is to be taken into consideration. The repeated calls for transport for the French army for several years through the Papal States, and the very exorbitant expense of the maintenance of these and other troops stationed in various cities, had exhausted the Papal treasury; and though we had hitherto contrived to furnish funds from the proceeds of the sale of government property, by means of heavy impositions, and by a rate of customs rendered indispensable by the state of affairs, but before that time unheard of in the Papal States, how was it possible now, after the loss of the Marches and the Duchy of Urbino, the very marrow of the Papal States, and with no other territory remaining than the least fertile and worst cultivated of the provinces, to support so grave an expenditure?

The amount of all these evils occasioned by the permanent residence of the French in the country, and by the behaviour of their leaders, tending to undermine the Papal Government, was exaggerated by the disorders that took place in the administration of the interior. The population of Rome especially, though they trembled at the bare idea of a change of government, and detested the French, had expressed very considerable dissatisfaction at various acts of the Papal administration, both in town and country; and in fact even a few months before the entrance of the French, their discontent had arrived at such a pitch, that the ordinary acts of respect and veneration which the Roman people are accustomed to show to the reigning Pope from the bottom of their hearts, were withheld from our best of princes on the occasion of his passing through the country. In times of peace and tranquillity means to regain the good opinion of the public and re-excite their affection to the Government might not have been wanting; but what could be done under the present most bitter circumstances, when to have called to account the members of the administration, or, in other words, to have almost gone the length of commencing a process against the officials, would have been a measure that, by whomsoever attempted, would have been reasonably condemned

by every wise and prudent man as rashly and imprudently divulging, as it were by sound of trumpet, the errors of the Government, and giving triumph to its enemies?

It was, on the contrary, indispensable, arming oneself with the heroic patience of Fabius Maximus, allowing rumours to do their worst, and trusting to delay for safety, to submit to that most melancholy of all conditions, the seeing and feeling disorders and abuses, and the hearing continual lamentations and clamour to have them abated, and yet being unable, owing to the untoward state of the times, to find a present remedy. I was the more discouraged and embarrassed under existing circumstances, by the absence of the principal members of the Sacred College, since a minister of the Pope, so long as he be not one of those persons who are flattered by the sentiment expressed by Horace, of rejoicing in his own responsibility,[1] but, on the contrary, values the support of that august senate who in all the great affairs of the Church and State are ready to render him assistance, feels himself fully justified before God and man so long as he follows

[1] "Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus"—While you alone sustain the weight of affairs so various and important.

their counsel for every measure proposed to be undertaken by the Pope, whatever be its result, and however it may fall short in effect of the end anticipated.

Such an advantage I could not help reflecting I was very far from possessing; for a great many cardinals, and among them the most zealous and talented, had been banished from Rome by the French, and of the few who remained many were so aged and infirm that some, actually during the very period of my administration, passed into the other world; and the Cardinal Consalvi, who, in the early years of Pius's pontificate, held the helm of the state, and might have instructed and enlightened me, had, after being relieved of his office of Secretary of State, retired from public affairs, and no longer made his appearance on the Monte Cavallo except to attend the Court of Consistory and his religious duties at the chapel. Finally, the only two or three efficient cardinals, to whom I had recourse exclusively, were by far too much occupied by their own cares and responsibilities to be able to afford their time and service in rendering me assistance.

I therefore clearly foresaw, myself being the minister likely to be in office at the fall of the Pontifical government, and being necessarily obliged by my duty to put forth energetic representations, and write notes and

severe protests against the sacrilegious usurpation, that so on my own head exclusively the heavy brunt of the tempest, excited by the revenge and indignation of the furious Emperor, would inevitably fall.

Such is the fearful picture of the condition public affairs were in at the time when the appointment of minister was offered to me; and I must confess that at first I felt afraid to accept it, and frequently and sincerely exclaimed to myself,

"*If it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*"[1]

Nay, previously, and in times more tranquil, I had determined, in case the same office of Secretary of State were offered me, to refuse it, and had actually kept for a period of more than three years, ready prepared in my writing-desk, the draft of a letter containing reasons to justify me in the face of the public for doing so.

But a refusal given now, under the aspect of the circumstances I have related, would have been considered pusillanimous, and might by some be even attributed to a spirit of vindictiveness; though, with regard to the latter view of the case, it is necessary I should

[1] Matt. xxvi. 39.

state in explanation, with reference to the well-known custom of the Roman court to reward every cardinal on returning from nunciatorial duty with a preference in diplomatic appointments, and to confer on him either a legation, a charge in the Palatinate, or some important employment in Rome, if not one of the first-rate bishoprics or archbishoprics; that as to myself, on my return to Rome after serving as nuncio in Lisbon, notwithstanding great expectations were generally entertained relating to my future destination; and the Holy Father more than once expressed the most condescending sentiments in my favour, matters were otherwise ordained by Providence, and the wishes and good intentions of my noble prince were rendered ineffective.

Among the votive billets, which at regular periods are signed by all the cardinals, and through which the Pope is said to open his mouth in the Consistory, there was not a single appointment of secretary of state in my favour for an entire period of six years, until on the 18th of June, 1808, I received my fatal appointment. I was indeed at that time so ill provided with ecclesiastical preferment that I had never even been able to obtain the slender annual income of 4000 scudi that it was believed the Dataria had assigned to me. Mean-

while I may truly assert, without chance of being contradicted, that I never made any complaint whatever on the subject, notwithstanding that the public believed, or at least feared, I was discontented and displeased with the Holy Father: I say feared, because the Roman population, for what motive I know not, certainly not on account of my own merit, entertained towards me and on various occasions made manifest very signal proofs of their warm affection, and such fear or suspicion of the people, had I not accepted office under the circumstances in question, might speedily have taken the form of a rooted opinion.

This reflection, aided by the still more forcible suggestions of my own conscience that called to my recollection the oath of allegiance I had taken to the Pope on being exalted to the rank of cardinal, caused me to overcome a most powerful internal sense of repugnance, and to accept the appointment.

From the moment, however, that I had absolutely made up my mind and had pronounced in a melancholy tone the monosyllabic affirmative, I felt arise within me an unwonted degree of courage that remained with me ever afterwards—even in times of the greatest bodily fatigue and mental agitation, and continued through the grace of God to increase according to every

exigency, amidst the labours and sufferings of my vocation.

On entering upon the duties of my office, I proposed to myself, in my intercourse with the French authorities, to show a pacific spirit and a friendly bearing from the very beginning; and I took care to make known to more than one person of my acquaintance that it was my object to throw cold water on the embers of the incipient conflagration that had already become apparent between the French military authorities and the Papal Government. My sentiments having come to the ears of General Miollis, were graciously appreciated by the General, who, in a conversation on the subject, which, if I remember right, took place in the Casa Lante, was pleased at the same time to make me some personal compliments and express his satisfaction at my appointment. For my own part I very clearly perceived, as regarded the main and principal object of saving Rome, whose destiny was already irrevocably fixed in the head of the Emperor of the French, while he was now only temporarily suspending the execution of his designs in consequence of the unfavourable aspect of affairs in Spain, that all I could possibly do was perfectly useless: determined I was nevertheless to behave with all

manner of moderation and courtesy, such as was indeed consistent with my personal character and the natural bearing of my mind; and I was still further induced to such a course of proceeding in obedience to the obvious political maxim which enjoins us to adopt a mild, insinuating bearing in our negotiations, and, previous to having recourse to stronger and more resolute proceedings, to use every possible means of accommodation.

Nor was I less anxious to secure to myself the means of justification at a future day, and of being able to show, in the event of incurring the imputation to which some of my predecessors had heretofore rendered themselves liable, namely, of sustaining the Pontifical rights with a needless warmth and energy, and of lowering the visor of the helmet at too early a period, that I had been driven to the extremity by the French themselves, and by sheer necessity. But to follow up such a line of conduct was actually to sail against the wind, since by a singular combination of circumstances all the inhabitants of Rome, with the exception of very few, were eager to bring matters between the French and themselves to a speedy issue. The Pope in the first place, to whom more than to any other pontiff or sovereign of modern times is applicable the eulogy

applied by the inspired writer to the leader of the Israelites—

"*The man Moses was very meek, above all the men who were upon the face of the earth,*"[1]

—after having given proofs of condescension to a degree that many people thought extravagant and incompatible with his own dignity, had at last arrived at a resolute determination to concede nothing more, to hold no further intercourse with the French Government so long as their troops occupied the city and the Pontifical States, and to meet with sharp, energetic answers all their requests and proposals.

At the same time the whole respectable portion of the community, including all persons of a zealous temperament, having been of late years grieved to hear the fulsome compliments paid to the Emperor of the French by the Pope in his discourses to the Consistory, in his briefs, and otherwise, now thought proper to express publicly their disapprobation of their sovereign's conduct, in order, as they said, to wipe away the stain and scandal in the face of foreign nations. The ministers and diplomatists of foreign countries, who were at that

[1] Numbers xii. 3.

time in Rome, whose opinion privately coincided with the opinion of the public on the subject, applauded the present determination of the Pope, and bestowed the strongest eulogies on his firmness and resolution.

Meanwhile there were in Rome a great many ill-disposed persons, partisans of the French, who were continually fanning the flame of discord among the various parties, in the hope that Napoleon, irritated by the resistance and vigorous conduct of the Pope and his ministers, might be induced to take the step they so much desired, and determine forthwith upon a change of the government.

Notwithstanding that the general appearance of affairs caused me to foresee clearly all the obstacles, I felt no inclination to abandon my project notwithstanding; and although the encroachments of the French military commandant augmented continually, I abstained for several days from making any written remonstrance to General Miollis, and contented myself with verbal communications through the medium of one or other of the prelates who from their official position were in constant personal communication with the General. This system, however, which was one of real condescension, if not of unjustifiable moderation, I was unable to pursue very long, for the Pope one morning, in one of the audiences

which I was in the habit of having with his Holiness, addressed me rather abruptly nearly in the following words:—

"Signor Cardinal," said he, "they say in Rome we are asleep; but we will now, on the subject of these last outrages, let them see we are awake, and we will address a vigorous remonstrance to the French General."

I then, in obedience to the commands of my sovereign, drew up a document such as was desired—a document, however, in which I avoided all manner of severe or harsh terms, but, expressing myself respectfully, endeavoured rather to shield the person of the General, by imputing the offences complained of to the false and calumnious reports of malevolent persons. The spirit of conciliation, however, that I adopted on the present occasion, though it might have tended, if not entirely to conciliate the good-will, at least to moderate the fury of the French, gave displeasure notwithstanding to very many respectable and pious people, by whom I was in consequence given to understand that the time for human considerations had already passed away, and that some stronger specimen of energy and courage was expected of me. Well knowing, however, that my justification would work itself out one day or other,

I patiently suffered all such reproaches, and continued to pursue my project, till I myself began to feel the proofs of its inutility, and perceive the manner in which the French and their partisans abused my forbearance, and would have compelled me, as the following anecdotes will sufficiently show, to a continual, uninterrupted course of official prevarication.

One day in the Audience Chamber, among the papers of the Congregation of the Buon Governo, which establishment at that time exercised the duties of the Pro-Prefecture, there was presented me for my signature a passport directed to the magistrates of the cities and parishes of the Pontifical states situated on the great road between Rome and Tuscany, in behalf of the French conductors of a convoy of various vehicles on their way to Paris, laden with the statues and other antiquities belonging to the Villa Borghese, which had been purchased by the Emperor of the French for his National Museum. I said immediately, that I could not put my signature to the document, inasmuch as the Holy Father, so soon as he heard that the sale of these precious monuments had been made by the Prince Borghese, contrary to the laws of the Pontifical States, made a vigorous, solemn protest on the subject to the French Government through his ministers; and it would there-

fore have been, on my part, now an absurdity and an open contradiction, exercising, as I did, the duties of Pro-Secretary of State and Prefect, to protect or facilitate the progress of the proposed convoy, sanctioning thereby a measure which, having already received from the Holy Father a direct opposition and resistance, was consequently illegal.

Well aware, at the same time, that the French commandant would carry his point in spite of us, and in order not to add fuel to fire, I proposed that the form of the document should be altered in such a manner as not to specify the contents of the vehicles; and that accordingly a fresh passport should be prepared and sent to me for my signature, together with the other letters and documents which were regularly despatched by post on the nights of Wednesdays and Saturdays. With the above proviso I would so far have dissimulated, as eventually I did, as to sign the paper without appearing to know what the carts contained, or making any mention of the circumstance to the Pope. I found, however, I had now gone one step too far with the French in the way of condescension, inasmuch as the above too great extension of indulgence was not sufficient; and eventually two French conductors of the convoy waited upon me the

very next day, and, in full audience, publicly demanded of me a Secretary of State's order, to be drawn out in express terms, for the protection of the vehicles and persons in charge of the statues of the Villa Borghese, on the way to Paris, through every parish on the road to Tuscany.

I could now no longer dissimulate, and immediately, assuming the tone of a Minister, I resolutely told them that "it was perfectly out of my power to consent to a proceeding which was in direct contradiction to the laws of the Pontifical States and the orders of my Sovereign."

An hour or two afterwards a staff officer waited on me, to complain, on the part of General Miollis, of the refusal I had given to the two above-mentioned individuals, in reply to which I clearly explained the whole circumstance, and at the same time begged him to "believe the anxiety I felt to avoid, by all the means in my power, the creating a new cause for ill will and dissatisfaction between the Pontifical Government and the French Military Governor." The staff officer, without saying a word in answer, went back to the General, and the next day I received a report of a new act of aggression: a number of oxen, sufficient for the purpose in question, were seized by an

armed force within the walls of the city, and a similar outrage was practised afterwards in the various country parishes on the road to Tuscany.

A few days after the above occurrence I was waited on, on the part of General Miollis, by Monsieur Garobeau, Chef d'Etat-Major, who told me there had arrived from Milan a Milanese counsellor, bearing with him a commission to collect and transmit thither the original processes, whether the documents were already complete or in a state of progress, which had been issued in Rome against the criminals then confined in the prisons of the Marches and of the Duchy of Urbino—a tract of country recently united, as before stated, to the kingdom of Italy. Monsieur Garobeau having requested me to give the necessary order for the delivery of the papers in question, I told him in answer,—

"I was sorry not to have it in my power to oblige the General, inasmuch as that, were I to make a voluntary consignment of the original processes, the act would be considered, and in fact would amount to, a recognition of the new government established over that portion of the dominions of the Holy See, against which the General well knew the Holy Father had issued declarations and protests, through his ministers, at the time when the French troops took possession."

To this Monsieur Garobeau replied,—

That "the unfortunate prisoners ought not in the mean time to suffer on account of political differences; that there were several imprisoned there, in the Marches, and in the Duchy of Urbino; and that unless the processes were delivered, there they would remain to rot in gaol, without trial, for an indefinite period—possibly for the remainder of their lives."

Deeply affected, I confess, by these remarks, I said to Monsieur Garobeau "that he had touched a chord that moved me not a little, and that I would that very morning speak to the Holy Father on the subject, and endeavour to find, if possible, some means of meeting the exigencies of the unfortunate prisoners without infringing upon the legitimate rights of the Pontiff."

Accordingly, at the next audience I had a conversation with his Holiness, who approved of the answer I had given to Monsieur Garobeau, and enjoined me to adopt measures to settle the matter in question in the best manner I could.

In consequence of these instructions I sent for the Monsignor Arezzo, who at that time performed the duties of Pro-Governor of Rome; and I directed him to collect from all the tribunals, and from all the

offices of the secretaries of the congregations, the processes that had been issued against criminals detained in the prisons of the provinces lately taken from the Holy See, and to make out and lay before me as soon as possible a list of all of them. I further directed him to consult Monsignor Bartolucci, the advocate Frambusti (who exercised the office of the Procurator Fiscale), and the other Ministers of the Government, and desire them to suggest any mode that it was in their power to devise, whereby the request of the Italian counsellor might be complied with, without detriment to the Pontifical rights. The worthy Monsignor Arezzo exerted himself with exceeding interest to forward the wishes of the sovereign, by actively stirring up all the functionaries of the government to seek the processes and compose the required list, while he himself sounded the opinions of all the best authorities as to the mode of operation, and held daily communications with myself on the subject.

The third day after I had entrusted him with the commission, so I have noted in a memorandum, he waited on me, bringing with him the list of the processes such as I had desired, and acquainted me that Monsignor Bartolucci, and all the other Ministers of the Government to whom he had applied, had told him

that the consignment of the original processes could by no means be permitted, but that they had every one agreed in deciding that if the parties in question were willing to accept authentic copies of the sentences already passed, extracted from the summary abstracts of the processes taken for the convenience of the judges, or even provided they had no objection to go to the expense of copies of the processes *in extenso*—that then the Pontifical Government might allow the Milanese counsellor, or any other person he might appoint, to plead in the name of the parties, and all the necessary legal power would be transferred to the judges of the various tribunals of the kingdom of Italy, enabling them to pass judgment in the pending criminal causes in question without prejudice to the rights of the Holy See.

The Holy Father gave his consent to the above arrangement; and Monsignor Arezzo having been entrusted to communicate the same to Monsignor Cristaldi, the advocate of paupers, I myself directed Monsignor Cristaldi to co-operate with the Milanese counsellor as to all that had been agreed upon. The same morning I had another visit from Monsieur Garobeau, to whom I explained the course of proceedings that had been determined upon, pointing out to him, at the same

time, the exceeding condescension of the Holy Father, and the earnest desire entertained by his Holiness's Ministers to afford all the satisfaction in their power in the matter in question. Monsieur Garobeau appeared to me to be perfectly satisfied with what had been done, and, having written upon half a sheet of paper the name and official title of Monsignor Cristaldi, went away. The same day the Milanese counsellor called himself at the house of Monsignor Cristaldi, and told him explicitly that he had come for the express purpose of demanding the original processes. To this demand Monsignor Cristaldi replied, that the request was contrary to the instructions he had received from his Government, and that authenticated copies of the documents were all he was at liberty to give; upon which the counsellor, observing with a menacing air that "that was no concern of his," took his departure.

The next morning the Milanese counsellor, together with Monsieur Garobeau, waited upon me in my audience-chamber, and there the former made the same demand he had made to Monsignor Cristaldi the day before. I replied to the counsellor, commencing in a calm tone of voice, that it had been agreed between myself and Monsieur Garobeau that only the authenticated copies of the processes were to be delivered, and

that he need not flatter himself ever to have the originals with the consent of the Government; upon which the discussion grew a little warm, notwithstanding that we confined ourselves within the limits of politeness and decency; while Monsieur Garobeau, although he did not understand what we were saying in Italian, comprehended very clearly the subject that we were disputing upon; and addressed himself two separate times to the Milanese counsellor in these precise words —"Donc vous n'êtes pas content des copies?"[1] thus clearly proving that, according to his understanding of the affair, the delivery of the copies only had been agreed upon. Finally our colloquy terminated with the usual menace that "force would be had recourse to;" to which I replied that "for upwards of a year and some months force had already been inflicted upon us, and that one violent act in addition would neither intimidate nor disgrace us, neither would it compel the Holy Father to abandon a line of policy to which with heroic fortitude and constancy he had determined to adhere."

The above threat was succeeded very speedily by its consequences, for on the very same day, while I

[1] What! are you not content with the copies?

was taking my usual *siesta* after dinner, the Swiss guard were surprised by a French armed patrol, who, forcing their way into the Pontifical palace, either owing to the mistake of the Italian guide who conducted them, or intentionally, instead of going into the office of the Secretary of State, whither they were directed, came to my private apartments, where they placed sentinels at the doors, and kept me to all intents and purposes under arrest for a full quarter of an hour, until wittingly or unwittingly they discovered their error. They then proceeded to the office and demanded the processes. There they were told that they were acting under incorrect information, for that the criminal processes were not preserved in the office of the Secretary of State, but in the Chamber of Archives and in the offices of the various tribunals and congregations.

While this unheard of outrage was being committed in the Pontifical Palace, two other strong French patrols invaded the houses of the Cardinal Vincenti, the Pro-Chamberlain, and of the Monsignor Tesoriere, and kept both these personages under arrest until they obtained an order for the delivery of the required processes, which they finally proceeded to take by force.

Such is the recompense I received for all the fatigue and anxiety of mind I had suffered in making the above

arrangements with Monsignor Arezzo, with a view to satisfy, as well as lay in my power, both General Miollis and the Government of Milan. In addition to which, General Miollis, on the evening of the day referred to, on the occasion of paying a visit to the Monsignor Tesoriere, who was sick in bed, and excusing himself for the violent outrage that had been committed, had the impudence—may I be pardoned for using the expression—to say that for several days I had been trifling with him, and after making him believe I would give him the original processes, had unexpectedly refused.

In like manner were responded to the pains taken by myself and all the other ministers of the Pontifical Government, in order that, in spite of the heavy expense and the exhausted state of our treasury, there should be nothing wanting for the supply of the French troops in Rome, and our earnest endeavours, while we laboured to prevent excesses on the part of a population already thoroughly wearied under an extraordinary state of oppression, to preserve a good understanding between our own and the French Government. Such moreover was the inflammatory state of the public mind at the period, that no slender portion of tact was required to control it, and a single indiscreet word, to

say nothing of any exciting act on the part of a minister, might have produced a perilous conflagration.

It now behoves me to relate a circumstance which afforded a pretext to General Miollis to cause me to be arrested on the 6th of September, 1808, and to be ordered to depart from Rome at a few hours' notice to my native town of Benevento.

Ever since his Eminence Cardinal Gabrielli held the office of Pro-Secretary of State, the French military commandant had begun to enrol in the different cities of the Pontifical States a corps of troops called the "Civic Guard," who were organized under the pretext of having a force to be depended on for the purpose of putting down in case of need the insurgents of the kingdom of Naples, or *briganti*, as they were called, but with the real intention of making use of their services in effecting the change of the government. Let it, however, be recorded to the eternal honour of the population of the Pontifical States, that in spite of the promises and various seductive arts of the French, the number of these rebels and deserters was but few, and their commanders were either ruined provincial noblemen, broken down bankers, or people of similar character, who themselves having obtained exemption from municipal ser-

vice and from all manner of public taxes, as well as a plenary remission of punishment for the crimes they had committed, had collected together no more than a small troop after all from among the refuse of the people. His Eminence Cardinal Gabrielli solemnly protested against this enrolment, and addressed to the authorities several spirited official notes against a measure so contrary to the rights of nations; receiving always fair but faithless words in answer to his appeals, and being made to believe, by the French functionaries in Rome, that the irregularity complained of would be put a stop to, and the corps of rebels disbanded, while at the very same time they secretly sent contrary orders to the provinces, and commanded their officials and the chiefs of the civic guard in question to accelerate their operations. They moreover, during the first days of my administration, took advantage of my courteousness and forbearance to increase their number, till, owing to the continual remonstrances of the governors, bishops, magistrates, and even of the people themselves, against the violent conduct and excesses committed by the new levies, I found myself obliged to speak out and undertake strong measures, in accordance with the orders of the Holy Father, who was highly irritated on the sub ject, and with good reason.

Previously, however, to writing any note or remonstrance, or indeed to taking any decided measure, I had several conversations with the officials of General Miollis, who every day waited upon me on matters of business; and according to my usual habit of having preliminary recourse to all manner of persuasive language, I conjured them, in terms that I had even used to the General himself, to rid their nation of a scandal that might be attended with grave consequences, and to refrain from further irritating the Holy Father, and placing myself in the cruel dilemma of being obliged to put in execution orders that would not only be disagreeable to them, but of which the result would be lamentable. I had had in fact several interviews with the General, when our conversations were confined on both sides to respectful and pacific terms, with one single exception, where there was somewhat of an appearance of warmth and irritation in consequence of his having thought proper to tell me that he had received orders from the Emperor to shoot, hang, and otherwise proceed to extremities with any subject of the Papal States, whomsoever he might be, that opposed the authority of his government. To this I replied very nearly in the following words:—

"The General," said I, "should have been aware

ere this, that the Pope's ministers have never, from the 2nd of February, when the French first entered Rome, up to the present moment, suffered themselves to be intimidated by menaces; and let me on my own part be allowed to tell the General, that no fear of personal consequences shall prevent my carrying into effect every individual order that I may be instructed by the Holy Father to execute."

After the above reply, General Miollis assumed a milder tone, and the conversation proceeded amicably and pacifically; but notwithstanding I did not meet with better fortune than the Cardinal Gabrielli. I too, as in the former instance, was favoured with fair words in abundance; and promises were also made me that the French officers in the provinces should be written to, to the end that the numbers of the civic guard should be no further increased, that they should be no longer allowed to wear the cockade they had adopted, and that the men should be made amenable to the authority of the magistracy and the local tribunals. I was moreover assured that an officer of high rank, invested with full powers to investigate the complaints that had been made against the civic guard, and to punish the guilty, had been already despatched to the provinces. On the other hand, in spite of all these smooth, flattering words,

I learned in a very few days afterwards, on the arrival of the couriers with the reports of the governors of the provinces; that the cockades were displayed in greater number than ever; that the men were more insolent than at the beginning, and that the officers who were despatched from Rome to investigate, as they said, the accusations, and inquire into their conduct, had actually taken up their residence with the leaders, in houses where honest people dared not show their faces for fear of ill-treatment.

Then did I perceive that the time to move a step a-head, and adopt some substantive measure, had now arrived; and I immediately gave orders for the arrest of some individuals of the civic guard who had been reported as delinquents, selecting however exclusively, in order not to come to issue with the French military commander, those who had been convicted of other offences previously to their enrolment.

During the period while these persons were being arrested several letters and documents were intercepted and sent to me, which further tended to expose the plot that had been contrived, and the bad faith with which my candour, forbearance, and conciliatory spirit had been treated. Among these papers were not only sundry patents for the post-office and military employ-

ments, but commissions for commissaries of police, and even, if my memory does not fail me, for justices of the peace. In fact it was evident that, in addition to the civic guard, the French had in secret preparation an entire civil government for the express purpose of substituting for the Pontifical government after its annihilation; and, moreover, not improbably they had in contemplation, after promoting an insurrection in the country, and turning out of office a previously devoted magistracy, to circulate immediately the infamously calumnious report that the Pontifical functionaries had rebelled against their ecclesiastical government, and had voluntarily united themselves to the French empire.

Well as I was aware at that time of the perfect inutility of all manner of moderate proceedings, I should have been justly liable to blame had I not supported the Holy Father in a resolution which, having pondered over for the space of a week or thereabouts, he now determined on, namely, to exhibit some public indication of his disapprobation of the enrolment of the abovementioned rebels. Accordingly I caused to be placarded in all the provinces of the states, on one day simultaneously, the 28th of August, a declaration dated August 24th, sealed with the Pontifical seal, and sub-

scribed by the Pope himself—a measure that received to a certain degree the blessing and favour of Heaven; since, notwithstanding the many obstacles to be overcome, and in spite of the vigilance of the French and their numerous spies, the operation of placarding was performed successfully, and not even one of the many persons employed was either discovered or arrested. Some one, however, of the provincial governors, to all of whom I had addressed strongly-worded, explicit orders on the subject, communicated the document he himself had received, actuated by weakness or cowardice, to some French officers, whence it fell into the hands of General Miollis, upon which General Miollis came to the resolution of having me removed from the Pope's councils and dismissed from Rome.

Accordingly on the morning of the 6th of September, while I was transacting business with a prelate in the Tribunal of the Consulta, I heard announced, and almost at the same moment saw enter the apartment, the Piedmontese officer Major Muzio, belonging to the so-called staff of General Miollis, accompanied by a Captain of the French troops stationed in Rome.

Perceiving from the lowering expression of both their countenances that they had a disagreeable com-

mission to execute, I rose immediately from my seat, and demanded "what they wanted."

Major Muzio replied, "that he had the commands of General Miollis to signify to me his extreme displeasure at the inimical conduct I had used towards him, and at the same time he showed me a copy of my official letter above referred to, addressed to the Governors, directing them to have the Pontifical declaration against the civic guard placarded in their districts. He then proceeded to communicate to me the orders on the part of the General, namely, "to leave Rome the very next morning;" adding "that a party of dragoons would be in readiness at the Porta di S. Giovanni to conduct me to my native town of Benevento."

Thereupon, in reply to Major Muzio, I said very calmly that, "acknowledging no other authority in Rome than the Pope, I could not obey General Miollis, and that in case his Holiness should think proper to forbid me to depart from Rome, I certainly would not go; at the same time I added that I would immediately go upstairs to the chamber of the Holy Father, and take his orders on the subject."

To this Major Muzio observed "that his orders from General Miollis were not to allow me to leave my room on any other condition than to go straight out of the

Quirinale Palace, and that consequently he was not at liberty to allow me to go to the Pope's apartment;" and he said "that the Captain who accompanied him had also received directions to keep me in his sight; all which instructions he felt himself bound to enforce, lest otherwise some disagreeable scene might ensue." He added, that "if I chose to quit the Quirinale immediately, and was contented to take up my abode in my private residence in the Piazza di Campitelli, that then, in the latter case, two more days in Rome would be granted me."

My answer to this was, that "without the express command of the Pope I could not leave my post; and that, since I was debarred from having a personal interview with the Holy Father, I would address a note to his Holiness, and ask instructions from my sovereign."

Major Muzio made no objection to this proposal, and took his departure, leaving behind him the Captain, in whose presence I wrote, in my own hand, upon a sheet of paper, a faithful account, addressed to the Pope, of all that had happened, and sent it to his Holiness by a clerk of the Secretary of State's office; which done, I then entered into conversation with the Captain on indifferent subjects.

Not more than a few minutes had elapsed since I despatched the report, when the door of the room was thrown open with extraordinary violence, and the presence of the Holy Father was abruptly announced to me. I instantly hurried to meet him, and was then an eye-witness of a phenomenon that I had frequently heard of, but had never seen, namely, the hair of a violently excited man standing erect on his forehead, while the excellent pontiff, blinded as it were with anger, notwithstanding that I was dressed in the purple *soutane* of a cardinal, did not recognise me, but cried with a loud voice, "Who are you? who are you?"

"I am the Cardinal," replied I, as I kissed his hand.

"Where is the officer?" said the Pope.

I then pointed to the officer, who was standing close to me, in a respectful attitude; upon which the Pope, turning towards him, addressed him nearly to the following effect, bidding him "tell the General that he was weary of suffering such outrages and insults from a person who still professed to call himself a Catholic: and that he plainly perceived the drift of these acts of violence was to remove from him, one by one, all his ministers, and so deprive him of the means of exercising his Apostolic functions, and maintaining the rights of his temporal sovereignty; that he

commanded me, the Cardinal then present, not to obey the General's pretended orders, but to follow him to his own apartment and be the companion of his captivity. Neither," he added, "should the General, provided he thought proper to put his project in execution, of removing from him his minister, effect his purpose by any other means than by breaking the doors of the chambers, by arriving by main force in his presence, and by undertaking the unmitigated responsibility and consequences of such an unheard of outrage."

The Captain now turning towards me, with a modest demeanour, begged me to explain to him in French what the Pope had said, in order that he might report it to the General. Having done so accordingly, Monsignor Arezzo, who was present, pronounced the translation I repeated a perfectly faithful one; and the Captain, as soon as he heard it, begged me to tell the Holy Father he would render an exact account of it to the General. The Pope then taking me by the hand, saying at the same time, "Signor Cardinal, let us be gone," we ascended the grand staircase, and as we proceeded to the Pope's apartments were cheered by a crowd of the Pontifical attendants, who, on hearing the disturbance, had assembled there from every part of the palace.

So soon as we had arrived, his Holiness made a circuit of the entire suite of chambers, three of which, contiguous to his own, he assigned to me; and there for ten whole months I had the consolation and supreme honour of residing until the fatal night of the 6th of July, 1809, when both of us were transported from Rome by force of arms, and conducted to France.

On the 6th of September in question I addressed an energetic official note, giving an account of the above-mentioned event, to every one of the Foreign Ministers resident at the Holy See; by means of which,—as well as through other public documents published by me afterwards in the interval previous to the annihilation of the Pontifical Government,—all the circumstances that happened during the ten months of my honourable imprisonment in the Quirinale Palace became perfectly well known to the public. With regard to the above-mentioned documents, I may, however, observe that I myself was by no means satisfied with the style in which they were composed, as being perhaps too emphatic and severe for diplomatic correspondence, and especially for the correspondence of an ecclesiastical minister; such was the style, however, insisted on by the Holy Father, and such was demanded by all Rome unanimously—most of all by

the more respectable portion of the population. In fact, the more severe and emphatic the document, the more did it receive the approbation and applause of both Romans and foreigners.

For my own part, therefore, I deemed it right to prefer the public approbation to my own opinion; the more so as such vigorous measures served to confirm the high opinion that had been formed of the Holy Father's firmness and constancy; and, by increasing the antipathy to the French, that rendered the people proof against their seductive arts, to nourish their natural affection towards the Pontifical Government.

CHAPTER III.

Precautions taken at the Quirinale Palace, and the Motives that induced the Pope to remain a voluntary Prisoner in Rome.

ALL intelligent persons clearly foresaw, taking into consideration the threat of the Emperor of the French to deprive the Holy See of its temporal power and to change the government, that the Pope and the Sacred College must inevitably sooner or later be removed from Rome, since it was evidently impossible the new order of things could proceed while the legitimate sovereign remained. Such, in fact, being the course universally pursued in the deposition and abdication of princes, it became here so much the more indispensable, inasmuch as the Pope, even after being despoiled of his temporal dominion, would still have retained an extraordinary degree of dignity, and, on account of his supreme spiritual jurisdiction, have been a personage of unbounded influence. Already had the French, even only a few days after their arrival in the city, forcibly expelled from Rome the Neapolitan cardinals, under the pretext

that they had refused to take the oath of allegiance to Joseph Bonaparte, who had been nominated by his brother King of the Two Sicilies; and a few weeks afterwards a similar destiny awaited all those other cardinals who were natives of the provinces composing the so-called Italian kingdom: which latter measure especially caused considerable apprehension of the more imminent removal of the Pope from the Holy See, and the change of the government.

I had been moreover informed, a few days after I was appointed minister, by a cardinal who corresponded with some officer of the French legation, that a letter had been written from Paris, stating in cant terms that the removal of the gardener from the vineyard (by which expression the Pope and Rome were intended to be signified) had been peremptorily decided upon; and it was further stated to me in the August following, by the Monsignor Cristaldi, that Cardinal Della Somaglia had written another letter from Paris to the same effect, and that the event was expected to take place immediately.

In the beginning of September further indications were perceptible, and there appeared evident symptoms of a movement hostile to the Pope's sacred person and the Pontifical government, inasmuch as every evening

there was an increase in the number of soldiers in the guard-room in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo; sentinels were placed at the entrance of every street leading thence into the city, even close to the very columns of the Apostolic palace; every cart-load of wood brought to the Quirinale Palace, and all the baskets and bundles that were carried from the palace, were audaciously inspected; and, finally, a considerable number of post-horses were notoriously retained in Rome in readiness by the authorities.

Desirous of ascertaining the truth of the current reports, I despatched my nephew, Gian-Tiberio Pacca, from the palace, on the evening of the 5th September, a little before midnight, and instructed him to call at the neighbouring Casa Piccolomini, where he met by appointment Monsignor Arezzo, the Pro-Governor of Rome; from whom, through my nephew, I received a notification to the effect that, according to all accounts and facts that had come to his knowledge, there really was every reason to apprehend an attack upon the Apostolic palace the very same night: he said the adherents of the French had boasted of it to several persons, and all the troops and their officers were actually ready in their quarters. Finally, he acquainted me that twenty-five post-horses, although there was no report of the ex-

pected arrival from Naples or Upper Italy of any great personage, had orders to be in readiness.

Having obtained this information from my nephew, I immediately communicated it to Lieutenant Amryn, of the Swiss Guard, who assured me that all the gates were well secured; that he himself and other trustworthy persons would keep guard in the palace all night; and that he would further adopt every possible precaution for our security. I then took care to keep open all the doors of my own rooms, and also the doors of the rooms communicating with the Pope's apartment, in order that I might be able to be with him instantly, and in case of need give him necessary warning. As I was not, however, positively certain that the French would then make their attack, I did not communicate to him the suspicions I entertained on that evening.

On the following morning I was put under arrest, and received the order to depart for Benevento, as related in the last chapter; and on the same day also were arrested, and similar orders to depart from Rome given to his Eminence the Dean Antonelli, and to Monsignor Arezzo, the Pro-Governor. The Holy Father then gave orders that the principal gate of the palace communicating with the Piazza should be kept

closed continually, and that only the small door should be left open for the convenience of the inmates of the Quirinale, the persons who attended the Pope at his audience, the ministers, and for the general purposes of business. His Holiness also gave positive directions that no Frenchman, of whatsoever rank, should on any account be permitted to enter.

The deportation of his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli and Monsignor Arezzo, both which events had actually taken place, and the arrest of myself, might have served as a preparatory indication towards the surprise of the Quirinale Palace, within a period from the date of the latter outrage such as under ordinary circumstances might be necessary between the secession of one minister from office and the installation of his successor; but the resolute bearing exhibited by the Holy Father in coming in person to rescue me from the hands of the French, his dignified and significant address to the officer directed to keep watch on me, and moreover the temper of the Roman people, who every day testified more and more openly their kind feeling towards the Pontifical Government, and their dislike of the foreigners stationed in their city, were the causes, one may conjecture, why the invasion of the Palace and the abduction of the Pope from Rome were for some time suspended.

I now proceeded to make inquiries relative to the means the French intended to adopt in the execution of their project, and learnt that they intended to surprise the guard of one of the gates of the Palace at night, to make their way straight to the Pope's apartments, and to oblige him to depart from Rome at a moment's warning. I consequently made such provisions and arrangements as I thought best calculated to frustrate the success of their enterprise, without, however, taking into contemplation the having recourse to force, inasmuch as it would have been indecorous to take any measures, as in the case of the siege of an enemy's fortress, that might occasion the shedding of blood in the presence of the Vicar of Christ; neither would I imitate the extravagant folly of Charles XII., King of Sweden, who, at his residence at Bender, made believe with only sixty attendants to defend himself against six thousand janissaries.

The precautions, therefore, that I really did undertake were as follows. In the first place I employed a trustworthy person to go round the city every night and bring me intelligence of the movements of the French troops, and I also ordered a sentry to be placed on the inside of every one of the large gates of the Palace, even those that were well secured; I also had a sentry

stationed on the balcony overlooking the cortile called della Panetteria, which cortile was the point of all others the most exposed and dangerous; Lieutenant Amryn and the most intelligent sergeants superintended the watch every night; and besides I doubled the monthly pay of the Swiss guard, and I had persons continually employed to look out from the Pope's gardens, whence there is a view along several roads for a considerable distance.

Finally, in order to be sure that the orders I gave were properly executed, I regularly late at night went the rounds of the different posts in person, thus assuring myself with my own eyes that everything was right; and on those nights when I could not go myself, I commissioned one of the principal clerks of the Secretary of State's office to do so. These dispositions, in addition to the direct object that I had in view, produced also the good effect of continually keeping alive among the Roman population the apprehension of the projected attempt of the French, by whom every night might be seen till a late hour groups of the lower classes of Romans walking, like patrols, about the Palace. All which indications served to impress on the minds of the French very forcibly that it was next to impossible to execute their contemplated *coup-de-main* without the

cognizance of the population, of whose extraordinary affection towards the Pope and the Pontifical Government they had reason to be aware in consequence of the memorable occurrences of the 4th of February and the 21st of March of the year preceding.

To explain the circumstances alluded to, it will be necessary to observe, and first with regard to the period first cited, that when the French troops entered Rome on the 2nd of February, 1808, the Pontifical Government, with a view to obviate the likelihood of collision between the foreign troops and our good Roman people, who were exceedingly ill disposed towards the French, adopted the prudent precaution to forbid the presence of the masks and the celebration of the horse-races in the Corso during the time of the Carnival. Notwithstanding which prohibition the citizens, although their passionate attachment to such diversions, in the opinion of most foreigners, is carried to a degree of madness, appreciated the reasonableness of their sovereign's order, and patiently submitted to what was indeed to them a very serious privation.

A still stronger specimen of the people's loyalty was exhibited in the year following, when General Miollis, apprehending a similar prohibition of the festivities on the part of the Pope, and in the hope of making him-

self popular, caused to be inserted in the Gazette which was then printed and circulated in Rome in despite of the Pontifical authority, an announcement to the effect that by *superior authority* the masks and horse-racing in the Corso *would* be permitted at the ensuing Carnival. The Pope, however, so soon as that insolent advertisement came to his knowledge, commanded me instantly to disabuse the public mind of the pretended notification of his consent, and to renew the prohibition of the masks and horse-races, precisely in the same manner as in the year preceding. Accordingly, before the French had time to be aware of our intention, I caused the following notice to be placarded at the corners of the principal streets all over the city:—

"The Pope having been informed that an announcement was made to the public yesterday in the unauthorized newspaper called the 'Gazetta Romana,' to the effect that the masks, horse-races, and other festivities will be permitted at the ensuing Carnival, his Holiness has expressly directed me hereby to make known without delay to his most faithful subjects, that no such permission on the part of the Pontifical Government has been given. The Holy Father, far from giving his consent to such an indication of public exultation, on the contrary, as is well known, highly disapproves it, the

more so as the festivities, having been repressed on the occasion of the last Carnival, ought to be repressed for the same and still stronger reasons at the Carnival about to ensue. The Holy Father considers all clamorous spectacles, under present circumstances, inconsistent with the public tranquillity he is so desirous of preserving, and not less incompatible with his own painful position: wherefore his Holiness invites his people rather to call to mind the period of the primitive Church, whose faithful members, while S. Peter was in prison, directed their prayers in his behalf to the Almighty without intermission. The Holy Father has no reason to doubt that his most loving subjects will imitate such a glorious example, and that they will now afford him another proof of their attachment, from which in former times and in frequent instances he has received consolation.

(Signed) "B. CARD. PACCA.

"*Quirinale Palace*, 18*th December*, 1808."

Place of ⋈ the Seal.

In spite of the above notice, General Miollis, flattering himself that the passion for amusement in the minds of the Roman people would prevail over their attachment to their Sovereign, persisted in his determination

until it became necessary to carry it into execution, when among all classes and conditions of persons that he had to deal with he experienced such an extraordinary and unexpected degree of resistance that he was compelled to have recourse to force. By force, accordingly, the trappings destined for the winning horses were brought from the Campidoglio—by force the carpenters and workmen were compelled to construct the ordinary platforms, and the carters to transport the benches—and by force, also, were wrested from the Jews the tapestries furnished regularly every year by that people for the seats of the umpires.

At last, when the 4th of February did arrive, the first day of the Carnival—the day of a spectacle so delighted in and cherished by the Romans—the French troops, when, for the purpose of preserving order among the multitude, they entered the grand street of the Corso at mid-day, saw all the shops and all the doors and windows of the houses closed one after another almost simultaneously, and the entire long and spacious street appeared abandoned and empty. Not a single vehicle, with the exception of the carriage of the Sheriff, who performed the duty of the Head of the Police, was to be seen there, nor more than about forty living persons, and those exclusively persons specially commis-

sioned by the Pontifical Government to report the state of proceedings, in that same Corso, whither, in other years at the same period, an enormous throng of people, pouring in from all directions and blocking up the space from end to end, would have congregated.

The events of this day, so highly honourable to the Roman people, afforded much consolation to the afflicted Pontiff, and at the same time excited considerable alarm in the mind of the French military commandant, who, on being informed of what had happened, was pleased to acknowledge the lesson he had received to a Roman inhabitant by observing, that "bears might be taught to dance and play by the help of a stick, but not men."

The other period cited—namely, the 21st of March —was not a less glorious day to the Roman people, nor less consolatory to Pius VII., than the 4th of February, it being the anniversary of his coronation, on which occasion the cardinals, the corps diplomatique, the nobility, the prelates, and the principal members of the government, are in the habit of illuminating their houses and palaces. Under present circumstances, however, not only the wealthy portion of the community, but people of every class and condition, without any exception, were desirous to exhibit a solemn public act of devotional attachment towards the best of sovereigns; and

accordingly even the very poorest persons begged alms of the passers-by for the special purpose of decorating their miserable hovels; and eventually not only the principal streets were illuminated, but even the most deserted lanes and alleys; and a wonderful spectacle was created over the entire city such as in the memory of man in Rome is without a parallel.

The recollection, therefore, of the occurrence above related probably induced the French commandant to suspend the execution of his project, and caused the Emperor to determine, previous to taking the step at all, to annihilate the Papal Government, which act he carried into effect on the 10th of June following, as will by-and-bye be related. Perhaps he hoped by such a line of policy to deprive the Pope's ministers of the power and inclination to counteract him. In fact, General Miollis never made up his mind to storm the Papal palace by force of arms till he found it impracticable to gain over the Pontifical functionaries to French interests, and had experienced decided opposition on the part of the people —who were regularly made acquainted with the intentions and wishes of their sovereign—to all manner of orders and regulations emanating from the French Provisional Government, called "Consulta straordinaria."

Here it may perhaps be asked by whomsoever one

day or other may cast a cursory glance over these pages, to what purpose dispositions and provisions to protect the palace were made, if at the same time it were not intended to repel force by force, and to call upon the people for its defence in the event of an attack? But I reply, that the reason of taking all these precautions was, under the supposition that the French would eventually come to open force in the face of all Europe, and in direct violation of the rights of a legitimate sovereign, commit an outrage on the supreme Pastor of the Church,—that it might not be said, in case of a surprise of the palace and the abduction of the Pope, his ministers had omitted to adopt such measures as were calculated, if not to prevent, at least to impede the act and retard for some time the operations of the French, at a period when there was every reason to anticipate a favourable change of our affairs. For France was at war with Austria; the Austrian army, commanded by the Archduke John, had made successful movements in Italy; and an invasion of the English in concert with the Sicilian subjects of the King of Naples was immediately expected. It were well, therefore, to keep the French continually in a state of apprehension, and make them believe that in case of the occurrence in our favour of any of the anticipated events above

mentioned, it was our object, and we were ready, to make the people rise against them; and thus in fact they remained for some time hesitating and undecided. Finally, however, they obtained information from one of their spies, who found means to enter the palace, that we were not afraid of being attacked at an early hour of the night, while the greater part of the population were walking about the streets, according to their custom in the summer season; neither after daybreak, when the working people and artisans were sallying forth about their business, and the people within the palace were up and stirring. They determined accordingly to strike the blow in the brief interval, and precisely at daybreak, at which moment eventually the atrocious assault did actually take place, under circumstances which, provided, by the Divine mercy, I may be spared health, life, and leisure, I will in due course relate.

In the meantime I will apply myself to answer an accusation that may be made against me, why I did not persuade the Pope to fly from Rome and Italy, and take refuge wheresoever his sacred person might have been secure. For the omission, however, if even it were a fault, my predecessors must be held accountable; since at the time I succeeded to the duties of Secretary of State, the means of leaving Rome, had we

desired to do so, were become extraordinarily difficult of execution, if not impossible. We could not have made our escape except by sea at all events; and not only were the sea-ports of Civita Vecchia, Fiumicino, and Porto d'Anzio garrisoned by French troops, but all the towers on that line of coast belonging to the Pontifical States were also occupied by the French, and if not, at least by soldiers in the pay of their nation. In the meantime, all the gates of the city were under French custody, the keys were delivered every night to the French commandant of the Piazza, and the palace and its environs were continually surrounded by French sentinels. Had we, therefore, even been able to deceive the vigilance of our enemies and conduct the Pope successfully to the sea-coast, what should we have gained by it?

The real truth of the matter is, that Pius VII. never would have consented himself to such a venture, as the following anecdote, relating to a design that was actually entertained by my immediate predecessor, Cardinal Gabrielli, to emancipate him from his state of thraldom, and convey him away from Rome, will clearly show :—

One evening about the latter end of August, 1808, it was announced to me that a stranger, who had been directed by Cardinal Erskine to call upon me, was

waiting in my ante-chamber, and was desirous to see me. I gave orders to admit him, and there entered the room a man of a sun-burnt complexion, dressed in shabby clothes, and in appearance altogether looking more like a bandit of the sea-coast or the Campagna than the honest man he really turned out to be. He at once told me that he was a Franciscan friar in disguise, and had adopted his present costume for the purpose of concealing his mission from the French. He said, that he had come from Sicily in an English frigate, despatched by King Ferdinand, at the instance of Cardinal Gabrielli, Pro-Secretary of State, for the express purpose of taking on board the Pope, and transporting him to Sicily; and he added, that the Jesuit Father Angiolini was commissioned by the King to render to his Holiness his homage and assistance, and was also on board the frigate, which had been coasting several days under the heights of Fiumicino. The friar continued to say, that he had looked in vain for the signals agreed upon by Cardinal Gabrielli to be shown on the sea-shore; and that not having seen them, he had desired to be put on shore, and at the extreme hazard of his life had made his way across the fields to Rome. He concluded by stating that he himself must return on board the same night; but was

commissioned to inform me, that if the Holy Father were disposed to avail himself of the proposed means of escape, it was necessary that he should make his way by night to the sea-shore at Fiumicino, and having arrived there, make a signal to the frigate, by opening and shutting a lantern three times successively. "The enterprise, however," he said, "must be undertaken within three days, as the frigate could not remain longer in her present offing."

As I was quite ignorant of the relation that Cardinal Gabrielli might have had with the Court of Sicily, I found myself thrown into a considerable dilemma by this intelligence; supposing very reasonably that my visitor might be a spy sent to me by the French military commandant for the express purpose of ascertaining whether it was really our intention, according to the common report then current, actually to transport the Pope from Rome to a place of safety. I nevertheless laid restraint on my emotions, and without showing by my countenance any appearance of embarrassment, I calmly replied to the friar, that for my part I was totally in the dark as to all he had told me, for that neither had Cardinal Gabrielli previous to his departure, nor the Pope, ever said a single word to me on the subject. I then proceeded to interrogate him

whether he had any voucher, or written document, in proof of the authenticity of his mission; to which, he replied, that thinking it was likely he might be taken by the French, he had purposely used the precaution of not having about his person any letter, which, in case it were found, would certainly cost him his life; a conclusion by the way which was no more than reasonable, for in fact the very same result really did happen in the instance of Giuseppe Vanni di Caldecola.

The latter person, an officer in the service of Ferdinand IV., had disembarked in the neighbourhood of Ostia, and being taken up as a spy, was sent to the fortress of S. Angelo; where, by the orders of the French commandant, he was tried by a court-martial, condemned to suffer death, and the sentence, notwithstanding that it was in manifest violation of the sovereign rights of the Pope, who forwarded a remonstrance on the subject to all the foreign ministers, was actually carried into execution on the 27th September, 1808, in the Piazza del Popolo.

My visitor previous to his departure informed me that Cardinal Erskine had been engaged in the negotiation together with Cardinal Gabrielli, and was acquainted with all the circumstances. I then, after having asked a few more questions, dismissed him very

coldly, and immediately wrote a note to Cardinal Erskine, requesting him to meet me in whichever of the churches the devotional ceremonies called *quarante ore* were celebrated that evening. Thither he went accordingly; we met, as it were by accident, and I accompanied him into the sacristy, where I related to him all that had happened. I then learnt from the cardinal that the friar had called upon him also, but that he had very speedily dismissed him; he added, that certainly Cardinal Gabrielli had mentioned to him the project in question, but not having heard him say more about it for a considerable time, he concluded it had been given up. The impression on my mind nevertheless is that Cardinal Erskine was frightened, and was endeavouring to extricate himself from any participation in the affair in the best manner he could. The following morning I related to the Holy Father all that had happened, when he told me that Cardinal Gabrielli really had taken it into his head to endeavour to persuade him to make his escape from Rome, and had even provided for him a suitable disguise for the purpose; but for his own part, he said, he never had any intention to fly from Rome, nor even ever to leave the city under any pretext whatever of his own free will.

Of the above adventure I never heard more until after

the period of my imprisonment; when I discovered that every word that the friar related was true. In fact, I had the means of ascertaining that the frigate really belonged to the English navy, and was fitted out for the express purpose by the British Cabinet, with cabins magnificently furnished for the accommodation of the Holy Father and the Cardinals of his suite.

Here I may make some serious reflections that will alone fully justify the determination taken by the Pope not to depart from Rome of his own accord, but to allow himself to be taken from his throne by force rather than abandon it. Supposing, for instance, that the difficulties of making his escape had been superable, and that there actually existed a fair chance of everything succeeding according to our desire, we must in such a case have then thrown ourselves upon the protection of England, and have carried the Pope either to Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, or some other country hostile to France, and dependent altogether on England. Now, if the mild and prudent Pius VII., who at the beginning of his reign had condescended to recall from England the Cardinal, then Monsignor Erskine, simply because his residence in London gave umbrage and cause of suspicion to the French Government; if Pius VII., I say, who had made such concessions, who had seconded

the designs and had yielded to the continual requests of the French Emperor, to such an extent as to be generally blamed throughout all Europe for extraordinary partiality to the nation, had all at once found himself accused in the face of the world of adherence to the English, and had seen himself deprived of the dominions of the Holy See on the ground of a calumnious imputation, which, to make use of a phrase of Voltaire, "would be atrocious were it not ridiculous," namely, of availing himself of the property of the Roman Church to the detriment of religion, for the purpose of favouring the English—if Pius VII., whom Napoleon Bonaparte for several years called his intimate friend, had suffered all that merely on account of a calumny, what would have been said, and what would have happened, if the Pope, for the sake of saving himself from the state of imprisonment in which he was held in Rome by the French, had thrown himself into the arms of the English, or had established his residence in the countries belonging to the allies of England?

Then indeed would the calumnious imputation, clad in the garb of truth, have resounded everywhere; and the Gallican Church, among whom it was to be feared there were some prelates sold to the English Government, would have been encouraged to break off all com-

munication with the Roman tribunals, to suspend every act of dependence on a Pontiff in league with the enemies of France, and to promote the often threatened project of creating a Patriarch.

Besides, if, according to the proposed arrangement, the flight of the Pope had taken place previous to the change of the Government and the annexation of the Pontifical States to the French empire, the Emperor Napoleon would have immediately issued the decree which he did afterwards publish and act upon on the 10th of June, 1809; and throwing overboard at once the visionary rights of the successor of Charlemagne, he would have taken possession of the Pontifical States, by right of conquest, as a country subject to a prince who had openly declared against him, and had placed himself under the protection of his most irreconcilable enemy. A pretext would, moreover, be thus afforded to malevolent persons, not only to applaud the Imperial decree as an act of justice, but to impress the public with the idea that the Emperor of the French never really intended to deprive the Pope of Rome and the Pontifical States; but that the entrance of French troops into the city was merely for the purpose of intimidation, and in order to compel his Holiness and the Sacred College to a confederation. Owing to such

evil counsel, the Roman people—even the most respectable portion of the population—might readily fall into the error of believing that the Pope might have driven off the tempest by holding out a little longer; and that, by waiting for better times, he might have avoided the fatal blow; exercising thereby the most prudent policy,—namely, to do nothing likely to break the very slender thread which holds his spiritual and temporal dominion together. In short, the loss of Rome and the Papal States, and—above all—the religious revolution that would probably have broken out in France in consequence, and even perhaps schism, with her concomitant train of evils, would have been laid on the Pope's shoulders, and the act of secession stigmatized as superlatively rash and imprudent.

The celebrated argument, justly reprobated in sound logic, of *post hoc, ergo*[1] *hoc*, is unfortunately, however, the rule that practically regulates the opinions of mankind; and posterity, though just and impartial judges of facts, are too much inclined, for want of clearer lights and better information, to admit and follow the erroneous verdicts of those who go before them. The voice of the people, notwithstanding, is an important

[1] This, because it follows, is a consequence.

consideration, and may be rated at its real value, according to the well-known history in the Holy Scriptures, where Tryphon, who had treacherously taken Jonathan prisoner, told his brother Simon, his successor in the government and in the command of the army, that he would keep Jonathan prisoner until he should have disbursed the money that he owed to the royal treasury; but that if Simon would send the money, and the sons of Jonathan as hostages, he would give Jonathan his liberty. Whereupon the inspired writer adds:—

"*Simon, albeit he perceived that they spake deceitfully unto him, yet sent he the money and the children, lest peradventure he should procure to himself great hatred of the people: who might have said, Because I sent him not the money and the children, therefore is Jonathan dead.*" [1]

It is very true that in the history of the Popes we read of many who, notwithstanding they were obliged to fly from Rome to foreign countries, have never incurred the censure of posterity; but if we carefully examine the circumstances of the periods in question, and compare them with those of our own days, a great difference between the case of Pius VII. and his pre-

[1] 1 Macc. xiii. 17, 18.

decessors will be apparent; for the cause of the flight of the former Pontiffs was either for the purpose of escaping from the violence of the Romans themselves—who were not in those days the faithfully attached people to their sovereign that they are at present, or their object was to obtain protection against the Lombard usurpers of the dominions of the Holy See, and the overbearing pretensions of the magnates of Rome and the neighbourhood. They were, moreover, in those times always sure of finding in the countries whither they went an honourable refuge; and, what is of more value still, they enjoyed the well-founded expectation, amounting almost to moral certainty, of being restored to their throne and their dominions by the aid of powerful sovereigns. Even during the celebrated contests and the wars between the Church and the Emperors, there were never wanting to the Popes, even in Italy, princes and potentates who received them in their territories, openly undertook their defence against the schismatic German Emperors, and afforded them all the means in their power of governing not only their own Roman Church, but the Church Universal.

Now, taking all the above circumstances into consideration, what was Pius VII.'s position? What had become of the power of the Catholic princes, and which

was the Sovereign of whom he could implore protection, with the chance of recovering his throne and the government of the Church? On the contrary, he must not only have quitted Italy, but the entire Continent, which is the principal seat of Catholicism; and he must for a long period—if not for ever—have separated himself from the Holy See, and, above all, have abandoned his dear flock at Rome. He could go nowhere, in fact, except it were to the islands on the coast of Italy, where the sovereigns were themselves tottering on their thrones, and whence communication with Rome was impossible; since Papal bulls and briefs would have been, no doubt, no less contraband articles in the Italian sea-ports, and no less pains would have been exerted to oppose their introduction, than we have seen continually exercised with regard to merchandise of English manufacture and colonial produce. Besides, the Popes above referred to were invariably accompanied in their flight by a considerable suite of cardinals, who not only rendered their assistance in the government of the Church, but in the event of the vacancy of the throne happening, were ready to exercise their functions freely and securely in the election of a new successor to the throne of S. Peter. Pius VII., on the contrary, could

not by any possibility have taken with him a retinue of cardinals, inasmuch as the members of the Sacred College were dispersed in different places, and existing in a state of absolute slavery; so that wherever he went he would have been without his ministers and the officers of the congregations, and he would have been destitute of all manner of means towards the despatch of spiritual affairs.

In short, his flight from Rome and Italy could have had no other object than his own personal safety;—an inglorious consideration certainly, one unworthy the Vicar of Christ,

"*who giveth his life for the sheep;*"[1]

and not less so of a supreme Pontiff, whose actions should ever bear the impress of generous magnanimity, and testify his readiness to sacrifice everything to the Church and the public welfare. At the same time I have not forgotten the passage in the holy Gospel, in which is recorded the saying of our Lord Jesus Christ to the Apostles:—

"*But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another.*"[2]

And I know, moreover, that two great luminaries of the

[1] S. John x. 11. [2] Matt. x. 23.

Eastern Church, S. Ciprian and S. Athanasius, justified their flight from this very passage; but, nevertheless, the position of Pius VII. was very different from theirs; and were this the proper place to examine, in its theological bearings, the celebrated question raised by the Holy Fathers touching the expediency of flight in times of persecution, I could establish the difference of the two cases in question on the authority of S. Ciprian himself, from whose writings I will at present content myself by citing the following passage:—

"It is our duty to consult the public tranquillity, and, though it be to our own heart's sorrow, to separate ourselves from you on some occasions, lest our presence should provoke the envy and violence of the Gentiles."[1]

In conclusion, I will observe that while the Church has certainly never disapproved the conduct of those Popes who at various times have secured their safety by flight, to avoid persecution, she has, on the contrary, laden with the highest eulogies those pastors and prelates who, rather than abandon their beloved flock, have will-

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[1] "Oportet nos paci communi consulere, et interdum, quamvis cum tædio animi nostri deesse vobis, ne præsentia nostra invidiam, et violentiam Gentilium provocet."—Lib. iii. cap. 14.

ingly sacrificed their lives; such as Thomas of Canterbury, Stanislaus of Cracow, and other holy pontiffs and bishops whom we venerate at our altars. Their conduct, at all events, affords sufficient proof that we ought frequently to follow the counsel which is given by Tertullian, in the celebrated passage in his work, *De Fugâ in Persecutione*:—

"The dead soldier, killed on the field of battle, is a finer spectacle than the living fugitive."[1]

So far I know, that while I was nuncio at Lisbon, during the reign of Pius VI., even the Protestants lavished the warmest encomiums on that Pontiff in consequence of his determination, on the arrival of the Republican troops, to remain in Rome and expose himself to the danger of imprisonment, and perhaps of forcible abduction. At all events, whatever may now happen to the Church, the enemies of the Holy See, and credulous people, whose number is infinite, cannot impute the blame to Pius VII. himself, as they would have done had he left the city. On the contrary, his strenuous maintenance of the sublime position assigned to him by Providence will, in the

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1 "Pulchrior est miles in pugnæ prælio amissus, quam in fugâ salvus."

eyes of posterity, be esteemed a not less irrefragable proof of his magnanimity and contempt of personal advantage than of the justice of his cause and the purity of his intentions.

I would now fain reply to another point, upon which my political conduct during the last months of the Pope's sojourn in Rome may be arraigned. It may be asked how it happened, since the French troops were reduced to a small number in consequence of the departure of frequent detachments for the kingdom of Italy, and the removal of others to the sea coast for the purpose of preventing the disembarcation of the English, who had settled themselves on the island of Ponza, that I did not excite an insurrection among the Roman people, who had given such extraordinary proofs of their attachment to their government, and of their hatred to the French. With regard, however, to the reasons why I did not adopt such means to liberate the Pope and the city from the disgraceful yoke that for the last year and a half they had laboured under, I will first state a few circumstances of which the public are ignorant, and then I will answer the facts as they arise specifically, and as seems convenient.

In the first place, so far as regards the mere liberation of Rome, and the massacre of the few French troops

that were at times stationed in the city, nothing could have been accomplished with greater facility; for not only was there no need of agitation or secret preparation of any sort to excite the people, but, on the contrary, no little care and vigilance were requisite to keep them in a state of tranquillity. One individual, for instance, caused the Pope to be informed that he was ready, at the head of five thousand men, to march to the Quirinale to his rescue at a moment's notice. From another quarter came an offer to surrender the Castle of S. Angelo in three days, provided his Holiness thought proper to attempt the siege of the fortress. And, finally, several leaders of the people found means secretly to acquaint the Holy Father of their anxious desire to effect their own deliverance by a *coup de main*. They at the same time made known to his Holiness that, well aware of his kindly, paternal disposition, they neither required his orders nor his open approval of their project: all they desired was the assurance that the measure, if undertaken by themselves, would not excite his displeasure. The best of Princes, however, weary as he was of submitting to injury and insult, rejected all the above proposals, and by a direct negative put an end to future offers of a similar nature.

Here, it may well be imagined, as all the above-men-

tioned circumstances were necessarily communicated to me by the Pope, that I took occasion, after deeply considering the subject in every point of view, to make his Holiness acquainted with my sentiments on all its bearings. Herein I was fortified in my conclusions by the following very beautiful passage in the celebrated work of S. Bernard, addressed to Pope Eugenius, entitled *De Consideratione*—a work which ought continually to lie on the table of a minister of the Holy See for his daily meditation :—

" Let the religious man consider every act he undertakes in a triple point of view. First, whether it be lawful; next, whether it be right; and, lastly, whether it be expedient. For although it is certainly a maxim of Christian philosophy that nothing that is not lawful can be right, and that nothing that is not both lawful and right can be expedient, it does not therefore follow as a consequence that every thing that is lawful is also right and expedient."[1]

Now that it would have been lawful to allow the

[1] " Spiritualis homo . . . . . omne opus suum trina quâdam consideratione præveniat. Primum quidem an liceat, deinde an deceat, postremo an expediat. Nam etsi constet in Christianâ utique philosophiâ, non decere nisi quod licet, non expedire nisi quod decet et licet; non continuo tamen omne quod licet, decere et expedire consequens erit."—Lib. iii. cap. 4.

people to free themselves from their unjust aggressors is unquestionable; for all manner of law, natural, divine, and human, gives to those who are unjustly oppressed the right to repel force by force, and to shake off a yoke unreasonably imposed upon them, especially as regards the instance in question; for the occupation of Rome by the French was effected by such extraordinary acts of treachery and perfidy as are not to be paralleled in the annals of the Saracens and the barbaric powers of Africa.

In the first place General Miollis, who was then the commandant of a corps of French troops on their route to the kingdom of Naples, requested permission to pass through the Pope's dominions, indicating at the same time the various stations, as far as the frontier, where it would be necessary to have prepared and ready for the troops their quarters and their victuals, or, as the latter are called, rations. The General further gave the Holy Father to understand, actuated as it would seem by the notable spirit of the times, that transforms as it were diplomacy to barefaced falsehood and imposture,[1] that the above arrangement was proposed merely in order to accelerate the progress of the army, and thereby create less inconvenience within the dominions of his Holiness.

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1 "Nell' impostura, e nello sfacciatamente mentire."

The Pope notwithstanding, perceiving that among the places marked down as halting stations, Rome was among the number, contrary to the arrangements that had been made between the Pontifical Government and the French ministers and generals when the war first broke out between France and Ferdinand IV., remonstrated with Monsieur Alquier, the ambassador who had replaced Cardinal Fesch. Upon which Monsieur Alquier, in a note written in his own hand, and directed to the Holy Father, who was of course very much afflicted and agitated at the idea of French troops marching through Rome, had the impudence to assert as follows: "There is in reality nothing at all alarming in the measure that annoys and perhaps afflicts your Holiness. I take upon myself to answer for it; nay, I venture to promise still more. If, as your Holiness appears to think, the troops of his Imperial Majesty should even remain a few days in Rome, the arrangement will not be permanent or be accompanied with any dangerous consequences either at present or in future; neither will it render a good understanding on all sides less likely or less practicable." [1]

[1] "Cet événement, qui inquiète et afflige peut-être votre Sainteté, n'a rien d'alarmant. Je prends sur moi de la garantir: j'oserai promettre plus encore. Si, comme votre Sainteté m'a paru le croire, les troupes de sa Majesté Impériale devaient rester pendant quelques jours à Rome,

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The above letter, a unique specimen perhaps in the history of ministerial diplomacy, will consign its writer to eternal infamy, and reflect grave dishonour on the sovereign whom Monsieur Alquier so unworthily represented; for the French commander, openly trampling upon the principles of the rights of nations, and in violation of the public faith, upon which the security and peace of nations repose, entered Rome forthwith in the guise of an enemy, took possession of the castle S. Angelo, and inflicted an outrageous insult on the supreme Pontiff by immediately surrounding the Apostolic palace with his troops, and even planting some pieces of cannon opposite the windows of the Holy Father's apartments.

From that day forward until the annihilation of the Papal Government, General Miollis not only received the provisions he originally requested, but established a permanent garrison in Rome, where, reigning like a sovereign over the city,—

"*he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant,*"[1]

and remained there! Meanwhile Monsieur Alquier,

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cette mesure ne serait que passagère; elle n'offrirait aucune apparence de danger, ni pour le présent ni pour l'avenir: elle ne rendrait une conciliation ni moins possible ni moins facile."

[1] Gen. xlix. 15.

that man of probity, of whom it may be said that he was one of those

> " Qui, goûtant dans le crime une tranquille paix,
> Ont su faire un front qui ne rougit jamais," [1]

continued his residence in Rome for some weeks, and even had the effrontery to be presented to the Holy Father.

I have now perhaps sufficiently established the proof that the Pontifical Government would have been justified either in exciting an insurrection of the people in its own defence, or at least acceding to the general desire of the people to rise themselves for the purpose of driving the French out of Rome, and setting the Holy Father at liberty. The legality of such a procedure is the more obvious, as the Pope, in defence of his legitimate rights, had solemnly protested, as well on the occasion of the hostile entrance of the French into the city, as in all other instances of the usurpation of sovereign authority by the French commandant; and had declared in the face of all Europe that the proceedings of the foreign troops in Rome were without his consent, and that he considered himself in the light of a prisoner in his own palace. Even supposing it be

[1] Who, in the midst of crime, tasting the tranquillity of repose, have learnt to frame a countenance that never blushes.

granted that, oppressed and worried by continual insults and outrages offered to himself and his subjects, he gave way, and in some degree consented to the residence of the French in Rome, and to all they did while they were there to the detriment of his legitimate authority, might he not nevertheless have taken advantage of a favourable opportunity, and, availing himself of the general disposition of the people to free themselves of their disgraceful yoke, have resumed the sovereign power which he had been unjustly deprived of? I have no doubt in my own mind that he might have done so, neither need I have recourse to tedious theologists, canonists, and writers on jurisprudence of different sects and nations in order to prove a fact on which all are agreed. From the celebrated Vattel alone I will quote one passage, which actually seems as if it were written purposely to suit the case in question:—

"If ever the plea of constraint may be alleged, it is against an act which does not deserve the name of a treaty of peace—against a forced submission to conditions which are equally offensive to justice and to all the duties of humanity. If an unjust and rapacious conqueror subdues a nation, and forces her to accept of hard, ignominious, and insupportable conditions, necessity obliges her to submit: but this apparent tranquil-

lity is not a peace; it is an oppression which she endures only so long as she wants the means of shaking it off, and against which men of spirit rise on the first favourable opportunity. When Ferdinand Cortez attacked the Empire of Mexico without any shadow of reason, without even a plausible pretext—if the unfortunate Montezuma could have recovered his liberty by submitting to the iniquitous and cruel conditions of receiving Spanish garrisons into his towns and his capital, of paying an immense tribute, and obeying the commands of the King of Spain, will any man pretend to assert that he would not have been justifiable in seizing a convenient opportunity to recover his rights, to emancipate his people, and to expel or exterminate the Spanish horde of greedy, insolent, and cruel usurpers? No! such a monstrous absurdity can never be seriously maintained. Although the law of nature aims at protecting the safety and peace of nations by enjoining the faithful observance of promises, it does not favour oppressors. All its maxims tend to promote the advantage of mankind: that is the great end of all laws and rights. Shall he who with his own hand tears asunder all the bonds of human society, be afterwards allowed to claim the benefit of them? Even though it were to happen that this maxim should be abused, and that a nation

should, on the strength of it, unjustly rise in arms and recommence hostilities, yet still it is better to risk that inconvenience than to furnish usurpers with an easy mode of perpetuating their injustice, and establishing their usurpation on a permanent basis." [1]

Now if, instead of Ferdinand Cortez, we were to read the name of General Miollis, and, instead of Montezuma, Pius VII., we have Vattel's authority to show that there would have been nothing to hinder the best of princes from recovering, by the means proposed, his liberty and his legitimate sovereign rights.

With regard to the second point of view of the proposed question, that is to say, whether the Holy Father would have been right (*an deceat?*) to commit the act, notwithstanding that it were perfectly lawful, I candidly confess I found myself under much doubt and perplexity. On one side taking the justice of his cause into consideration, and the evidence of the tyrannical oppression that he suffered, without a shadow of reason or even a plausible pretext, I recollected various instances where illustrious European sovereigns, finding themselves under similar circumstances, overridden by a foreign force, had thrown themselves into the arms of

[1] Book iv. chap. iv. § 37.

their people, by their assistance had expelled their oppressor, and so had triumphantly recovered their sovereign power with general applause and to their own honour. On the other hand, I reflected on the difference that exists between a Pope and a secular Sovereign, and the different line of conduct that it consequently behoves him to pursue with regard to his spiritual dignity. "The Pope," said I to myself, "is a sovereign like the rest, possessed of rights equal to theirs; but at the same time he is vicar on earth of that God whose title is the Prince of Peace; he is first master and teacher of a religion that breathes kindness, gentleness, and charity—a religion that commands us not only to pardon but to love our enemies; he is the common father of the faithful, and, in every instance of bloodshed and massacre among Catholics, has before his eyes the bitter spectacle of the spilling of his children's blood; for even rebels—ungrateful oppressors of their common father as they are—are still his children!" These, I say, were the sentiments that kept my mind in doubt and perplexity on the second point of the question; and have even subsequently, on mature reflection, caused me to remain more decidedly of the same opinion, namely, that nothing whatever could have justified the Supreme Head of the Church even to permit,

still less to command, the execution of a measure, lawful though it were, so violent and cruel. No! *non decebat.*

Now, finally, with regard to the third point, as to whether it were expedient (*an expediebat?*) to permit the Roman population to liberate the Pope and their city. Viewing the question in every possible way, I came to the conclusion, and fixedly established it in my mind as a maxim, that neither ought we ourselves to have openly excited the people to rise against the French, nor secretly have consented to an insurrection. Let us suppose, for instance, that the most prudent dispositions for a movement having been arranged, the people had been allowed to make the experiment, and had even succeeded to the utmost by the expulsion and massacre of the French. What then would have been the consequence? Why, every one of the powers in Italy dependent on France would have immediately marched their troops against Rome, in which case who can help seeing what would have happened to the unfortunate city? Unquestionably her enemies would have made her a memorable and atrocious example of political vengeance, were it only to strike terror upon those states in Italy and other countries that the French had by force subjected to their dominion: neither would they have been less desirous to give loose to

the inveterate hatred and fanatic rage of all the sectarians and philosophers against that new Jerusalem which hitherto, owing to the incomparable spirit of resistance of the good Roman people to the various seductive arts practised to estrange them from the Pontifical Government, has prospered infinitely. Who can estimate, moreover, the amount of slaughter and misfortune that would have deformed the city, or say what would have been the opinion of the entire Catholic world and of posterity? Upon whom, in fact, would have been laid the blame of a rash and imprudent popular insurrection otherwise than upon the Holy Father and his ministers? At all events, we had no chance of assistance from the Austrians, who, notwithstanding they were at war with France, were yet distant and out of reach; or from the Sicilians and English, which latter power, though menacing the coast of Italy from the island of Ponza, was in insufficient force to have stood against a corps of French troops; witness their unsuccessful attempts on the coast of the kingdom of Naples, or, in former instances, on Flanders, the Vendée, and the Tyrol.

Having come to the resolution that we ought neither to promote nor sanction a popular insurrection, I continually kept my eye on the mutual behaviour of the

Roman people and the French towards each other, in order that I might remove every possible motive for misunderstanding and quarrel; nay, every one of the governors in the Papal States will bear me witness that, during the whole time of my administration, I invariably inculcated in my despatches the preservation of quiet and good order among the people, and with that view specially forbade artificial fire-works, the bull-fights, and the public fairs, from taking place in the various towns in the country. I also prohibited public processions, especially those celebrated in the night time; and during the festivities in the town of Assisi, at the feast of the Porziuncola, I took all possible precautions, by prohibiting the assemblage of a large concourse of people, to prevent the occurrence of those minor disputes and contests which are always likely to lead to more serious irregularities.

In Rome I was not less vigilant; yet the good people, during the whole period of the Pope's imprisonment, in spite of the daily vexatious acts of tyranny exercised by the French military commandant towards the Pontiff and the members of the Sacred College, preserved a uniform tenor of conduct and behaviour which was truly admirable. Anxious, in fact, to show their affection for the government, and not only

obey blindly the Pope's orders, but anticipate his wishes, they kept themselves apart from the French as much as they could possibly do, without insult, or showing incivility towards them; which conduct, ascribed by many people to the special interference of the most Holy Virgin, for whom the Romans always entertain a high sentiment of devotion, contributed in an eminent degree to preserve the honour of the Pontifical government pure and unsullied, and filled with amazement the minds of those foreigners who resided in Rome at the period. Indeed, a Russian gentleman, who at that time happened to be a sojourner in the city, said to me one day jocosely, that he felt himself indebted to the chance of being in Rome for the sight of a rare phenomenon: two governments, mutually opposed in action to one another, and one having the command of the troops, police, fortresses, and gaols—in short, possessing every possible means to enforce obedience, and at the same time obliged invariably to have recourse to force to ensure the execution of their orders and regulations; while the other, deprived of all manner of similar advantages, not only of the assistance of military, but their chief being confined to his palace in a state of absolute imprisonment, surrounded by the troops of his enemy, that chief had only to communicate his wishes

to the public by brief manuscript notices, which were immediately and faithfully responded to.

Indeed, from the above fact arises the really consoling reflection that governments, even without a numerous military force, and without a police (that are always expensive, and not always to be relied on), may nevertheless find the means to make themselves obeyed and respected by the people.

The admirable conduct of the Romans in those calamitous times deserves to be handed down to the very latest posterity, as consistent with the character inherited from their brave ancestors, naturally inimical to all manner of tyranny and oppression. They accordingly, ministers, cardinals, and people, the more heavily the hand of the French military commandant weighed upon the Pope, the more eagerly exerted themselves to give public unequivocal signs of fidelity, obedience, and unalterable attachment to their legitimate sovereign. Especially, in consequence of the event of the 4th February, 1809, before related, with reference to the Carnival, an event perhaps unique in history, the generally excellent behaviour and bearing of the Roman people was indisputably the means of postponing the fall of the Pontifical government for a considerable period. For, notwithstanding that the

French and their few partisans were afraid of a popular insurrection, well aware that, not being in sufficient force to show resistance, they themselves must have fallen victims, they would have been glad at the same time to have witnessed a partial skirmish between their own troops and the lower classes, even at the cost of some bloodshed, were it only thereby to have had a plea to renew the bygone calumnies against the government relating to the pretended assassination of Basville and Duphaut, and thence found a pretext for occupying and dealing with Rome in the light of an enemy's country.

I cannot deny that General Miollis maintained an excellent state of discipline among his troops; neither will I, rendering full justice to truth, venture to affirm that the French officers billeted in the houses in the city gave me any cause for displeasure or uneasiness; nay, on the contrary, many openly lamented the policy of their own government, and, like soldiers and men of honour, expressly avowed their dissatisfaction at finding themselves employed on a service that, as they said, was more suitable to bailiffs. But, on the other hand, the acts and measures of General Miollis, suggested most likely by malevolent people, our enemies, gave reason to several intelligent persons in Rome to

conclude that it was his object to find a pretext for establishing a *casus belli* on the part of our government. Could anything, for instance, be more likely to irritate and drive the people to excess than the manner of his entering Rome; the insult offered to the Apostolic Palace at the moment of a religious ceremonial; the acts of violence frequently exercised by a patrol of eight or ten men towards the ministers, the guards, and attendants of the Pope, at the Quirinale Palace, amounting to upwards of five hundred persons altogether; and, finally, the giving permission to celebrate the Carnival, in the very teeth of the Pope's authority, and the united wish of the inhabitants, who gave sufficient proofs of their unwillingness? For my own part, on that memorable day, apprehending that by some treacherous artifice a disturbance might arise, I had prepared, and ready to make use of if necessary for the restoration of order among the people, a notice, bearing the Pope's signature, which the officials and clerks of the Secretary of State's office would have placarded at a moment's warning, in case I had had occasion to avail myself of their services.

The view that I had formed of the policy of General Miollis was corroborated by the fact of my having ascertained also that strange and calumnious reports were

daily carried to the ears of the General by a few rebellious subjects, who, themselves unable to excite the state of disorder they desired, exerted themselves to procure the overthrow of the Government by another mode—namely, by rendering false testimony of a conspiracy to effect a general massacre of the French troops in Rome, which they said had been secretly organized by the Pope's ministers. In fact on the 4th of September, 1808, Monsieur Garobeau, the Chef d'Etat-Major, waited on me officially, and told me that it had been reported to General Miollis that orders had been given by myself to the priests of the different parishes in the city to preach on a certain Sunday sermons from their pulpits to the people for the purpose of exciting them to take arms and fall upon the French in every quarter. At the same time Monsieur Garobeau added, that the General "would hold me responsible for any disturbance that might occur."

I received the message as it deserved—not in a serious manner; and hardly preserving my gravity of countenance, begged that Monsieur Garobeau would tell the General that "I would be bail for the parish priests."

In like manner, about the latter end of May in the year 1809, or the beginning of June, I cannot state the

time precisely, a report was circulated in the city that I had secretly summoned to the Quirinale Palace the Capo-Rioni of Rome, and had instructed them to keep the people in readiness to rise in arms and rescue the Papal palace whenever it might be attacked.

Again, about the same time as in the latter instance I was waited on one morning early by the Padre Romolini, of the order of Benfratelli, a friar who was on terms of intimacy with General Miollis. He came in a great hurry to tell me that a certain Count B—— had requested to have an audience with the General, and in the mean time to have conveyed immediately to the General a letter, stating that he had intelligence to communicate of the utmost importance to the service of the Emperor Napoleon. Padre Romolini added that Count B—— at the same time informed him verbally, that a horrible conspiracy, which was secretly extended all over Italy, was in progress of organization against the French troops quartered in the city, and that I, with the knowledge and consent of the Pope, was at the head of it. The friar, having given me the above information, asked me how he ought to act, and whether he should or should not deliver the letter to General Miollis. I told him to deliver the letter by all means; and I added that I was certain the General would speedily be satisfied of

the falsehood of the accusation, and discover the infamous character of the Count B——, on which latter subject I briefly gave Father Romolini some particulars.

I never afterwards heard anything more of the circumstance; though in order to show what sort of person was at the bottom of the manœuvre, it may be as well to relate an anecdote that happened about the latter end of May, if I am not mistaken, when there was delivered to me in the Pope's garden by a young female, who presented herself as the wife of the identical Count B—— above-mentioned, a memorial from her husband, whose handwriting I at once recognised. In this petition Count B—— prayed for relief and assistance on account of being incarcerated by the French, whether in the Castle of S. Angelo or the new prisons I cannot now say, in consequence, as he stated, of the affection and unalterable fidelity he was known to entertain towards his legitimate sovereign the Pope!!! But enough has been said on the subject of such a character. God knows how many more impostures were practised, or how many calumnious accusations against the Pope's Government were borne to the French military commandant by persons who

"*sought false witness against—to put him to death;*

but found none: yea, though many false witnesses came, yet found they none." [1]

The deceit in every instance that was practised contradicted itself. Even only a few days previous to the assault of the Quirinale Palace and the violent abduction of the Pope to France there was another report propagated—namely, that it was intended by the Pope on one of the days of the Octave of S. Peter to sally forth from his palace unexpectedly, and, bearing in his hand a crucifix, to parade all the streets of the city, and so excite the people to rise in arms and follow him to expel the French. *Risum teneatis, amici?* [2] Can it be possible to preserve one's seriousness on imagining Pius VII., the most humane of individual men, become an ambitious warrior like Alexander VI. or Julius II.; and the Cardinal Pacca transformed into a Cardinal Retz, factious and restless, not only an agitator of the people, but a contriver of conspiracies and massacres?

I will yet relate one more anecdote that might alone afford reasonable ground of suspicion that malevolent people actually were at work in order to induce, if possible, the Pontifical Government to commit some

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[1] Matt. xxvi. 59, 60.

[2] Friends, can you refrain from laughter?

imprudent act of which the French might avail themselves, in order to establish as a fact that we were really organizing a plot against them. A most highly respectable individual, eminent as well on account of his dignified position as his reputation for piety, took occasion one day during the few last weeks of the Pope's residence in Rome, to complain to me of the suspension of the celebration of the holy offices of the Church in the chapels of the Quirinale at the ordinary festivals,—a prohibition by which, he said, the faithful were defrauded of the spiritual benefit of the apostolic benediction. In reply, I told him that the arrangement had been adopted by the Holy Father and Monsignor Sagrista, and that I had nothing to do with it; notwithstanding that I considered the measure a prudent one under our present critical circumstances. I added, that his Holiness had probably considered that unless a measure, such as the one in question, were adopted, it might happen that among the crowds of people who would be collected in the chapels the French also might find means to introduce themselves into the palace, and, under the pretext of paying a compliment to the Sovereign, might supersede the guard, and eventually impose additional restrictions on the Holy Father. I had no sooner made the above

remark than I at once perceived, by the slight expression of a sardonic smile that passed over the countenance of the personage I was speaking to, that he was one of those people incapable of comprehending the possibility of the French ever proceeding so far as to instal themselves in the Palace for the sake of having the Pope and his ministers more securely under their power, and of holding them, as it were, as hostages. At the same time, without betraying any manner of surprise, and having allowed him to give utterance to all he had to say, he made to me a proposal which most certainly was remarkable for its dove-like simplicity, though it wanted the prudence of the serpent, by which—according to the teaching of our Lord in the Gospel—simplicity should be always accompanied.

"*Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves.*"[1]

In fact, he said, that provided his Holiness persisted in his determination to suspend the ordinary Church service in the chapels of the Quirinale Palace, he thought it would be advisable, in order to prevent

[1] Matt. x. 16.

the faithful from being deprived of the spiritual benefit they so much desired, to cause an announcement to be made to the people by the parish priests to the effect that at a stated period, and on the occasion of a festival previously indicated, all persons should repair to the several parochial and principal churches in the city, with the intention and disposition to receive the precious privilege of apostolic benediction; and that such dispositions having been carried into effect, the Holy Father should, precisely at the same stated period, simultaneously in his own private chapel bestow a general benediction on the people; which, provided the mind of his Holiness were so disposed, would have an ubiquitous quality, and diffuse its virtue over each and every separate congregation.

To this extraordinary proposal I made a reply purposely equivocal and evasive; for I suspected, and with very sufficient reason after the intimation made to me by Monsieur Garobeau, just now related, that some malevolent person or other had, under the false mantle of religion, overreached the zeal and piety of my worthy visitor, and had insinuated to him a project which might emanate from a concealed conspiracy. Who, in fact, can fail to perceive at first sight that a general assembly of the people, such as

the one proposed to be held at a period prefixed by the Government, was a measure liable to be represented to the French military Commandant under the very blackest colours? The more so, as we know from history that revolutions and conspiracies, including one event especially that the French, of all people in the world, bear in their recollection—the celebrated Sicilian Vespers—have frequently broken out, as may readily be imagined, on the occasion of a large concourse of people assembled at the solemn church ceremonies.

The very same project, however, only a few days after the above conversation, was proposed to me *verbatim* by one of the principal Prelates of the Roman Court: a personage not less esteemed on account of piety and religion than the other dignitary, and who, no doubt, had been taken by surprise and imposed upon in the same crafty manner. From both the above facts it at all events appears evident that we are, in these days, no longer characterized by the qualities recorded of us by a too celebrated poet, when he observes, "Au fond du Vatican régnait la politique."[1]

Before I finish the present chapter I will confess that although for the above-mentioned reasons I did all I

[1] Policy reigned in the recesses of the Vatican.

could to keep the people quiet, I at the same time took no pains to contradict the extravagantly calumnious reports above referred to, under the certain conviction in my mind that the effect produced thereby would be directly opposite to what was intended. While the object was to stimulate the movements of the French, and, by intimidating them by a parcel of vain bugbears, accelerate the change of the Government, their operations on the contrary were retarded by the apprehension of risking any offensive measure, while, as they were made to suppose, the people were ripe for insurrection. I meanwhile, with a view to foster such a state of feeling among the enemy, and following the example of him who, with an unloaded musket in his hand, tries to frighten his antagonist, whenever such reports were mentioned to me, either changed the subject, or appeared to turn the matter into ridicule.

CHAPTER IV.

Relating to the Bull of Pius VII. for Excommunicating the Emperor Napoleon, and other circumstances, which, though of a period antecedent to Cardinal Pacca's administration, bear relation to what will follow.

On the evening of the Wednesday and of the Saturday following in the Holy Week, in the year 1806, immediately after the holy offices in the chapels of the Quirinale Palace were concluded, two congregations assembled in the house of his Eminence Cardinal and Dean Antonelli. The meeting lasted for several hours, and there were present, besides the master of the house above mentioned, the Cardinals De Pietro, Litta, Pacca, and Consalvi, Secretary of State. The business of the day was commenced by Cardinal Consalvi, who informed the congregation that intelligence had reached him from the Apostolic Legation at Paris, and from other sources, to the effect that there were substantial reasons for apprehending the immediate invasion of a corps of the French army, whose object was to take possession of

the Pontifical States and Rome in the name of the Emperor Napoleon. Cardinal Consalvi at the same time, by order of his Holiness the Pope, requested the opinion of the Cardinals present with regard to the measures which, in case the lamentable event should happen, it might be advisable to take.

Three resolutions, in addition to several others of less importance, were accordingly adopted, being such as were considered expedient, and, supposing the menaced invasion and the change of the Government actually ensued, would be even indispensable. As it was already evident that, in the event of a change in the Government, the first step that would follow would be the expulsion of the Sacred College from Rome and the dispersion all over Italy of the Cardinals, who would be probably thenceforward deprived of all manner of communication with the Holy Father, one of the resolutions above referred to directed that there should be prepared a Papal Bull, which, in case of a vacancy of the Holy See, should abrogate a great portion of the ceremonies usual on such occasions, and at the same time modify certain of the decrees relating to the election of pontiffs, of which the critical state of the times might render the execution dangerous or impracticable. His Eminence Dean Antonelli was accordingly requested

to collect the materials necessary for the purpose, and make a minute of the Bull in question.

The second of the three resolutions prescribed the necessity of publishing a manifesto, addressed to all the foreign courts of Europe, and containing a protest against the usurpation of the dominions of the Holy See, together with an assertion of its rights, which object Cardinal Consalvi informed the congregation would be fully answered by a document already in progress of completion in the Secretary of State's office.

Finally, by the third resolution it was unanimously agreed by every one present that with regard to the various scandalous innovations contained in the anti-Catholic laws and establishments of France silence had already been maintained too long, and that now, although late, at all events in the present case, it behoved the Pope to lift up his voice, and, either by Bull or Brief, proclaim to the world at large the offences against the sacred laws of the Church that had been committed by the French Government, and at the same time announce the censures that the authors, instigators, and executors of the above-mentioned innovations had incurred. The charge of collecting materials and of preparing a minute of a bull and of a brief on the above subject, was accordingly entrusted to his Eminence Cardinal de Pietro.

Here I must be allowed to break the course of my narrative to make an observation.

If the Cardinals composing this congregation found it expedient to take the strong measures contained in the above resolutions, solely on account of the scandalous innovations introduced in France and in the kingdom of Italy, coupled with the menaced invasion of Rome and the States, what would they have said or done could they have foreseen the fierce persecution of the Roman Church which thenceforward immediately followed, and the tyrannical acts of violence committed in her States? Could they, for instance, have foreseen the faithless encroachment on the original terms of the *Concordat*, the publication of the Code Napoléon, the suppression of the regular orders of religionists in all the countries dependent on the Emperor of the French, the abolition of the Holy Office in Spain, and the threat of its abolition in Rome also, the triumph, as it were, being completed by the sceptical philosophers, and heretics who painted in the blackest colours a tribunal so serviceable to the Church, and so unworthily calumniated by her enemies—could they have foreseen all this, I say, as well as many other similar outrages that happened out of Italy, and, finally, the hostile entrance of the French troops into the city, the insult to the Papal

palace, at the moment of a solemn festival; the imprisonment of the Pope for a year and a half in his own residence, accompanied with daily acts of violence and insult; the expulsion from Rome, and consequently from their episcopal residences, of the Cardinal suburban Bishops, who from the earliest times of the Church have been charged with the duty of assisting his Holiness at the principal festivals; the dispersion by an armed force of almost all the members of the Sacred College; the imprisonment of the Bishops, Prelates, Regulars, and other ministers of the Holy See; the trampling on all the laws relating to ecclesiastical immunities; the promulgation of decrees in the provinces, which shamefully asserted that the Roman See was deprived of its possessions by reason that the Pope was leagued with the enemies of the true faith, and applied the inheritance of the true Church to the detriment of the Catholic religion; the deportation and reducing to a state of beggary so many venerable Bishops from the Marches and Duchy of Urbino; the issue from the Roman press of a periodical newspaper, by means of which, in addition to the continual insertion of articles injurious to the principal powers of Europe, there were scattered abroad anti-Catholic maxims offensive to the Holy See; and, finally, the opening in Rome of freemasons' lodges, which assem-

blies were proscribed both by the civil and ecclesiastical law, and the permitting the celebration of their orgies in the Palazzo Conti under the very eyes of the Pope himself—if, I say, all this series of outrages, insults, profanations, and tyrannical regulations, could have been foreseen by the Cardinals composing the above-mentioned congregation, what measures would they then have proposed and determined upon?

But to return to my subject from a digression, which at all events will serve to justify the measures undertaken by the Pope during the latter period of his residence in Rome, especially in the eyes of those persons who, with regard to the subsequent fulmination of the bull above referred to, may be inclined to accuse him of imprudence and unnecessary severity.

For several months subsequent to the meeting of the congregation above mentioned, there appeared no further hostile indications on the part of the Emperor of the French, who being at that time busy with his preparations to go to war with Prussia, gave the Pope and all the rest of us a little breathing time. Since matters, therefore, were no longer immediately pressing, neither was the subject of the Manifesto nor of the Bull and Brief, ordered to be prepared by Cardinal de Pietro, discussed in several other congregations that were sub-

sequently convened, notwithstanding that on the other hand, that of the Bull, for the future regulation of the conclave, was earnestly debated verbally, and made a matter of correspondence. One day, a short time after the meeting of the aforesaid congregation, Cardinal de Pietro told me he had completed his task, and that the document was in the hands of the Pope; and again, after another short interval, he said that the Pope approved of it. For my own part, however, I never saw the paper in question, though I suspect it was the same Brief that both the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, after I entered on office, told me had been secretly printed in the palace, but, in consequence of numerous typographical errors, had been afterwards committed to the flames. His Holiness, moreover, gave me to understand that the paper that was burnt was framed in even more vehement language than the real Bull of Excommunication, which was actually published afterwards.

The notorious circumstance of my arrest on the 6th of September, 1808, and the reports that were spread abroad in consequence, to the effect that the Emperor of the French, irritated by the spirited resistance of the Pope on that occasion, had already issued orders either to crush the Government, or at least to remove the Pope from Rome, induced the Holy Father to take again into

his consideration the matters lately discussed in the house of the Dean Antonelli, and in the course of a conversation on the subject with Cardinal de Pietro at a special audience, he gave the Cardinal instructions to prepare another Bull of Excommunication instead of the one that had been destroyed. Another Bull was prepared accordingly, which the Holy Father, after having himself examined, put into my hands, directing me at the same time to employ the most trustworthy officials of the Secretary of State's office to make several copies of it. In compliance with these instructions several copies were made, uniform in every respect, with the exception of the clause assigning the immediate and conclusive reason of fulminating the excommunication, inasmuch as it was not yet a matter of certainty whether the destruction of the Government and the union of the Pontifical States to the French Empire would or would not precede the removal of the Holy Father from Rome. The above-mentioned clause was consequently worded differently in two separate sets of the same document, to the end that, according to the progress of future events, one to suit either contingency might be at hand ready to be placarded at a moment's warning.

Reports meanwhile became every day more prevalent that the Pope, whether forcibly or otherwise, would be

sent out of Rome at all events, even though it were necessary to storm the Apostolic Palace; and as these reports were corroborated by letters received from Paris, it was thought advisable to induce the Holy Father to sign with his own hand, and seal with the Pontifical seal, those copies of the Bull above referred to, which assigned, as the reason of its publication, that violence had been offered to the Apostolic Palace and the Holy Father removed from Rome by force of arms. A few weeks after the Pope had signed the document, I had reason to suspect that intelligence of his having signed it had got abroad, in consequence of inquiries that were made of the officials in the Secretary of State's office by a person, not quite to be depended upon, who asked if the Pope were likely to adopt the *same* resolution in the event of both occurrences, namely, whether his Government were put an end to or he himself carried out of Rome. I accordingly immediately communicated my suspicions to the Holy Father, and we agreed, in order to embarrass the French, and delay for a short time, if not prevent altogether, the execution of their threat, that the Pontifical signature should also be affixed to the remaining copies of the Bulls that were prepared to meet the other contingency; to the end that, provided there were any person in the palace or in the Secretary of

State's office, who held traitorous communications with the French military commandant, he might consequently be the bearer of the intelligence to that functionary, and thereby place him in a dilemma. The Pope, however, did not finally determine to publish the Bull at present, but intended to submit it previously to a more mature and careful examination whenever the moment of the superseding the Government might arrive.

The Pope having signed the document, several things that happened afterwards, which I do not think it prudent here to mention, gave me no slight cause to suspect that the latter piece of news was also conveyed to the ears of the French, and that it embarrassed their projects not a little; I am moreover further persuaded that had it not been for some imprudent conversations held in the Apostolic Palace, that were reported in like manner, and gave them reason to believe that the Pope had changed his opinion and no longer intended to publish the Bull at all, the execution of the Imperial Decree would have been postponed for a good while longer. At all events the secret agents of the French Government and their partisans in Rome took pains to prevent the Pope from making use of the spiritual arms of the Church, by instilling terror in the minds of those persons who had access to his Holiness, and drawing an ex-

aggerated picture of the excess of irritation and fury that such a measure would create in the heart of the Emperor Napoleon.

One of these agents, I suspect, was the Abbot Ducci, who had been an officer of the legation under Cardinal Caprara, and had just then returned to Rome; at all events it was reported that this person, who certainly was in high favour with the Emperor, had a private commission to use his influence to dissuade the Pope from publishing any kind of Bull or Brief, in the event of a change of the Government. Certain it is, moreover, that the agents of the French, by means of their menaces, succeeded in making a breach in the minds of some principal personages of the Roman Court, as will be seen by the following anecdote.

On the evening of the 9th of June, 1809, a celebrated dignitary of the purple, who, together with myself, was a recluse in the Quirinale Palace, came into my chamber, and asked me—

"What measures we intended to adopt, provided the report then current in Rome, namely, that the Pontifical Government would be put an end to the next day, should turn out to be true?"

I replied, that "In such a case, we had everything ready for the publication of the bull of excommunica-

tion, provided I received from his Holiness no order to the contrary."

My colleague then asked me—

"Whether I had sufficiently considered the consequences of so grave a measure; and whether it would not be prudent to take the opinion of other able statesmen previous to putting it in execution?"

I replied to this interrogatory by inquiring—

"What were the motives that induced him to hold on the present occasion a style of language contrary to the opinions he had entertained previously."

In reply to the latter question—

"Does your Eminence," said he, "conscientiously believe the proposed publication of the bull to be a just and necessary step? For it is upon these points I trust I should be able to prevail upon the Pope to suspend it."

To this I honestly replied, "That the predecessors of Pius VII. had fulminated their anathemas on grounds a hundred times more trivial than the reasons that actuated us at present; and that as the matter contained in the bull was perfectly unobjectionable, the expediency of publishing it was alone a matter of question, and ought certainly to be gravely considered."

Here the Cardinal confessed to me ingenuously,—

"That a well-informed person" (which person I have reason to believe was the Abbot Ducci) "had told him confidentially that the Emperor Napoleon, in case so strong a measure were ventured on, was prepared to go to a very great extremity, even so far as to sacrifice the life of the Holy Father."

"Then," said I, coldly, "in that case there will be one more Christian martyr in the series of supreme Pontiffs; but as to the Cardinals, whom the Emperor will naturally conclude to be cognizant and abettors of the act, what is to become of us?"

"As for the Cardinals, they tell me," replied he, "that they certainly would all be hanged."

So far from being alarmed, I really could not preserve my gravity at this declaration; replying at the same time,—

"That is not a canonical reason to give to the Pope. Let the will of God be done."

To this my very worthy colleague gave no answer, but subsequently conducted himself invariably with firmness and apostolic courage, which is a proof that he was neither actuated by fear nor any other unworthy motive; but that, on the contrary, he was relieving his conscience by faithfully communicating to me the malicious in-

sinuations that had been made to him. In like manner, in many other instances, the furious menaces of the French and their partisans failed to inflict disgrace on the good Roman clergy; neither could they induce the great majority of that worthy body of men to swerve from their line of duty.

Meanwhile the encroachments and acts of violence committed by the French in Rome and in the Pontifical States became every day more outrageous; whence the Pope, growing irritated, and with much reason, continually insisted that the notes and all official papers that issued from the Secretary of State's office should be written with point and energy, and in a style that might make it apparent that he was now resolutely determined to make use of all the means that Providence had placed in his hands in order to preserve the dominions of the Roman Church intact. One note, especially, addressed to General Lemarrois, in which he stated his intention in plain open terms, or at least in terms sufficiently clear to be perfectly understood, gave infinite satisfaction to all ranks of people throughout the city. The determination of the Pope, moreover, had the support of his most pious and devoted subjects; and the Holy Father himself began to speak of it without mystery; especially one

day, in an audience, he observed to Monsignor Tesoriere,—

"That the French need mind what they were about; that the mine was ready prepared, and the match to set fire to it; and that whenever he chose to take the match in hand they must bear the consequences."

And again, in another audience with Monsignor Alliata, the Pro-Auditor, he expressed himself as follows:—

"We see," said he, "plainly that the French have a mind to force us to speak Latin, and speak Latin we will."

I had an audience with the Holy Father in the evening of the very day before the grand explosion took place, and told him "I had received unquestionable intelligence from various quarters that the Imperial decree for the union of the Pontifical States to the French empire would be issued on the morrow; for which reason," I said, "I had come to receive his Holiness's orders, as to whether, in case the report proved true, I should cause the bull of excommunication to be placarded in the usual places?"

The Pope replied "That it were better to postpone the execution of the measure until we had an oppor-

tunity of actually reading the Imperial decree;" and he assigned at the same time as a reason, and a very good one, "That we were dealing with people who were in the habit of frequently spreading reports themselves of measures likely to be undertaken, while they had no intention whatever of adopting them to the full extent, if at all; and that therefore, unless we knew the precise tenor of the decree, and the conditions and restrictions it contained, we might consequently fall into some contradiction that might put us in the wrong."

Feeling the justice of the Holy Father's observation, I immediately changed the conversation, and said no more on the subject. For my own part, perfectly certain as I was that the Emperor had peremptorily decided on the overthrow of the Pontifical Government; yet knowing, nevertheless, that the French attached immense importance to the publication of the bull, and thinking it not improbable that the Commandant might have instructions not to issue the decree in question till he was well assured relative to the Pope's determination, I ventured to flatter myself that the event was not quite so imminent as had been represented; and the consternation which the actual placarding of the bull afterwards created warranted such a conclusion.

On the morning of the 10th of June, before I was well awake, a note, and at the same time verbal intelligence, was brought to me, stating that on the preceding evening the partisans of the French had triumphantly asserted at their private parties, as well as at the cafés, that the Pope, in case of a change in the Government, would do nothing more than issue a protest, to which the Commandant, they said, would pay no more attention than he had done to his other notes; and they further added, that he had been persuaded to abandon the idea of having recourse to stronger measures by the advice of some of the Cardinals. The moment I read the letter, the reports I had heard relative to the promulgation of the Imperial decree became fully confirmed in my mind, and I perceived at once that the fatal day had arrived. And so it turned out eventually: for the Pontifical standard, that floated over the castle S. Angelo, was lowered under a discharge of artillery at two hours before noon, and immediately afterwards the French tricolor was hoisted in its stead, and the decree announcing the termination of the Papal dynasty proclaimed through all the streets of Rome by sound of trumpet. Immediately I hastened to the chamber of the Holy Father, and entered with a palpitating heart,

as may well be imagined. There, if my memory serves me right, the first words that both of us uttered simultaneously were the words of the Redeemer :—

"*It is finished!*"

I took courage, however, and felt heartily edified in perceiving that his Holiness still preserved his equanimity, and by his countenance betrayed no apparent signs of wavering or a want of determination. One or two minutes only now had elapsed when my nephew, Giovanni Tiberio Pacca entered the room, with a printed copy of the imperial decree, of which the French were dispersing a great number all over the city.

Taking it in my hand, and requesting the Pope to accompany me, we went to the window, for the curtains obstructed the light while we remained where we were. Accordingly, the Pope rose from his seat, and followed me; and I began to read, feeling at the same time a lively sense of the importance of preserving my mind in a state of tranquillity while the operations, which must now be immediately taken on perusal of the document, were depending. But all my efforts to preserve my calmness were unavailing, and, my strength failing me, I was hardly able, even with frequent interruptions, to scan over the most

important points of the document. The indignation that I felt at the sacrilegious outrage, the being in the presence—nay, hardly removed a single pace from my ill-fated sovereign, the vicar of Christ, who stood listening to the sentence of his dethronement, as it fell from my lips; the impostures and calumnies which, glancing my eyes rapidly over the paper, I could not help observing, and the incessant reports of the French cannon that, as it were, with an insulting tone of triumph, announced the iniquitous usurpation, excited me to such a degree that my faculty of sight was obfuscated, my respiration impeded, and, as I said before, I could scarcely read the principal articles at all, even with frequent interruptions. Observing, however, the features of the Pope with more fixed attention, I perceived, at the few first words, an expression of an inward disturbance of spirit: not such as reflects the sensation of pusillanimous fear, but, on the contrary, manifesting a too reasonable feeling of indignation. He, however, speedily recovered the effects of the first impulse, and, recomposing himself by degrees, listened subsequently to the latter part of the decree with tranquillity and resignation.

His first movement then was to turn towards the table, and, with his own hand, to sign several copies

of the manifesto or protest referred to in the beginning of this chapter, all of which were placarded the very same evening. I then asked him whether I should likewise give orders to have the bull of excommunication placarded at the same time with the manifesto? To which he replied, after a few moments' reflection—

"Let it be done after sunset; but take special care," he added, "to prevent the persons you employ being discovered, or they will be shot most certainly, and I should then be inconsolable."

"Holy Father," I replied, "all possible precautions shall be taken, and nothing shall be done rashly; but I will not venture to answer to your Holiness that the consequences will not be melancholy. God, if the act find favour in his sight, will know how to protect us."

* * * * *

Such is the original account of my interview with the Pope on the above momentous occasion, which I wrote in my prison at Fenestrelle, when, being under apprehension that my papers might fall into the hands of the French Government, I omitted, from prudential motives, some circumstances—which I may now relate with impunity. First, then, notwithstanding that the

Holy Father readily signed the manifesto as above stated, he was in fact under no small degree of doubt with respect to the publication of the bull of excommunication; and observed to me, that having recently read the document over again, it appeared to him that there were in it some overstrong expressions against the French Government.

I replied, "that since we were compelled, in the face of the world, to take such a strong measure as the issuing of a bull, we must unavoidably draw a fearful but unexaggerated picture of the unjust and oppressive conduct of the French Government, in order that whoever might read it would be constrained to admit that the Pope had even too long delayed to lift up his voice at so great and repeated acts of aggression."

To this the Holy Father rejoined, "But what would your Eminence have me do?"

"Since," said I, "we have already threatened the French to take this important step, and the people expect it, I would publish the bull of excommunication, but I am embarrassed by your Holiness's question. Although," added I, "let the most blessed Father only give me his orders, and rest assured that the will of Heaven will proceed from his lips."

Then it was that his Holiness, lifting up his eyes,

pronounced, after a short pause, the words above related—"Let it be done after sunset!"

It has come to my knowledge since my liberation from prison, that Cardinal de Pietro had, on that very morning, namely, the 10th of June, put the question, through the medium, if I am not mistaken, of Monsignor Mazio, to the Padre Fontana, the General of the Barnabites, who was the person that actually made the draft of the bull under Cardinal de Pietro's direction, whether his opinion was in favour of its publication or otherwise; to which question the worthy religionist replied, in a brief speech, affirmatively. The General's answer, however, was given subsequently to the order which, in consequence of my audience with the Pope above referred to, I had given for placarding the document. * * *

The effect, a few hours after it was done, was so extraordinary—I may venture to say, prodigious—that the French were absolutely astounded; and all Rome was, as it were, in a state of stupefaction. Meanwhile the persons entrusted with the perilous undertaking had the courage, notwithstanding the precautions that were suggested to them not to risk their own personal safety without reason—they had the courage, I say, to execute their commission notwithstanding, in broad daylight, and

accordingly pasted the papers against the walls in all the usual places, including especially the three Basilicas of S. Peter, S. John Lateran, and S. Maria Maggiore, which latter part of the enterprise was actually performed between the hours of 22 and 23,[1] while they were singing vespers and the congregations were continually arriving. Though these emissaries were seen by very many people, not one was discovered nor arrested, neither on the same day nor afterwards, notwithstanding that the so-called Consulta Straordinaria was aroused to a pitch of frenzy, and made the most searching and inquisitorial inquiries. When the news came to be generally promulgated in Rome, it occasioned, I will not content myself to say, universal satisfaction, but a perfect state of enthusiasm; and among the thanks and congratulations that the Pope received next day from various quarters were those of persons the most remarkable for learning and piety, who unanimously described the measure that had been taken as one long since desired by Providence.

Neither did the people restrict themselves merely to the applauding the act of fulmination of the bull, but from that moment the entire population adopted the

[1] Between 6 and 7.

unanimous resolution to comply most scrupulously with its provisions; and accordingly, on the Monday commencing the first week after its publication, almost the entire mass of inhabitants of the great city manifested, by common consent as it were, their opinion; and every individual, high and low, who happened to be employed in the French service, either gave up at once his office and made up his mind to sacrifice his salary, rather than incur the censure of serving the new government; or applied at the Quirinale for instructions as to whether he ought or ought not to retain his employment. Even the porters at the customhouse, and the very sweepers of the streets, absented themselves from their posts on that Monday, and would do no work. We were, consequently, obliged to send immediately a copy of the Bull to the tribunal of the Penitentiary, in order that, after being examined, a folio of instructions might be prepared for the purpose of indicating, for the information of the confessors and of the ecclesiastical tribunals, the names of the persons who had incurred the penalty of excommunication, and the description of those offices and employments under the French which the people were debarred from exercising. Two days afterwards the folio was completed at the Penitentiary, and was approved by the Holy Father.

Thus fell the Court of Rome!—a Court always represented by philosophers and intriguing courtiers to their credulous Princes as a formidable power, to be necessarily regarded with an eye of distrust and suspicion. It has been ordained by Divine Providence that Pius VII., who sustained with apostolic heart and exemplary fortitude the sacred rights of his Divine Primacy and of the temporal dominion, should also suffer with heroic patience and resignation the outrage of sacrilegious spoliation, in imitation of that Lord of whom he is vicar on earth; that Lord who, in the Holy Scripture, is entitled not only the Lion of Judah, whose roarings are terrible, but the gentle Lamb that bears all things patiently. Neither have the cardinals, the prelates, and the Roman clergy failed to exhibit similar qualifications, after the example of their most excellent pastor.

CHAPTER V.

The Escalade of the Quirinale Palace, and the Abduction, by force of arms, of Pius VII. and Cardinal Pacca from Rome and the Pontifical States.

ON the evening before the sad morning of the 6th of July, 1809, I had ascertained that several cavalry picquets occupied, for the purpose of obstructing communication with the palace, the streets which led to the Quirinale from various parts of the city. Detachments also were stationed on the bridges, and at about seven o'clock a corps of infantry, moving from their quarters in the neighbourhood at a rapid pace, but in great silence, closed every avenue, and formed a ring that, removed to a considerable distance, entirely surrounded us. Such being their dispositions, the gendarmes and the police, together with some rebel Romans who had already been remarkable for their aversion to the Pontifical Government, attacked the palace by escalade at the first appearance of day-break.

For my own part, after a day of hard mental labour

and uneasiness, having sat up all night, it was half-past six Italian time,[1] and the first white light of the morning had begun to appear, when, not hearing the sound of people in the Piazza and the adjacent streets, and thinking there was an end of our danger, at least for that night, I retired to my apartment to take a few hours' rest; but had scarcely lain down, when my chamberlain entered the room and announced to me that the French were already in the palace. I arose in haste and hurried to the window, whence I saw a considerable armed force collected, and soldiers running across the garden with lighted torches in their hands, endeavouring to find the door that led to the palace; while others were mounting, hand over hand, the ladders that were raised against the wall; and several had got into the Cortile, called the Cortile della Panetteria. At the same time there was an assault from another quarter, whence other soldiers were ascending, by the help of ladders, to the windows of the apartments of the Pope's attendants that look upon the street that leads to the Porta Pia, which windows they audaciously beat open with their axes, and having made an entrance, ran down and opened the great gate that communicates

[1] Thirty-eight minutes past three o'clock.

with the piazza, and let into the cortile a large band of their companions who stood ready outside.

Instantly I dispatched my nephew, Gian Tiberio Pacca, to awaken the Holy Father, as I had promised to do in case of an alarm in the night time; and a few moments afterwards I went myself in my dressing-gown into the Holy Father's chamber. The Pope immediately got up, and, with the utmost serenity of spirit, dressed himself in his episcopal robe and stole, and going into the apartment where he was in the habit of giving audience, found assembled there the Cardinal Despuig, myself, some of the prelates who were inhabitants of the palace, and several officials and clerks of the Secretary of State's office. The assailants had by this time broken with their axes the doors of the Pope's suite of apartments, and had arrived at the door of the very chamber where the Holy Father and ourselves were. At this juncture, in order to avoid the chance of some more calamitous result, we caused this last door to be opened. The Pope now arose from his seat, and going opposite the table, stood nearly in the middle of the room, while we two Cardinals placed ourselves, one on his right hand and the other on his left; and the prelates, officials, and the clerks of the Secretary of State's office, were on the right and the left of all.

The door being opened, the first person that entered the room was General Radet, the commanding officer of the enterprise, followed by several French officers, for the most part belonging to the gendarmerie; and last of all came the two or three Roman rebels who had served as guides to the French, and had directed them during the escalade. General Radet and the above-mentioned persons having formed line opposite the Holy Father and ourselves, both parties stood face to face for some minutes in perfect silence, equally, as it were, confounded at each other's presence, while no one either uttered a single word or changed his position.

At length General Radet, pale in the face, with a trembling voice, and hesitating as if he could scarcely find words to express himself, addressed the Pope as follows. He said that he had "a painful and disagreeable duty to perform, but, having sworn fidelity and obedience to the Emperor, he was compelled to execute the commission that had been imposed on him, and, consequently, intimate to His Holiness, on the part of the Emperor, that he must renounce the temporal sovereignty of Rome and the Pontifical States; and," he added, "that in case of the non-compliance of the Holy Father with the proposal, that he had farther

orders to conduct His Holiness to the General Miollis, who would indicate the place of his destination."

The Pope, without being discomposed, but with an air full of dignity, replied in a firm tone of voice nearly in the following words:—"Since General Radet, by virtue of his oath of fidelity and obedience, considers himself obliged to execute orders of the Emperor such as he has undertaken, he may imagine by how much the more we, who are bound by oaths many and various to maintain the rights of the Holy See, are under an obligation to do so. We have not the power to renounce that which does not belong to ourselves, neither are we ourselves otherwise than the administrators of the Roman Church, and of her temporal dominion. This dominion the Emperor, from whom, after all we have done for him, we did not expect this treatment, even though he cut our body in pieces, will never obtain from us."

"Holy Father," replied General Radet, "I am conscious that the Emperor has many obligations to your Holiness."

"More than you are aware of," replied the Pope in a somewhat angry tone; "and," added His Holiness, "are we to go alone?"

"Your Holiness," said the General, "may take with you your Minister, Cardinal Pacca."

Hereupon I, standing close at the side of the Pope, immediately replied, addressing myself to His Holiness, "What orders does the Holy Father please to give me—am I to have the honour of accompanying him?"

The Pope having answered in the affirmative, I requested permission to go to the room adjoining, and there, in the presence of two officers of the gendarmerie who followed me, and now were making believe to be looking at the apartment, I dressed myself in my cardinal's habit, with *rocchetto* and *mozzetta*, supposing that we were to be conducted to General Miollis, who was quartered in the Doria Palace, in the Corso. While I was dressing, the Pope, with his own hand, made a memorandum of those attendants whom he wished to take with him, and, as was afterwards reported to me, had some conversation with General Radet, who, while His Holiness was engaged in putting some articles in the room in order, having observed,

"Your Holiness need be under no apprehension that any thing here will be meddled with,"

The Pope replied, "He who sets little value even on his own life, has still less regard for his property."

On my return to the Pope's chamber, I found he

had been already obliged to depart, without even allowing sufficient time for the chamberlains to put the little linen he required for the journey into a portmanteau. Radet would, in fact, have wished the Pope to change his dress for a less conspicuous and recognizable costume, but had not the courage to tell him so. I followed and joined His Holiness in another chamber, whence both of us, surrounded by gendarmes, police, and the above-mentioned Roman rebels, making our way with difficulty over the fragments of the broken doors, descended the staircase and crossed the principal cortile, where the remainder of the troops and police had collected. We then went out through the Great Gate opening upon the Piazza, where we found in readiness the carriage of General Radet, which was a description of vehicle called *bastarda*, and at the same time we saw in the Piazza a considerable detachment of Neapolitan troops, who, having arrived a few hours before for the special purpose of taking a part in the great enterprise, were drawn up in line. The Pope was now desired to get first into the carriage, and afterwards I was bid to follow; and when we were both inside, the Venetian blind, which was on the Pope's side, of a description called Persiana, having been previously nailed down, both doors were fastened with lock and

key by a gendarme, General Radet and a Tuscan Quarter-Master, named Cardini, mounted in front on the dickey, and the order to drive off was given. At this moment a few prelates, officials, clerks of the Secretary of State's office, and others of our attendants, who had followed us down stairs and were not allowed to accompany us to the carriage, stood pale and trembling at the Great Gate of the cortile.

General Radet, at starting, instead of proceeding straight towards the Doria Palace as we expected, directed the carriage to be driven along the Via di Porta Pia, and thence up the road that diverges on the left hand towards the Porta Salaria, by which gate we went out, and thence, making a circuit of the wall by the road that leads parallel outside, we arrived at the Porta del Popolo, which was then closed, as were all the other gates of the city. Along the whole distance hither we met squadrons or picquets of cavalry with drawn sabres, to whose officers General Radet, with the triumphant air of a person who had won a great victory, gave orders as we passed. At the Porta del Popolo we found post-horses in waiting."

While the horses were being harnessed to the carriage, the Pope mildly reproached General Radet "for

his want of veracity [1] in saying that he was about to conduct him to General Miollis;" at the same time he complained of "the violent treatment he had received in being thus removed from Rome without his suite, and absolutely unprovided with every thing, even with clothes other than those he had on his back."

The General replied, that "His Holiness's attendants, whose names he had entered in the memorandum, would very speedily join him, and bring with them all the articles he required." And in the mean time the General, in order to expedite their departure by all the means in his power, instantly dispatched a mounted gendarme to the Quirinale; and then, turning to me, observed that "he felt much satisfaction at having been able to execute his commission so pacifically that not even one single person had been wounded."

"What, then," said I, "did you take the palace for a fortress, and expect resistance?"

"I was aware," he replied, "that your Eminence had directed your people to make no opposition, and not even to be seen on the Monte Cavallo with a musket in their hand."

The Pope, a few minutes afterwards, asked me "whether I had with me any money;"

[1] Della menzogna dettagli.

To which I replied, "Your Holiness saw that I was arrested in your own apartments, so that I have had no opportunity of providing myself."

We then both of us drew forth our purses, and, notwithstanding the state of affliction we were in at being thus torn away from Rome and all that was dear to us, we could hardly compose our countenances on finding the contents of each purse to consist, in that of the Pope of one papetto,[1] and in mine three grossi!!![2] Thus the Sovereign of Rome and his Prime Minister set forth upon their journey literally, without figure of speech or metaphor, in true Apostolic style, conformable with the precept of our Saviour addressed to the disciples:

"*Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece.*"[3]

We were without comestibles, and we had no garments except those we wore, not even a shirt, and the habits, such as they were, were most inconvenient for travelling; for the Pope wore his mozzetta and stola, and I the rocchetto and mozzetta, together with the

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[1] About 10*d.* [2] About 7½*d.*

[3] Matt. ix. 3.

mantelletta. With regard to money, we had precisely thirty-five baiocchi between us.

The Pope, extending his hand, showed his papetto to General Radet, saying at the same time, "Look here—this is all I possess, all that remains of my principality."

A thought now entered my mind, with reference to effects that might follow, injurious to the good Pius VII., that gave me a great deal of trouble; for I feared that the Pope, horrified at the execrable and sacrilegious misdeed that was now in progress, and from the apprehension of the melancholy consequences it might bring to the Church, might in his own heart blame me for having always encouraged him, and might repent of the strong measures we had adopted.[1] I was, however,

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[1] Before I sent my manuscript to the press I read in a French work written by Monsieur S. B. de Salgues, entitled, 'Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France sous le Gouvernement de Napoléon Bonaparte—Paris, 1826,' a fact which is absolutely false, and was probably invented for the sole purpose of calumniously attributing the sacrilegious usurpation of Rome and the States of the Church to the imprudence of Pius VII. himself. It is asserted by the author that Pius VII. addressed a circular letter to the Supreme Junta of Seville, and to the bishops and ministers of religion in Spain, which might be entitled a vehement proclamation to the Spanish nation for the purpose of exciting them to attack the French army in every quarter, and carry the war against the apostate Napoleon into the heart of France. This circular, he goes on to say, in spite of the

speedily relieved from my inquietude by a voluntary observation of the Pope himself, who, with a smile on his lips, and an air of extreme complacency, addressing himself to me abruptly, said,

"What think you now, Cardinal? were we right, or were we not right, on the 10th of June, when we signed the Bull of excommunication; can you imagine we could possibly have done otherwise?"

These words, and the manner in which they were

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precautions taken to conceal it from Napoleon, fell into his hands, and he, when he read it, at that time inebriated with the victory he had gained over the house of Austria, swore, in the excess of his wrath, to destroy the temporal power of the Pope; and immediately then, in the Imperial camp near Vienna, signed the celebrated decree that united the States of the Church with the French empire. Now, the only portion of truth in all this story is that Napoleon actually did sign the decree on the 17th of May; all the rest is perfectly false, though it is rather curious that the historian De Salgues should have taken the fact in question from an English journal, called 'The Annual Register,' and without taking the trouble to verify it, have published such a palpable lie, and then have added reflections of his own injurious to the Pope and the Holy See. Notwithstanding that Pius VII. was deeply grieved in his heart on the occasion of the kingdom of Spain being wrested from the legitimate dynasty of the Bourbons, he nevertheless prudently abstained from doing anything at all, even from making any verbal remonstrance whatever, that might afford to the Emperor Bonaparte the motive of a dispute, or form a pretext of accusation against himself. At the period when I entered on my office, all regular correspondence with our Nuncio at Madrid had already ceased, and we had no other intelligence relating to the Spanish nation than what we read in the Gazette.

delivered, greatly comforted me, and supplied me with new strength to resist the pains of body and sorrow of mind that I foresaw I was doomed to suffer during our troublesome and disastrous journey.

The same night, in pursuance of orders I gave previous to our departure, the following pathetic address of Pius VII., which may be considered as the farewell of an affectionate father to his beloved children, was secretly placarded on the walls of the city:—

"PIUS P. P. VII. TO HIS FAITHFUL SUBJECTS—HIS OWN BELOVED FLOCK.

"Amid the troubles that surround us we shed tears of tenderness:—

"'*Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation!*'[1]

"Seeing that the same calamity has befallen our own person that was announced by his divine Son our Saviour to the Prince of the Apostles, S. Peter, of whom, without any merit of our own, we are the successor:—

"'*Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou*

[1] 2 Corinth. i, 3, 4.

wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.'[1]

"We well know and declare, not having committed a single act of violence, being at peace with all the world, and having offered up prayers continually for the peaceful reign of all princes, that we cannot lawfully be removed from the city of Rome, our legitimate, pacific place of residence, the capital of our dominions, the special see of our Holy Roman Church, and the universal centre of Catholic unity, of which, by the Divine will, we are the supreme Head and Moderator on earth.

"We do, therefore, in real verity, stretch forth our sacerdotal hands in resignation to the force that binds us and carries us whither we would not; declaring, at the same time, the authors of the outrage committed upon us responsible to God for all the consequences; while we, for our part, only desire, advise, and command our faithful subjects, our own flock of Rome, as well as the universal flock of the Catholic Church, earnestly to follow the example of the faithful of the first century, by whom, while Peter was kept in prison—

[1] John xxi. 18.

" '*Prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him.*'[1]

" Successor, unworthy as we are, of that glorious Apostle, we feel confident that all our loving children will perform this pious and perhaps last act of duty to their affectionate and common father; and we, in recompense, with the most earnest effusion of our heart, bestow on them our apostolic benediction.

" Given at our Palace of the Quirinale, 6th July, 1809.

" PIUS P. P. VII."

Place of the Seal.

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[1] Acts xii. 5.

CHAPTER VI.

Recent Persecutions of the Roman Catholic Church — Acts of Violence perpetrated by Philippe le Bel and Charles V. on Popes Boniface VIII. and Clement VII. — The Holy See specially protected by Providence — Inaccuracy of Modern Writers relating to Pius VII. — Circumstances connected with the Origin of the Cardinal's Memoirs — Eulogy on the French People as distinct from their Government.

WHOEVER reflects upon the history of the present times is involuntarily overcome by surprise and wonder at the numerous and extraordinary political events that have succeeded one another with such rapidity that, as has been frequently asserted, the present generation—including from the year 1789, at the breaking out of the French Revolution, till the present period, and reckoning the number of intervening years —have lived as many centuries. The assertion, if it be true as regards the political events which within the above-mentioned period have several times changed the face of all Europe, is equally so as relates to the casualties that have befallen the Roman Catholic Church. While the so-called philosophers, from one

end of Europe to the other, were preaching to their Governments the principles of humanity, philanthropy, and especially toleration, in matters of religion; repeating with complacency the sentiment of Voltaire, "That philosophers never trouble themselves to persecute on account of differences in religion, and never have been or ever will be persecutors;" at the very same time, nevertheless, the Coryphæi of their sect, residing in Paris, excited against the Church two furious acts of persecution, the one in France and the other in Italy. With regard to the first, after the example of Decius and Diocletian, they proceeded even to the spilling of blood; and in Paris, Lyons, Nantes, and other cities in the kingdom, were renewed the horrible and sanguinary scenes of the ancient martyrs. Secondly, in Italy they tried another method; and knowing by experience how much the interests of the Church are strengthened, instead of being injured, by bloody persecutions, had recourse to the species of tyranny imagined by Julian the Apostate—to pervert the faithful sometimes by perfidious acts of kindness, and at other times by threats and violence; wearying the patience of the clergy by depriving them of their preferment, and subjecting them by exile to every species of inconvenience and suffering. The clergy, however,

as well in France as in Italy, maintained the struggle courageously during both the above persecutions; and the philosophers, in spite of all their efforts, abashed and confounded, beheld that Church which they endeavoured to vilify and depress, reflect a new and brighter lustre. Falsely imagining the clergy of France to be an inefficient, effeminate body of men, immersed in secular pursuits, and consequently incapable of resisting their seductive arts or their violence, it was with furious rage they saw their bishops and the priests, in great numbers, to the admiration of all Europe, heroically meet poverty and even death rather than consent to take an oath that their consciences thoroughly condemned.

Over the Roman Church, or the Court of Rome, as they entitled it, they flattered themselves to gain a more easy triumph still; deceived probably by sundry acts of too great condescension which had been shown to modern potentates; to say nothing of other acts of weakness exhibited by particular pontiffs. But what must have been their astonishment to see the very same Church they believed to be old, decrepit, and bending under the weight of eighteen centuries, lift up its head majestically in the vigour of its early youth?—to hear the language of the Leos, the Gregories, and the

Sisti, resound once more in Rome, and to witness the thunderbolt of the Vatican, after an interval of many centuries, hurled from the hand—not of a tyrant, such as Boniface VIII., nor of a warrior, like Julius II.—but of the pacific, kind-hearted Pontiff Pius VII.?

Hitherto the great majority of the Churches of the Pontifical States had followed the glorious example of their mother and mistress; and their clergy, transported into Corsica, Capraja, and elsewhere, recalled to the minds of the inhabitants the sacred reminiscences of the early confessors of the faith, whom the idolatrous emperors of Rome, and—at a later period—the Arian kings of Africa had banished thither. These admirable examples of constancy, and the warm interest taken at the same time in consequence, by all the nations of Europe, in behalf of the illustrious exiles—even by nations not professing the faith of the Roman Church, to which they thence became almost reconciled—caused the philosophers to roar, as it were, in their rage; and while they were perhaps meditating fresh slaughters and persecutions, prevented them from paying attention to the notorious truth demonstrated and proved by the experience of eighteen centuries: namely, that the Church and the Holy See, as regards existence and duration, are divine and superhuman.

In fact, all their violent attacks upon the Pontifical Government had hitherto proved futile, as those had done before of their ancient predecessors the philosophers Celsus and Porphyrius, and the Emperor Julian the Apostate, and also of their modern masters, Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert—such persecutions, even when pressed to the ultimate extremity of the shedding of blood, serving to extend, as I said before, onward and onward, instead of restricting the bounds of Christianity; and verifying at the same time the beautiful poetic thought of Tertullian, that, "From the blood of martyrs, as from the seed sprinkled on the ground, Christians in multiplied number are generated." [1]

Among the most notorious of the events that happened during the periods of persecution above alluded to, are certainly to be reckoned the two that have taken place within the few last years, namely, the sacrilegious usurpation of the patrimony of S. Peter and the dominions of the Roman Church, by the forcible abduction of the two supreme Pontiffs Pius VI. and Pius VII. from Rome; events which, in by-gone times, would have appeared incredible, not only in the eyes of the vulgar, but even in the opinion of educated and

[1] Sanguis martyrum, semen Christianorum.

well-informed persons. The author of the famous work "Defensio Declarationis Cleri Gallicani," which the French themselves attribute to the illustrious and immortal Bossuet, notwithstanding that from the beginning to the end he puts forward all manner of testimony likely to weaken and restrict the limits of the Pope's supreme jurisdiction, nevertheless agrees entirely with us Romans as to the question of the temporal sovereignty, and openly declares that the temporal dominions of the Church are "as things dedicated to God, are to be considered holy, and are such as can neither be invaded, usurped, nor secularized without the commission of an act of sacrilege."[1]

In more recent times the celebrated scholar, Ludovico Antonio Muratori, having been severely censured in the public journals printed in Rome, for speaking frequently and as if with complacency, in his *Annals of Italy*, of the sovereignty exercised over Rome by the Emperors of Constantinople, of the dependent condition of various Popes, and also of certain acts of authority and jurisdiction committed by the Emperors of Germany, within the dominions of the Church, whereby it

[1] "Ut dicata Deo, sacrosancta esse debere, nec sine sacrilegio invadi, rapi, et ad secularia revocari posse."—Lib. i. chap. 16.

would appear that he was desirous to stimulate some one or other of the Imperial successors to vindicate their pretended rights, became highly indignant at the accusation. Muratori, in fact, at the conclusion of his Annals, gravely complains of the Roman journalists on that account; and with regard to their assertion that his work is one of the books most hostile to the Papal Government, observes—"That if ever by misfortune there should hereafter appear in the world an Emperor so perverse as to be inclined to disturb the Papal Government, just, ancient, and confirmed as it is by the seal of many generations, and the consent of so many of the Cæsars, he need not, in order to do the mischief, have recourse to his Annals, or to any books whatever; sufficient for the purpose of such an Emperor were the counsels of his own impious and disorderly passions, though such a personage it is to be hoped will never appear in the world."[1] Contrary to the opinion of Muratori, but nevertheless after the interval of a few years, the heinous sacrilege has been in our days twice committed, and but too truly the perverse Emperor has actually made his appearance.

The greatest wonder after all is the silence and indif-

[1] Annali d' Italia, Vol. XII. Part II., Roma, anno 1754.

ference which were exhibited by the Catholic Governments at the announcement of Napoleon's execrable excesses, while, on the contrary, in the days of Boniface VIII., when that Pope was arrested only for a few days in his habitation at Anagni, by Guillaume de Nogaret, a French gentleman, commissioned by Philippe le Bel to announce the intention of the King to appeal against the Pope's Bull to the Council of Lyons, the event was received by the world with horror. Moreover, our poet Dante, notwithstanding he was a Ghibelline, inimical to Papacy, and more particularly so to Boniface VIII. personally, relates the fact in a tone of such abhorrence, that he compares it to the passion and capture of Our Saviour in the garden:—

"Perchè men paia il mal futuro, e il fatto,
Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,
E nel vicario suo Christo esser catto,
Veggiolo un altra volta esser deriso,
Veggio rinovellar l' aceto e il fele,
E tra vivi ladroni esser anciso,
Veggio il nuovo Pilato, sì crudele,
Che ciò non sazia, ma senza decreto,
Porta nel Tempio le cupide vele."[1]

[1] Wherefore the outrage and the deed shall be atoned for by posterity. I see the entrance of the fleur-de-lis into Alagna [instead of Anagni, for the sake of euphony], and in the person of his Vicar, Christ taken pri-

Monsieur de Nogaret, though by far less culpable than General Radet, or than General Miollis, who, on the contrary, on the return of the Bourbons, was decorated by Louis XVIII. with the order of St. Louis, and appointed Governor of Marseilles, was nevertheless, some years afterwards, summoned to appear before Clement V., who was himself a Frenchman, at the Œcumenic Council held at Vienna, and was obliged to ask pardon for his crime. There the Pope, certainly by no means inclined to favour the memory of Boniface VIII., consented to the absolution of his countryman from the sentence of excommunication that had been passed upon him solely on the condition of five years' banishment to the Holy Land.

The nations of Europe were no less shocked at the imprisonment of Clement VII. in the Castle of S. Angelo, which fortress was surrounded and besieged by the Spanish and German troops of Charles V., and all the Catholic Courts forthwith prepared to enter into an alliance for the express purpose of liberating that Pontiff; while the astute and politic Emperor, in order

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soner. I see him now again derided. I see the renewal of the vinegar and of the gall, and him crucified between the two robbers. I see a new Pilate, so cruel that, still unsated, he launches illicitly his avaricious bark towards the Temple.

to clear himself from the odium of sacrilegious imputation, and to throw dust, so to say, in the eyes of the people, caused public prayers to be offered up, and processions to be celebrated, all over Spain, for the liberty of Clement VII., while at the same time his own army kept him prisoner.

So did the nations shudder, and so did all their good subjects utter lamentations, at the announcement of the violent expulsion from Rome of the two supreme Pontiffs Pius VI. and Pius VII.; yet was there no remonstrance, nor was there a single voice lifted up from the thrones of any of the Catholic Princes in favour of those holy and august personages. Which instance of neglect was no doubt specially permitted by Providence for the purpose of more forcibly confirming to Popes and the ministers of the Church the Divine lesson repeated often in the Holy Scriptures—

"*Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help;*"[1]

and at the same time to bring within the reach even of the incredulous a convincing proof that the prosperity

[1] Psalm cxlvi. 3.

of the Holy See and of the Church is directly attributable to the supreme dispositions of Providence.

Too much, indeed, for many years past has the Divine lesson above-mentioned been sinned against in Rome, and what has been gained thereby? To prove which proposition, without going back to matters of a previous date, the transactions of Pius VII. with the French Government during the period of his Pontificate will be sufficient for my purpose. That excellent Pontiff at first, in his intercourse with Napoleon Bonaparte, whose every request when First Consul, and afterwards when he became Emperor, was forthwith a law in Rome, suffered himself to be persuaded that he had found in that man a friend and protector; but different, indeed, was his language when we were both transported to France, confined by lock and key in our carriage like two malefactors. Now, every Catholic Christian is well aware that everything that happens in the world is admirably disposed and regulated, though Providence may not think fit at all times to unveil and make visible the means of its agency. In our own days notwithstanding, even as in the days of the early ages of the Church, manifest signs of the hand of Providence have been exhibited, such as have obliged even persons of slender religious faith to exclaim,

"*This is the finger of God.*"[1]

For instance, manifest and visible signs were—

FIRST, The liberation of Italy from the French in 1799, only a few days before the great Pontiff Pius VI. passed to the repose of the just, affording thereby sufficient, though barely sufficient, time for the dispersed members of the Sacred College to unite at Venice, and there in full liberty proceed to the election of a successor with the usual ceremonies.

SECONDLY, The restitution of the temporal dominion to the Holy See and to the Pope, which was determined upon and effected by the armed force of Princes of a different communion to the Roman, some even hostile to the very name of Christian, at the time when Ancona was besieged by English, Russians, and Mahomedans, combined with the unanimous object of restoring that city to the Pope, its legitimate sovereign.

THIRDLY, The prompt and terrible effects wrought by the Bull of Excommunication upon the person and the destiny of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose prodigious prospects from that hour began to decline, and who, after having fascinated all Europe, and made nations

[1] Exodus viii. 19.

tremble, found himself at last banished on a rock, where, like another Nebuchadnezzar, segregated from the fellowship of mankind, without help and comfort from his kindred, and imprisoned by a hostile government, he miserably perished.

FOURTHLY, The even more tragical and fearful deaths of Berthier, Saliceti, and Murat, who were accomplices and abettors of the two sacrilegious usurpations of Rome above referred to, which events would alone afford ample materials to whomsoever may be inclined hereafter, following the example of Lactantius Firmianus, to write a treatise[1] on the miserable end which betides the persecutors of the Church.

From the above brief sketch of the Church's more recent vicissitudes, it may be clearly seen that the ecclesiastical history of our times, whenever the task may be undertaken with fidelity by a competent person, will be interesting, as well as useful and instructive, to posterity. But how will it ever be possible to compile such a faithful history, unless the eye-witnesses of facts, and those who take part in the leading events of the

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[1] "De Mortibus Persecutorum"—relating to the deaths of the persecutors of the Church from Nero to Diocletian, included in the writings of Lucius Cœlius Firmianus Lactantius, who is supposed to have flourished at the end of the third century.

day, either in the quality of actors or of victims, supply exact, veracious, and impartial materials for the future historian? Not only, in fact, is there good reason to apprehend inaccuracy on the part of authors who, inimical to the Holy See, attach a sinister interpretation to every thing, and, with regard to the Pontiffs, seek, on the one hand, to keep in obscurity their best actions, and, on the other, to show in bold relief all those indications of weakness whereby they, like ordinary men, pay tribute to humanity; but also, from those over-lively writers who, either from excess of zeal or want of judgment, make a promiscuous collection of every common report that, fortuitously scattered among the people, becomes the subject of conversation.

I have read, for instance, several works which have issued from the press in France, Germany, and Italy, relating to the abduction of Pius VII., and the events that happened immediately previous, wherein the facts are disfigured in such a manner that, provided future historians compose their narrative from these contemporaneous pages, they will most certainly, instead of a truthful tale, transmit a capricious romance to posterity. Now to give a few examples. It is a notorious fact, in the first place, that on the memorable day particularly

referred to in the fifth chapter,[1] when the verified copies of the Bull of Excommunication were placarded in the usual places in Rome appointed by the Apostolic Constitution, the Pope was in his Palace on the Monte Cavallo; and the French sentinels, who were posted within a short distance of the Great Gate of the Palace, permitted nobody, with the exception only of the Pope's attendants, to go in or out. There is, nevertheless, a little German treatise relating to Pius VII., published by one Alexander Rennen-Lempff, in the "Prussian Correspondent" of the year 1812, Nos. 134, 135, and 136, in which it is stated, that on the day above mentioned a sacred *funzione* was celebrated in the Papal Chapel, in the Quirinale Palace, and that, after the ceremonial was concluded, the Pope, previous to retiring to his apartments, pronounced a brief but energetic discourse, in which, after having recapitulated the events that had happened successively from the time of the entrance of the French troops under General Miollis to the time then present, he concluded by pronouncing, "by virtue of his holy ministry, and of the sublime dignity of Vicar on earth of Christ" (such are the precise words of the author), "an anathema against

[1] See page 146.

the Emperor of the French, and against all those persons who gave him counsel to act against the interests of the Church." The author adds, moreover, which forms a part of his story not a little curious, that, notwithstanding the restrictions above alluded to, he himself was present at the *funzione*, and heard the Pope himself speak the words above quoted.

Several French works have also been written on the subject of the imprisonment and the abduction from Rome of Pius VII., in which, notwithstanding the authors are pious ecclesiastics, the facts recorded are nevertheless absolutely false. One particularly contains an anecdote to the effect that, on the occasion of the storming of the Quirinale Palace, after the Holy Father had been arrested by General Radet, the General, by way of accelerating his operations, caused him to be lowered in a chair out of the window; a ridiculous falsehood, which even General Radet himself complained of in a letter which he subsequently addressed to His Holiness, and is now in my possession.

To cite another example of a secular author. When the Emperor Napoleon gave an order, in the year 1809, that all the Cardinals in Italy whose state of health rendered them capable of taking a journey to Paris should proceed thither, it happened accordingly that in

the following year, 1810, no less than twenty-nine Cardinals were residing in that city, and of these three, namely, Fesch, Cambacérès, and Maury, were Frenchmen. Of the entire number five belonged to the order of Suburban Bishops, nineteen to the order of Priests, and five to the order of Deacons. Of the nineteen Priests seventeen were invested with the Episcopal dignity, and among the Cardinal Deacons one, De Bayanne, was a Priest, and there was one only among them all who was not *in ordine sacro*, namely, Cardinal Albani; so that there were, consequently, twenty-two Bishops, three Priests, and four in Deacon's orders. Now one Monsieur de Pradt, the author of several works that have been condemned and prohibited by the Holy See, in one of his books, entitled 'Concordat d'Amérique,' notwithstanding he was well acquainted with all these Cardinals at Paris, and had mixed in their society, writing on the subject of their Establishment, which in derision he calls the "Cordon bleu de Rome," has the confidence to assert that the Cardinalate is not at all of a religious character; and he expresses his surprise that the most important affairs of religion are decided upon, and even the Head of the Catholic Church elected by Cardinals of no ecclesiastical order, but belonging to the laity. By way of proving

this his assertion he adds a note, stating that "recently he had seen at Paris the Dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Albani, who, at his brother's death having renounced the Cardinal's hat, took a wife," he says, "and dressed like a layman."

Monsieur Savary, the so-called Duc de Rovigo, who was Principal Minister of Police in the time of the Emperor Napoleon, also published not long ago 'Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo, pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Empereur Napoléon, Paris, 1828.' Which memoirs are, in fact, a continual panegyric on his hero Napoleon, whose mind, with the eye of a lynx, he perceives to be well regulated, his disposition benevolent, his conduct in matters of business honourable, and his heart grateful and generous; while, on the other hand, he blackens with the pencil of a Tacitus the good Pius VII., and represents him hard-hearted, obstinate, deceitful, selfish, and covetous.

"The Pope," says he, to use his very words,[1] "was a miser, and, though in possession of an income amply sufficient for all he could require, he very carefully counted the few dozen pieces of gold he kept in his writing-desk, and made a list of every trifling article of

[1] Tom. vi. page 72.

his toilette, from his night-gown to his stockings and linen."

Now it seems incredible that, a few years only after the death of Pius VII., it were possible to tell such a barefaced lie, and accuse of meanness and avarice a charitable, benevolent Pontiff, who never allowed whomsoever applied to him as a suppliant to depart unrelieved, who, almost immediately after he had received his Papal revenue, always applied the contents of the very writing-desk above mentioned to the purpose of alms for the poor and other acts of Christian charity; and who, after a Pontificate of twenty-four years, died so poor that, in order to comply with the dispositions of his last will and testament, it was indispensable to sell the very furniture of his apartments by auction, and, after all, it yielded a smaller sum of money than is frequently realized under similar circumstances by the furniture of a private individual.

Finally, I was surprised most of all by the extraordinary tissue of mis-stated facts that I found in a manuscript written by the Count Verri, the author of the 'Notti Romane,' who died in Rome a few years ago. Verri was a celebrated literary character, a pure, elegant writer, and he had proposed to write, under the title "Lotta dal Sacerdozio coll' Impero," an account of the

portion of the history of Pius VII. relating to the disputes with the French Government. Having resided in Rome during the years 1808 and 1809, he was there while the French troops occupied the city at the time when the Cardinals and Prelates were compelled by Napoleon to take their departure, and when the Pope was carried away by General Radet. Under these advantages, and with a view to carry his object into effect, he took all manner of pains to procure authentic information from the attendants who accompanied the Holy Father on his journey to France, and during his subsequent imprisonment at Savona; but notwithstanding all this trouble to collect materials, I discovered in the above-mentioned manuscript—which, fortunately, never was printed—at least thirty facts mis-stated.

Among these falsehoods there is to be mentioned especially one account which obtained extensive circulation, namely, of visions and ecstasies that it was pretended had happened to Pius VII., and miracles said to have been wrought by him, while he was imprisoned in Savona. But though, indeed, to our short-sighted intelligence it may appear that then, while the sublime dignity of the Church's Supreme Head was trodden under foot, and in a state of abasement, the extraordinary virtues, and above all the heroic patience of Pius VII.,

under the persecution instigated against the Holy See and his respectable clergy, might, to a certain extent, have deserved of Heaven, for the purpose of confounding the triumphant incredulity of the times, the gift of performing such supernatural operations as are alluded to by S. Paul,

"*wherefore tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not;*"[1]

yet it is the fact, nevertheless, that God Almighty, whose decrees are always just, and tend to the true interest of the Church, never thought fit to bestow such extraordinary favour on the innocent and persecuted Pontiff. Whence it follows that the act of spreading abroad such stories, and of endeavouring to corroborate them still further through the medium of the press, must either have proceeded from a culpable excess of ill-directed zeal, or from the malicious craftiness of irreligion, exerted for the very purpose of exposing the falsity of the above-mentioned stories to detection and ridicule.

While I resided in Fontainebleau, a period that will occupy by and by a portion of the present narrative, I foresaw the inundation, as it were, of false notices likely

[1] 1 Cor. xiv. 22.

to overflow the path of the future historian, and render it not a little difficult to distinguish between the true and fictitious. This consideration formed a frequent subject of discussion among my colleagues; and I well remember that among the various projects, or rather pleasing dreams, that entered into the heads of us Cardinals in our daily conversations, it was proposed, that in case Divine Providence should be pleased to restore to the Holy Father, or his successors, the throne and the temporal dominion, some learned, elegant writer should be specially employed to compile a faithful history of the partly sad and partly glorious events of the Pontificate of Pius VII. My own proposal was, that we should each of us compose a brief narrative of what had happened to himself, and that all the manuscripts should then be handed over to some talented writer of a pure, simple style, who, from the personal authentic documents placed in his hands, might, according to his judgment, select whichever facts and anecdotes he thought worthy of being transmitted to posterity, as belonging to the ecclesiastical history of our times.

My proposal was received with satisfaction, and accordingly I filled several sheets of paper with memoranda of my own adventures, postponing to a period of repose and leisure the arrangement and composition of

the materials. For some succeeding years, however, it was not my lot to enjoy repose, on account of the infinity of occupations that pressed upon me; neither was I able to execute my design during my autumnal vacations, in consequence of invariably finding myself, after my year's labour, in an indifferent state of health, and so much debilitated in body and mind, that far from being equal to literary exertion, I had need, on the contrary, to recruit my strength by as long a period of rest as I could possibly obtain. In fact I should have entirely abandoned the thought of ever printing these mêmoirs, had it not been in the hope that one day or other there might arise another Pallavicini for our historian, who might compose a history, for which my memoirs might furnish various new lights and correct facts, and that I was further induced by the solicitations of my relatives and friends who were anxious to learn all personal occurrences relating to myself; I may add also, that a lively sense of gratitude to the French people finally impelled me to undertake the task at this late period, at the intervals that the continually uncertain state of my health and my occupations permitted.

With regard to the motive last-mentioned, while the unjust and oppressive war waged against Rome and the sacrilegious usurpation of the Pope's temporal dominion

are considered the extraordinary events and novelties of our times, it is strange that France, which had almost continually afforded an asylum to persecuted Roman Pontiffs, should have now become their land of banishment and incarceration, and that that illustrious nation to whom we owe in great measure the temporal prosperity of the Holy See—that nation which boasted with reason of the glory of being its protectress—should now, as if repenting its former acts of generous beneficence, cast away the meritorious reputation that distinguished her beyond the other nations of Europe, destroy the work of her ancestors, and commit twice over the self-same execrable crime that has been pronounced a heinous sacrilege by her own writers.

The future historian will at all events learn from these my memoirs, that notwithstanding the then Ruler of France, instead of following the glorious examples of Charles Martel, Pepin, and Charlemagne, the founders principally of the temporal grandeur of the Roman Pontiffs and protectors of the Apostolic See, chose rather to make a prey of the Pope and the Sacred College, and thereby obtain for himself the opprobrious title of persecutor—the future historian, I say, will at all events learn that the French nation is not therefore, and on that account, amenable to the aspersion. Too surely

will the sad history of their revolution be handed down to the latest posterity, and too surely will the execrable misdeeds committed during that period disgrace the so-called age of enlightenment and humanity; wherefore for that very reason is it the more desirable to preserve a memorial of virtuous actions attributable to the nation at large, which is but an act of justice, for certainly the *nation* has not degenerated from the glorious doctrines of her ancestors, neither did she bow the knee to Baal, nor swerve from her obedience and submission to the Roman Church and the Chair of S. Peter. We Cardinals especially were treated in France with such affectionate kindness, we were so respected and revered by persons of every class and condition, and our wants were so generously relieved, that we should be wanting in our most sacred duties, were we not to take every opportunity of publishing to the world the extent of our obligations, and pay thus at least a small tribute of gratitude to our benefactors. Pius VII. and the Cardinals of our day may fairly repeat of France as a nation, what was said by the immortal Baronio, to the effect that she is the harbour of the Roman Church, the small fluctuating bark of S. Peter.[1]

[1] Galliam portum Romanæ Ecclesiæ, fluctuantis naviculæ Petri. A.D. 1118, page 14.

I must now bring to a conclusion this long digression, and resuming my narrative in the next and the succeeding chapters, give an account of my two journeys in France, my imprisonment in the fortress of Fenestrelle, my residence afterwards at Fontainebleau, and my return to Italy and Rome. I feel inclined, however, previously to make one observation, in case it should happen that these memoirs should ever fall into the hands of a person of grave and severe temperament, who might probably find fault with the several quotations from the poets with which the pages are interspersed. Let me therefore state for his information, that I occupied myself not a little during my youth in reading Latin, French, and Italian poetry, and treasured up in my memory a multitude of passages, which more serious and important studies during my diplomatic career, and the duties of my Apostolic ministry, detaching me from the agreeable and peaceful conversation of the Muses, had obliterated to such a degree, that I never more expected to recall to mind those reminiscences of my early days. No sooner, however, was I forcibly dragged away from Rome, and relieved from grave thoughts and cares of office, than I know not how it was, but former bygone images immediately returned to my memory, as lively and clear as ever; and from morning to night, even

in the midst of ill usage and sufferings, one or more lines of the illustrious poets, adapted to the time and circumstances, were continually occurring to me. Had I inserted every passage which, with relation to passing events, suggested itself as apt and pertinent, then, indeed, I might have been accused of puerile, ridiculous pedantry; but, on the contrary, to cite a few here and there, appeared to me to enlighten and elucidate the narrative, without at the same time depriving it of any of its necessary decorum. The most celebrated authors, including an Holy Father among the rest occasionally, have frequently introduced in their works poetical quotations. Nor, so far as citing one or two verses from a Greek[1] author in his Epistles, has even the Apostle of the Gentiles refrained altogether.

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[1] S. Paul quotes Greek poetry in three places, viz. :—

1. Titus i. 12 : an entire hexameter from Epimenides. Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται, κακὰ θηρία γαστέρες ἀργαί.—The Cretians are alway liars, evil beasts, slow bellies.

2. 1 Corinth. xv. 3 : an Iambic trimeter acatalectic from fragments of Euripides. Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρήσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.—Evil communications corrupt good manners.

3. Acts xvii. 28 : beginning of an hexameter from Aratus. Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν.—For we are also his offspring.

CHAPTER VII.

Pius VII. and Cardinal Pacca conducted by General Radet from Rome to Grenoble.

"Nihil est enim aptius ad delectationem lectoris quam temporum varietates, fortunæque vicissitudines; quæ etsi nobis optabiles in experiendo non fuerunt, in legendo tamen erunt jucundæ. Habet enim præteriti doloris secura recordatio delectationem." [1]

At about eight o'clock, Italian time,[2] our carriage left the Porta del Popolo, and we took the road to Tuscany. At the first relays in the Campagna we could perceive, while we changed horses, on the countenances of the few persons whom we saw there, an expression of vacancy and sorrow, that was evidently occasioned by

[1] Cicero, Epist. ad L. Lucceium, lib. v. Epist. 12. Nothing is more fit to delight the reader than the varieties of times and the vicissitudes of fortune, which, if even not desirable for the time being, are nevertheless pleasant to read of. The remembrance, while we are secure from harm, of sorrow that has passed away is itself a pleasure.

[2] Equal to 8 minutes after 4 A.M., the time of noon on the same day being 15h. 52m.—See Head's 'Rome,' vol. i. pp. 129 and 521.

the spectacle then before their eyes; and on passing through Monterosi several women who were standing at the doors of the houses, so soon as they recognised the Pope carried away in the carriage like a prisoner, accompanied by gendarmes with drawn sabres, following the example of tender compassion of the women of Jerusalem,—

"*bewailed and lamented him,*" [1]

and beating their breasts, weeping, and stretching out their arms towards the vehicle, began to scream out,—

"They are carrying away the Holy Father! they are carrying away the Holy Father!"

We were much affected by this demonstration of their sympathy, of which, however, the result was far from advantageous; for General Radet, apprehensive that the sight of the Pope taken off in such a manner might, in the more populous parts of the country, excite a tumult among the inhabitants, requested his Holiness to allow all the blinds to be let down, in order that his person might not be recognised. The Holy Father gave his consent with the most pious resignation, and we continued for the rest of that day's journey close

[1] Luke xxiii. 27.

shut up in the carriage, through the hottest hours, under a roasting Italian sun in July, almost in want of sufficient air for respiration. About noon, the Pope having expressed a desire to take some refreshment, General Radet caused the carriage to halt at the post-house, situated in a lonely spot in the mountains near Viterbo, where, in a miserable room, that contained only one old broken chair, the only one in the house probably, the Pope, seating himself at a table covered with an extremely dirty table-cloth, ate an egg and a slice of ham. We then continued our journey, which was painful in the highest degree, owing to the excessive heat. Towards the evening the Pope was thirsty, and as we were not then in the neighbourhood of any house, the Quarter-Master Cardini filled a bottle from a stream that ran on the roadside, and brought it to the Holy Father, who drank, and was refreshed exceedingly. Through all the different places we passed nobody had now any idea that the Pope was in the carriage, in consequence of which, while we were changing horses at Bolsena, a certain friar of a neighbouring convent, one Father Cozza, ignorant who were in the vehicle listening to all he said, introduced himself to General Radet as a person with whom the General had had an epistolary correspondence, on the subject of an advocate residing in Rome, whom, as it

appeared, the friar had recommended to his notice. I could not catch the name of the advocate; but it was evident that General Radet was very much embarrassed how to answer the question; and at the same time the Pope turning to me, exclaimed, "Oh, what a rascally friar!" [1]

After a hard journey of nineteen hours, during which the Pope suffered severely, and frequently complained to me on the way, though at that time I was not aware of a complaint that afflicted him, and was considerably increased by the motion of the vehicle, we arrived at about three o'clock, Italian time,[2] or an hour before midnight, at a small mountain inn at Radicofani, where, as we had no clothes to change, our linen—bathed in perspiration as we were, and under a cold temperature, for there the air is continually cold even in the middle of the summer—dried on our backs. When we entered the inn nothing at all was ready. The Pope was conducted to a very small chamber, I was consigned to another close adjoining, and gendarmes were placed sentries at our doors. Having first gone into the Pope's chamber, there, dressed in my cardinal's habit, with the rocchetto and mozzetta just as I had left Rome,

[1] Oh che frate briccone!

[2] 8 minutes after 11 precisely.

I assisted the maidservant of the house to make his Holiness's bed, and afterwards to lay the table-cloth for supper. At our frugal repast, the Holy Father, whom I waited upon, had the complaisance to invite me to sit at the table with himself, though for my own part I can truly say that now, during supper, as well as through the whole day's journey, I used my utmost endeavours to comfort the spirit of the Holy Father, and be to him the "faithful messenger" mentioned in the Holy Scriptures,—

"*who, as the cold of snow in the time of harvest, refresheth the soul of his master.*"[1]

Moreover, notwithstanding the melancholy prospect before me, the Lord preserved my hilarity of spirit and natural gaiety of heart to such a degree that soon after our arrival at Radicofani I received much satisfaction in being told by General Radet that he had frequently observed a smile on the Pope's countenance at what I was saying to him. I felt therefore comforted and consoled by the reflection that I had been selected by Providence as the Cireneus[2] of the worthy perse-

[1] Proverbs xxv. 13.

[2] The Cyrenaici were a set of philosophers who made pleasure their summum bonum.

cuted Pontiff, under the horrible circumstances in which we were placed.

When supper was over, the Holy Father, having laid down, without undressing, on a hard, uncomfortable bed, I retired to the chamber assigned to myself, and there gave way to the melancholy reflection of having left, without assistance, among strangers, and in a retired spot in the country, my sovereign and the visible Head of the Church, alone and infirm as he was. I, too, dressed in my cardinal's habits, stretched myself on a hard mattress; and thus ended the memorable 6th of July, 1809, a day not only memorable in my own life, but one that recalls the most bitter recollections to the mind of all good Catholics. It is, however, pleasing to observe that, owing as it were to the disposition of Providence, all the prayers prescribed by the Church for that day, as well at the mass as for other portions of the divine service, seemed to bear immediate reference to ourselves and the events that were actually happening: I was consequently inspired with courage, faith, and consolation on calling to mind the description, in a portion of the lesson of the day, of the Navicella, the image and figure of the Church, that, bearing the Apostles on the Lake of Gennesaret, and being assailed by tempestuous contrary winds, was miraculously preserved by our Saviour:—

"*But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid; * * * and when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.*"[1]

In the evening service was also recited the beautifully eloquent passage of S. John Chrysostom, where, after expressions of gratitude to the Apostles S. Peter and S. Paul, the Saint exclaims as it were in a tone of triumph, with reference to all they had endured for the benefit of Christendom,—

"*What further can I say or do to proclaim the glory of your sufferings? How many are the dungeons you have sanctified! how many are the fetters you have honoured! how many are the torments you have sustained! Rejoice, oh Peter! Rejoice, oh blessed Paul!*" &c.

In addition to the comfort extended on that day by

[1] Matt. xiv. 24, 25, 26, 27, 32.

the Church to the faithful, there was afforded to myself individually another consolation; for from morning to night, not even once, did the Pope either show the smallest sign of displeasure or utter a single word expressive of repentance with regard to the strong measures which had been adopted against Napoleon and the French Government; on the contrary, he displayed a surprising degree of energy and fortitude, so much so, indeed, that in holding conversation occasionally with General Radet, although he always addressed the General in a manner consistent with the dignity of a sovereign, his voice at times assumed such a tone of asperity that I felt it my duty humbly to beseech him to moderate his feelings, and resume his naturally gentle and benevolent character.

But to return to the description of our journey. My sleep on that night, as may well be imagined, having been neither peaceful nor of long duration, so soon as daylight appeared I hastened to the chamber of the Pope, whom I found suffering with a slight attack of fever, though frequent discharges of bile during the night had somewhat relieved him. A considerable amount of trouble was in store for me on that morning; for General Radet, having the most pressing instructions from his Government (from Milan probably) to conduct

the Pope to the Carthusian convent near Florence [1] on the same day, the 7th, was consequently anxious to depart immediately after breakfast; while the Holy Father, on the contrary, wrought to a considerable state of excitement, resolutely declared "he would not stir from the spot before the arrival of his attendants and servants from Rome.

"He was absolutely," he said, "unprovided with everything; and he felt persuaded that if we continued to travel as we had done the day before, they would not overtake us at all."

I did all I possibly could to conciliate both the Pope and General Radet, and succeeded, by the use of good words, in temporizing to such a degree with the latter, who was as anxious to avoid giving offence to the Holy Father as to fulfil his instructions, that I prevailed upon him to delay our departure till about an hour after mid-day, when fortunately, to the Pope's great satisfaction, a part of the suite of his Holiness, who had left Rome the day before, arrived at Radicofani in two carriages. Our party now consisted of Monsignor Doria, Master of the Bedchamber, Monsignor Pacca, D. Giovanni Soglia, Private Chaplain, the Surgeon Ceccarini, Giuseppe

[1] Certosa di Firenze.

Moiraga, Adjutant of the Bedchamber, a cook, and a groom.

Between 22 and 23 o'clock[1] we left Radicofani, and had only proceeded a little distance when we encountered a crowd of people, who, in consequence of not being allowed to approach nearer the inn, had collected on the road. Here General Radet allowed the carriage to halt, and permitted every one of those who were assembled to advance and receive the Pope's benediction; while a few even came close enough to kiss his hand. I cannot adequately express the fervent, tender devotion of these good people's behaviour to his Holiness, which, as a similar feeling was exhibited by the entire population of the part of Tuscany through which we passed, it becomes my duty to record. We travelled all night, and about daybreak on the morning of the 8th arrived at the gates of Sienna, where post-horses were waiting outside the city under a strong escort of gendarmes. General Radet did not conceal from the Pope the fact that he had been obliged to use these precautions for fear of a riot taking place among the inhabitants of Sienna on our appearance; and he added, that they had only a few days before shown

[1] Between 6 and 7 P.M.

their ill-humour on seeing Monsignor Patriarcha Ferraja, Vicegerent of Rome, escorted through the city by gendarmes. Hence we pursued our journey to Poggibonzi, where General Radet allowed us to halt during the hottest hours of the day; we stopped at the inn accordingly, but were obliged to remain shut up in the carriage for not less than twenty minutes, in consequence of the officer of gendarmes, who had the key of the carriage door in his pocket, having remained behind with the other vehicles. So soon as we entered the inn, General Radet introduced a great many persons to the Pope, who, females almost exclusively, kissed the foot and the hand of his Holiness.

After resting at Poggibonzi, we departed three hours after mid-day, and took the road towards Florence, making our way through an immense crowd of people who had collected, and, exhibiting extraordinary signs of fervent devotion, were crying aloud for the Apostolic benediction. Being at this time but a short distance from the inn, the postilions, either owing to carelessness or awkwardness, or perhaps on account of their being hurried into a gallop by General Radet for the purpose of getting clear of the people, not paying sufficient attention to the unevenness of the ground, suffered one of the wheels of the carriage to get

upon the bank, so that our vehicle was overturned with great force, and fell into the middle of the road. The seat was broken to pieces, and the Holy Father and myself were thrown one upon the other, the Pope undermost, though we were relieved in a few seconds from our unpleasant position by several of the crowd, who, while others were screaming and calling out "Holy Father, holy Father!" lifted the carriage on its wheels in an instant. A gendarme now opened the door, which was fastened with lock and key, while his companions, with pale, terrified countenances, had much ado even with their drawn sabres to keep the people at a distance. The moment the Holy Father got out of the carriage he was received in the arms of the multitude, who all at once rushed towards him, some prostrating themselves on their faces on the ground, others kissing his feet, and a few contenting themselves with touching his garments with an air of respect, as if every thread were a sacred relic; all, however, were most anxious in their inquiries whether he had suffered injury. The Holy Father, with a smile on his lips, thanked them for their affectionate attentions, speaking almost in a jocular manner of the accident; while I, as the people were becoming irritated against the gendarmes, and were calling them by

the opprobrious name "Cani! cani!"[1] fearing, as the gendarmes were few in number, there might be attempted a rescue that might lead to fatal consequences, threw myself into the middle of the crowd, and exclaimed in a loud voice, that "thanks to Heaven, no harm had happened, and I entreated every human being present to remain quiet and peaceable."

The tumult caused great alarm to General Radet and the gendarmes, but soon subsided; and then the Holy Father and myself got into the little carriage of Monsignor Doria, and we pursued our journey.

The good Tuscan people in like manner, wherever we stopped, besought the benediction of the Holy Father with tears and exclamations, and in spite of the gendarmes, who did all they could to keep them off with their sabres, pressed forwards close to the carriage for the purpose of kissing his hands; invariably manifesting an expression of feeling on seeing him in the state he was in, that created a touching spectacle.

At about one o'clock, Italian time,[2] having arrived at the Certosa di Firenze, Monsieur le Crosnier, Colonel of Gendarmerie, and one Biamonti, Commissary of Police, came to the door to receive the Pope; but no

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[1] Dogs! dogs!

[2] 8 minutes after 9 P.M.

other person, except the prior of the convent, was suffered to approach and pay their compliments to the Holy Father; the friars especially were extraordinarily vexed at finding themselves surrounded by gendarmes and officers of the police, who, under the pretext of treating them with polite attention, continually watched their motions. The persons above mentioned conducted the Pope to the apartment ready prepared for him, being the identical room in which ten years before the immortal Pius VI. was detained, as it were a hostage. Immediately on entering the room there arose in my heart afresh all my former sentiments of veneration, gratitude, and tender attachment to the departed Pius VI.; and as I approached the bed now preparing for the Holy Father, the bed that served also for his predecessor, my excited imagination in a moment transported me back to the period of the atrocious, inhuman usage of the venerable Pontiff, that on the former occasion I had witnessed, when the commissaries of the French Directory violently lifted the bed-clothes off my noble benefactor, in order to satisfy themselves whether his illness really amounted to a degree of prostration of strength sufficient to render him incapable of travelling without imminent hazard of his life, as the physicians who were consulted for the pur-

pose had reported. God knows what I suffered, when now turning my eyes towards the Holy Father I saw him sitting on the sofa, overcome as it were with melancholy and despondency at the numberless insults and troubles he had endured! Wherefore I felt it the more my duty to simulate a courageous bearing, and preserve in spite of the sadness of my heart a cheerful countenance, so that it might truly be said of me in the words of the Roman poet,—

"Curisque ingentibus æger,
Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem."[1]

Shortly after our arrival at the Certosa, there came a gentleman of the suite of Elisa Baciocchi Bonaparte, Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, for the purpose of paying his compliments, and offering the usual civilities to the Holy Father on the part of the Duchess. I find in my memoranda, written at the time, that I call him Dubois, General Superintendent of Police over all Tuscany, though a few years subsequently some one or other told me that he was a Florentine gentleman, chamberlain to the Duchess; I am not, however, acquainted with his name and family connexions. The Pope was at this moment so worn out, and his strength so tho-

[1] Faint with ponderous cares, compresses deep-seated grief within his bosom, and feigns hope on his countenance.

roughly exhausted, that the few words he uttered almost without raising his head from a reclining posture, were delivered in so low a tone of voice as to be perfectly inaudible; so that I was induced to place myself forward, and addressing the Duchess's representative, make acknowledgments in the name of his Holiness for the condescension of the Duchess, "of whose gracious offers his Holiness, together with his suite, would avail themselves," I said, "whenever there might be occasion." General Radet then assured us, that as there had not yet arrived an order to proceed on our journey, we might not only make up our minds to a quiet night's repose, but to a halt the next day also, which fell on Sunday. With this pleasing illusion, after a magnificent supper, I retired to the chamber assigned to me, feeling really glad at the idea of rest, desirous of refreshing myself, and anxious to recover by undisturbed repose the sleep lost in the three preceding nights.

I had, however, been hardly three hours in bed, when I was awakened from the depth of sleep, and informed that a colonel had arrived from Florence, who had been sent hither by the Grand-Duchess Elisa, and that he insisted upon the Pope and all of us getting up immediately; it was also stated to me,

that the said colonel had brought a carriage for the purpose of conveying his Holiness from the Certosa, they knew not whither. Neither would he allow us time to celebrate, or even hear a portion of the Mass previous to our departure. My senses were confounded at the announcement, and agitated by a thousand conflicting thoughts I arose in haste, and going towards the apartment where the Holy Father lay, I met the Colonel above-mentioned, whose name was Mariotti, accompanied by a colonel of the gendarmes. Both these officers confirmed the information I had already received as to the destination of the Pope, and with regard to myself, I was now further informed that I was not to be allowed to accompany the Holy Father; but that I was to be conducted by an officer of the gendarmerie by the Bologna road to Alessandria, at which latter place, they said, I should rejoin his Holiness. On hearing the news of this separation, I immediately foresaw all that was about to befall myself in the sequel, though, bitter as was the prognostication of my own imprisonment, it afflicted me far less than the idea of being separated from the Pope and leaving him in strange hands among the military, unattended by any person of his suite capable of affording him counsel and consolation. I however immediately proceeded to

his apartment, where I found him suffering all the symptoms of deep affliction, in the state of a man overcome, in the truest sense of the expression, by the most profound sorrow. His face was actually livid. So soon as he saw me, he said, "I see plainly all these outrages are committed with the design to kill me, neither shall I be able to sustain my life much longer." I did all I could to console him, though I myself had serious need of a comforter; and I communicated to him the intimation that had been made to me of being separated from his sacred person, with which intelligence, by all he had the kindness to express, he seemed penetrated very deeply. I had no opportunity to say any more, before our conversation was interrupted by Mariotti, who forthwith compelled the Holy Father to take his departure, so that I had only time to follow him to the carriage; and then, feeling myself deeply affected, I retired to my own chamber.

The carriage took the road towards Genoa, and, as I afterwards understood, the Holy Father was accompanied by Monsignor Doria, Monsignor Soglia, Giuseppe Moiraga, and the officer Mariotti. Colonel Le Crosnier very soon afterwards came to my chamber and told me that by order of the Grand Duchess two mounted gendarmes with an officer would arrive a

little before noon for the purpose of conducting me and my nephew to Alessandria, where we should be made acquainted with our farther destination.

The gendarmes arrived punctually at the hour appointed under the command of a Genoese officer, one Lieutenant Balla, and a little before noon on the 9th July we left the Certosa di Firenze. During the four days' journey to Alessandria I suffered severely from the confinement of my limbs, owing to the small size of the carriage, in which we were close shut up for several hours every day during the extreme heat of July, tormented by a dense cloud of dust all the way, from which there was no escaping except by pulling up the windows at the risk of suffocation. To these physical inconveniences was to be added the annoyance of finding ourselves a spectacle to be gazed at in all the places we went through, especially at the gates of a city and at the post-houses. The post-guard in the first place, so soon as we stopped, invariably asked "who were the two state prisoners?" We were obliged to wait while they were writing down our names, to report to the officer of the guard, and in the interval, till the arrival of the answer, the people gathered by degrees in a crowd round about, and afterwards, to gratify their curiosity, followed us from

the gate to the post-house, where we were always sure to encounter a still larger assemblage. The first day we performed the distance from Florence to Covigliajo, where arriving in the evening, we then travelled all night, about noon on the 10th reached Bologna, and halted the rest of the day: the next day, the 11th, we continued our journey to Piacenza, where we arrived at night.

Between Bologna and Modena our appearance excited the public curiosity not a little, for, as the officer Balla who accompanied us told me, there had been an armed gathering of the people of the villages in the neighbourhood, in consequence of their refusal to pay an impost recently laid upon them; for which reason, as it became necessary to take precautions in case of an encounter, our escort of gendarmes was increased as far as Modena. But as not more than one mounted gendarme could be procured, five on foot were substituted for the remainder of the contingent, and of these, all armed with muskets, three were placed on the dickey in front and two sat behind, while the single mounted gendarme rode by the side of the carriage. We were therefore guarded by seven soldiers, including the lieutenant, Balla, whose sole charge apparently was to watch us two prisoners. The spec-

tacle consequently caused the country people to open their eyes and stare at us eagerly, while the women showed signs of compassion, thinking no doubt we were guilty of some grave offence, or two celebrated traitors.

For the whole distance, nevertheless, though possibly it might have been partly owing to the sin of vanity, I felt determined neither to conceal my condition nor my dignity; and I not only wore continually, but exposed to public view as much as I was able, all my visible insignia of bishop and cardinal, in order that all the people might know that, bishop and cardinal as I was, I was not ashamed to be seen in a state of arrest conducted to gaol like a common prisoner, but rather that I was able to exclaim, like S. Paul to the Hebrews,

"*for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain.*"[1]

We left Piacenza on the morning of the 12th on our way to Alessandria. On arriving at Tortona the carriage stopped at the door of a church, in which I observed with horror that a man was harnessing the horses for our relay. The house of God was actually

[1] Acts xxviii. 20.

transformed to a stable for post-horses; and yet notwithstanding, the bass-relief representing the Divine Redeemer, the most Blessed Virgin, and several saints, was still suffered to remain in its place above the entrance. Immediately I recollected the appropriate verses of Chiabrera:—

" Così tempo verrà, crudi pensieri!
Ch' ove Dio s' adorò latreran cani,
E fieno roderan greggie adunate,
Siccome in stalle, e nitriran destrieri,
Nel passaggier destando ira, e pietate.
Questo sieno i trofei, queste memorie,
Lasceran di lor armi i re guerrieri,
E questo il pregio sia di lor vittorie." [1]

We arrived at Alessandria a few hours after midday, and took up our quarters in the Albergo d' Italia. Thence Lieutenant Balla proceeded to General Despinoy, the commandant of the place, to report to him the fulfilment of the commission entrusted to him by the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and to receive further instructions. The General told Lieutenant Balla that

[1] Le Feste del Anno Christiano, at the end of first book. — So shall the time arrive (cruel reflection!) when, in the places where they once worshipped God, dogs shall bark, the collected flocks shall eat their fodder, and horses, neighing as in their own stable, shall excite the pious indignation of the traveller. These are the trophies, these the memorials, this the price of victory that warrior kings leave behind them of their arms!

he had not yet received any communication on the subject, but that he would immediately write to the Prince Borghese in Turin, and in the mean time, he said, we must quit the Albergo d' Italia, on account of its being too much frequented by foreigners. We were accordingly conducted to the Albergo della Città, where we remained six days confined to two small rooms, continually watched by gendarmes, without being able to prevail upon the hardhearted General Despinoy to allow us to stir out of doors, not even on the Sunday to hear mass in the church, which was directly opposite. On looking about me I discovered the motive that induced the General to send us here, and in one of the apartments observed the emblems of freemasonry painted on the wall; it was therefore evident that the freemasons were in the habit of holding their meetings here, and as the innkeeper of course belonged to the society, he must consequently have been a person in the General's confidence.

On the third day of our sojourn the Pope arrived at Alessandria, and was lodged in the house of the General, where he remained the rest of the day, and also the 15th and 16th following. His Holiness was guarded very rigorously, so that we were not allowed to have any communication with him, neither was he

permitted to see any person, nor even to speak to his own attendants unless in the presence of an officer. Before his Holiness's departure he was joined by his physician, Dr. Porta, his aide-de-camp Morelli, a groom, and a young man named Campa, attached to the flower-gardens, all members of his Holiness's suite, whom General Miollis had despatched from Rome. The next day I also had the satisfaction of the arrival in Alessandria of my secretary, D. Cosimo Pedicini, my chamberlain, Michele Schönneshoffen, a native of Sibourg in the Duchy of Berg, and another of my attendants.

At last, after being delayed five days while General Despinoy was awaiting instructions relating to our future destiny, he received a communication stating that Monsieur Galliot, chef d'escadron, would be dispatched with a party of gendarmes for the purpose of conducting myself, my nephew and my attendants into France in the suite of the Pope, but at the same time we were to follow at a prescribed distance from his Holiness, under the pretext that otherwise there would be wanting the necessary number of horses for so many carriages.

On the morning of the 17th of July the Pope with a part of his suite left Alessandria at a very early

hour, and at about nine A.M., French time, the chef d'escadron Galliot having arrived in the interval, we also, with the rest of the Pontifical suite, took our departure. Instead of passing through Turin we changed horses within two miles of the city, and thence took a cross road to Rivoli, where we arrived after nightfall. On arriving at Rivoli the rattling of the carriage-wheels was no sooner heard than lights appeared in the windows of all the houses and the shops, and simultaneously people with lights in their hands began to run out of doors and collect in a crowd about the carriages, calling out "Where is our king? where is our king?" We were then informed that on the arrival of the Pope in the morning a report had got abroad that the French Government were also conducting into France the King of Sardinia, Charles Emmanuel, who ever since the abdication of his throne had resided in Rome. The good people, therefore, expecting the consolation of seeing their ancient sovereign once more, were eager to offer to him their demonstrations of respect and affection.

We slept that night at Rivoli, and next morning, the 18th, pursuing our journey we arrived early in the evening at the convent of monks situated at the summit of Mont Cenis, where we found that the Holy

Father had stopped to take repose. The chef d'escadron Galliot allowed me the satisfaction of kissing his Holiness's hand, and of enjoying a quarter of an hour's interview with the Holy Father, whom I found in good health and apparently in a tranquil, cheerful state of mind: we then continued our journey as far as Lansbourg, where we passed the night.

On the next day, the 19th, the news of the arrival of the Holy Father on Mont Cenis having been already promulgated in the vicinity, and his appearance along the high road being hourly expected, the whole population of the neighbourhood were in motion and waiting to receive him. No sooner did the people perceive three carriages, one of which was readily distinguished from the rest as a Pontifical vehicle, than they began to run, expecting to see the Holy Father, some falling on their knees, others weeping, and all asking for benediction. We told them that the Pope would pass along the road the next day, but we could not persuade them to believe us. Once especially, in one of the towns in Savoy, if I remember right Modane, while we were changing horses at the post-house a vast crowd having collected in front of my carriage, the people began to dispute among one another whether or not I was the Pope.

"I know," said one man, "he *is* the Pope; I know his face, for I had a very good view of him when he passed here before."

Said another, "No, I say it is *not* the Pope; I saw the Pope the last time as well as you: he in the carriage," meaning me, "is older than the Pope."

"*Certainly* it is *not* the Pope," added a third; "don't you see he is dressed like a cardinal?"

"He has put on the cardinal's clothes on purpose to disguise himself," rejoined the first.

Here amid the diversity of opinions issued forth from one of the houses at this moment a venerable-looking personage, in whose presence the crowd made way respectfully, and as he approached the carriage,

"Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;" [1]

while the old gentleman, regarding me with deep attention and turning round to the bystanders, thus settled the question.

"Look ye," said he, "he is *not* the Pope—popes wear beards."

Somewhere or other he had seen a picture of a pope with a beard, painted in the bygone ages, though he was not aware that the popes of the present day had

[1] Stood by with eager ears, and looked on in silence.

changed the usages of their glorious predecessors in this as well as in other less frivolous instances. On that evening we arrived at S. Jean de Maurienne, and passed the night there.

The next day, the 20th, passing through Montmeillant, the last city in Savoy on this frontier, formerly a fortress, though now dismantled by the French, we entered the Dauphiné, and at the close of the evening arrived at the small town of Lumbin, within ten miles of Grenoble. As there was no inn in the place large enough to accommodate all of us, we were distributed in various private dwellings: my nephew, chef d'escadron Galliot, and myself were received in the house of Signor Savoy, Conseiller de Préfecture for the Department of the Isère, whose family were now inhabiting their summer residence in the town. Here I received the first specimen of the hospitality of the French nation, of which subsequently I had many signal proofs during my residence in the country. Madame Savoy, wife of the Conseiller, in whom was united to affability and elegance of manners a mind well informed and stored with truly sound religious principles, was neither afraid nor did she hesitate, even in the presence of the French chef d'escadron, to express her surprise and indignation at the conduct

of the Government towards the Pope, who, she said, "had done so much for France, and given the Emperor so many proofs of his esteem and friendship."

The next morning, the 21st, we were delayed at Lumbin, waiting for the Pope; for the instructions of the chef d'escadron forbade him to precede, and enjoined him to follow, the Holy Father to Grenoble. The Pope arrived at Lumbin with his suite at about 10 o'clock A.M., French time, and was also received in the house of Monsieur Savoy. His Holiness having taken a few hours' repose, we all once more set forward about four hours after midday on our way to Grenoble. Hence I was permitted by the Colonel who escorted the Pope, and the chef d'escadron Galliot, to enter the Pope's carriage and bear him company until his arrival at the palace which was prepared for his reception. In the mean time as we went along we found the road full of people who had collected from the country and the neighbouring villages, and the farther we went the more the crowd increased till we arrived at Grenoble.

It was really affecting to see how the good people, the instant they caught sight of the Pope's carriage, threw themselves on their knees while it was yet at a distance, and how anxiously they waited the moment

of his passing by in order to receive benediction. Many ran by the side of the vehicle, including several young, lady-like females, who, keeping with the rest, threw bunches of flowers into the windows, begging the Pope to bless their nosegays, and proclaiming aloud at the same time their sentiments of respect and devotion. Of one I remember the tears ran down the cheeks as she exclaimed,

"Holy Father, how thin you are grown! The trouble they give you makes you *so* thin!"

Whenever, in consequence of such addresses, the Pope extended his hand to give the benediction, a numerous group of persons, among whom was occasionally a female, notwithstanding the carriage proceeded at a rapid pace, sprang forward in an instant to kiss it, at the risk of being crushed by the wheels or trodden down by the horses of the gendarmes.

As we entered the city all the windows of the houses appeared crowded with spectators, and the streets were thronged with people on their knees, all praying for benediction; so that I may here repeat of Pius VII. on his entrance into Grenoble the same that was said of Pius VI. not many years before on a similar occasion; that instead of appearing like a prisoner whom soldiers were conducting to a prison destined to re-

ceive him, he was on the contrary welcomed with acclamations and tears of tenderness, like a worthy father of a family returning after a long absence to his home and his affectionate children.

I have always thought that there was actually something prodigious, I may say supernatural, in this day's demonstration, considering the behaviour of this extraordinary concourse of people, so full of humble respect and religious veneration for the Supreme Pontiff. In the countries of Europe where sects hostile to the Christian Church predominate, and their errors and prejudices are imbibed by the inhabitants with their mother's milk, and not only in those countries, but even in others professing the Catholic religion, France especially, their writers have for some centuries bitterly denounced the metropolis of Christendom, and have compared it, though existing under a different form and availing itself of a different mode of oppression, to ancient Rome the tyrant of the world. At the same time they have stigmatized the Roman clergy as men guilty of false, malignant impostures, and have vilified the Supreme Pontiffs to such a degree that one ought to believe, according to the ordinary means that direct the human judgment, that the Holy See has fallen under universal odium, and that people fly from the presence

of a Pope as from a wild beast or a monster. But, on the contrary, how different is the fact in reality! No sooner does a Roman Pontiff make his appearance in a foreign country, no matter whether he travel like a sovereign, as Pius VI. when he passed through Germany in 1782, and Pius VII. when he passed through France in 1804, or whether conducted by gendarmes like a prisoner, as happened to both the Pontiffs above mentioned in France and in Italy, an instantaneous, extraordinary movement depopulates villages, cities, and even entire provinces, and the people, simultaneously impatient to behold their countenance, fly to receive their benediction with a degree of enthusiasm that evidently could never happen in the ordinary course of nature.

It is more easy to imagine than to describe by words the impression that the continual touching spectacle above mentioned produced upon my mind as we entered the city of Grenoble, and as we proceeded to the palace of the Prefecture, where Monsieur Gerard, who performed the duties of Monsieur Savoy, the Conseiller de Préfecture, now absent at Lumbin, Monsieur Renaudon, Maire of the city, and the General Costantini Corso were ready to receive the Pope and conduct him to a large apartment that had been prepared for

him. The bells of the town, however, were not rung as is usual on great occasions, neither were the clergy allowed to come and make their compliments to the Holy Father on his arrival. Monsieur Gerard having informed me that a palace not far distant had been assigned to me, I requested he would be pleased to allow me to accompany the Holy Father, were it only to occupy one single small chamber in the same house with his Holiness. Monsieur Gerard however replied that I should be comfortably lodged with all my suite in an apartment suitable to my rank and dignity that had been already prepared for me; and I plainly perceived that his object, under the specious pretext of treating me with great distinction, was to keep me apart from the Holy Father. Consequently I made a virtue of necessity and was obliged to dissimulate, though I took an opportunity of communicating to the Holy Father as I kissed his hand my sentiments on the drift of this separation. I then took my leave, and, accompanied by Monsieur Gerard, the Maire, and General Costantini, was conducted through a great crowd of people, who all the way looked at me with tears of compassion in their eyes, to a palace belonging to the Commune, situated in the street called the "Quai," on the banks of the river Isère.

As we went along I observed in the short distance between the palace of the Prefecture and the house assigned to me several soldiers among the crowd, wearing the Portuguese cockade and uniform, and I inquired, if I remember rightly of General Costantini, how it happened that they were at Grenoble. I was told in answer that the city was partly garrisoned by Portuguese troops, that had joined the French in Lisbon, and preferred to follow them to France when they were obliged to retire from Portugal. I now entered the apartment assigned to me in the palace of the Commune, where were lodged besides myself the chef d'escadron Galliot, my nephew, my secretary, and my two attendants.

CHAPTER VIII.

Residence of the Pope and Cardinal Pacca at Grenoble — The Cardinal removed to Fenestrelle.

FROM the 22nd of July till the 1st of August, the Emperor being then with the army in Austria, the Pope and all of us were detained at Grenoble, in expectation of the orders relating to our final destination. I will therefore, in giving a brief account of all that happened in the interim, continue the form of a diary. In the first place, Monsieur Gerard waited on the Holy Father on the 22nd, and told him, that if his Holiness were inclined to take an airing, there was a carriage then, and always at his disposal; to which offer the Pope replied, that feeling himself a prisoner, he could not reconcile himself to the idea of an excursion of pleasure; but that if ever a carriage were provided for him to return to Rome, he would go in it willingly. He, in fact, never once went out of the house all the time he remained at Grenoble, except to walk for a few hours in a garden belonging to the Palace. On the same day, having dressed myself for the purpose of

waiting upon the Holy Father, it was frankly told me that an application for instructions on that precise point had been made to Monsieur Fornier, Prefect of the Department, who was then in Paris; but that in the mean time, till an answer was received from that functionary, I could not be allowed to hold any communication with his Holiness. Meanwhile I was really very sumptuously treated. An excellent table was provided for me, and all the other conveniences of life; but on the other hand, there was continually an officer on guard in my ante-chamber, a corporal's guard was stationed outside the door, and I was restricted from all manner of communication with the inhabitants of the city.

My secretary, however, got an opportunity to have conversation with one of the soldiers at the door, and I learnt from him, to my great surprise and indignation, that the Portuguese troops in the city were commanded by the Marchese d'Alorna, with whom I had had official intercourse and been acquainted in Lisbon, and that several members of the first families of the Portuguese capital, viz., the Viscomte de Ponte, Viscomte de Leina, the Marchese de Valenza, the Comte de Obidos, and others upon whom the Court of Portugal had unsparingly showered their munificence,

to a pitch even to excite almost universal jealousy, were among the officers. Monsieur Galliot thinking that I myself was desirous of speaking to these gentlemen, told me, "he could not permit me, for that it was forbidden by the Government." Upon which I replied, "that even if it were permitted, I would have nothing to say to them, nor to the like of them." "Right," said Monsieur Galliot, "they have betrayed their country, and deserve to be avoided by everybody." "That," said I, "is a sentiment worthy of a brave, distinguished French officer." When I was in Cologne, I remember hearing it said by several of the French emigrants, that at the breaking out of the great revolution of 1789, there were among their countrymen several gentlemen who, after having received extraordinary acts of favour from Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, were among the first to take part with the insurgents, and became their most violent enemies. The lot of sovereigns is indeed a pitiable one, and subject to similar acts of black ingratitude in return for obligations liberally bestowed; but nevertheless, so long as personal merit, among all other recommendations, is the last they have in view, on whom in such a case are we in justice to bestow our commiseration? But to proceed with my diary.

In one of the rooms belonging to my suite of apartments, there was erected at my request an altar, where I might either celebrate the mass myself, or have it performed by others, while we remained at Grenoble; several books were also sent me from the public library, including the works of French classical authors, that served to beguile the time during my actual state of imprisonment.

The 23rd being Sunday, I requested Monsieur Galliot to send for a priest to confess me; but he told me that he had strict injunctions not to permit me to have an interview with any ecclesiastic. I therefore immediately addressed a letter to the Maire, with a repetition of my request, in compliance with which, after a little delay, a priest came and called upon me. Previous to making my confession I put several questions to him relating to the part he had taken in the late unfortunate schism in the country, in order to assure myself he was not one of those called *Constitutional*, who had intruded themselves among the body. Had I suffered myself to be confessed by one of these, I should have occasioned a grievous scandal to all good Catholics. After confession I said mass in the presence of several ladies who came on purpose, and by whose modest and devout behaviour I was much edi-

fied. At the same time it is a circumstance worthy of observation, that during the celebration of the Divine Sacrifice, there was in the room overhead a meeting of Freemasons, who had assembled either for the purpose of admitting into their society, or of advancing to a higher grade, Colonel Boissard, the officer who escorted the Holy Father to Grenoble, and who now had him in his custody.

On the 24th, Monsieur Gerard, the Pro-Conseiller de Préfecture, paid me a visit in the afternoon and invited me to accompany him in a carriage for an airing. I accepted the proposal, and we went outside one of the gates, but along a road where we met scarcely anybody. Monsieur Gerard, and Monsieur Renaudon, the Maire, an accomplished, gentleman-like person, both called upon me nearly every day while I remained in the city.

On the 25th, the priest who confessed me on Sunday called again, but the officer of the guard refused to allow him to enter my apartment; as did also the Chef d'Escadron Galliot on being referred to. The Maire, he said, had been reprimanded by the Council of the Prefecture for having complied with my request in the former instance, in consequence of which, he added, the higher authorities in Paris had been appealed to

for instructions. I celebrated the mass notwithstanding, and with my own hand administered the Holy Sacrament to four of the noble young ladies who had thrown flowers into the carriage on the day of our arrival.

On the 26th I again celebrated mass, which was attended by several ladies, and a few men; but not a single priest was allowed to be present. In the afternoon a lady, whose title pronounced in a hurry I did not clearly hear, was introduced by a written authority of General Costantini into my apartment. She was accompanied by a young lad, her son, a lady who had once been a nun in a convent, and a lady of advanced age, whom she presented to me as a person of extraordinary sanctity, who had announced many months before every event that had since actually happened to the Pope.

In order to understand clearly the object of the present visit, it is necessary here to premise, that the French clergy were at the time in question divided into four classes, not to call them Sects. The FIRST was composed of those ecclesiastics who, tainted with Jansenism, and deaf to the remonstrances of the Pope, had taken the oath prescribed by the so-called *Civil Constitution of the Clergy;* which oath, although denounced

by Pius VI., they had not retracted; neither would they subsequently, when the Concordat between Pius VII. and the First Consul Bonaparte was concluded in the year 1801, although they were liege subjects of the Republic, submit themselves to that document, out of sheer enmity to the Holy See; so that they were in fact to a certain degree detached from all the rest of the clergy, and yet still continued to call themselves *Constitutional Priests.*

The SECOND CLASS, even still more numerous than the first class, was formed of those who, in the beginning obstinately disobedient to the denunciation of Pius VI., had also taken and had never retracted the oath of the civil constitution of the clergy; but subsequently in the year 1801, some repenting of their error, and others, not a few, having an eye to ecclesiastical preferment under the new order of things, had submitted to the Concordat.

The THIRD CLASS reckoned among its numbers those who, having rejected with horror the oath abovementioned, remained in France in a state of concealment; and with praiseworthy zeal in the cause of religion, though existing themselves in a state of actual persecution, provided for the spiritual wants of the faithful, and administered the Sacraments to those exem-

plary persons who, detesting the unfortunate schism established in the kingdom, would neither recognise nor hold any communication with the intrusive, illegitimate pastors provided for them by the National Assembly. These zealous ecclesiastics, however, who had conducted themselves up to a certain period in a manner deserving the highest praise, subsequently, at the publication of the Concordat of Pius VII., rendered themselves liable to the grave imputation of disobedience to the Bull and Briefs of the Supreme Pontiff. For, aware that there were at the head of the Government persons notorious for their hostility to the Church, they paid no regard to whatever was published in the name of the Consuls, being continually apprehensive of some new trick and treachery in matters of religion. Some looked upon the Concordat as a false, apocryphal document altogether; others thought it had been purposely altered by the Government, and, at all events, was not the same that had been approved by the Holy Father; being confirmed in the latter opinion by the wicked annexation of certain erroneous articles, called *Organic*, that were appended to the articles of the Concordat in such a manner as to make the former appear to be part and parcel of the original. Finally, others, excusable from

the conscientious motives that actuated them from beginning to end, considered the Concordat altogether invalid and valueless, on the ground that the Pope was compelled by threats and violent means to sign it; and they called themselves "Purists," on account of being free from the contamination of intercourse with the clergy recognised by the Government. Their body may be said to include the priests following the tenets of the French refugee bishops in Germany and England, who declined at the request of the Pope to renounce their episcopacy, who maintained that the Concordat was good for nothing, and who asserted themselves to be the only legitimate pastors in their dioceses. These Purists, however, taken collectively, degenerated to such a degree afterwards, that there arose a schism, and some French ecclesiastics of their persuasion partook of the fanatic frenzy of Donatists, thinking themselves the only pure Catholics in the whole world, and declaring that the Supreme Pontiff, and other members of the Church who recognised and held communication with the bishops nominated in the Concordat, and solemnly confirmed by the Holy Apostolic See, had fallen into error.

The FOURTH CLASS comprised those ecclesiastics who, penetrated by maxims of true respect and devo-

tion to the Roman Church, were obedient to the Briefs of Pius VI. in the year 1791, and at the conclusion of the Concordat in the year 1801 submitted no less implicitly to the Bulls and Briefs of Pius VII.

Returning now to the noble lady my visitor, and her two female companions, they, in consequence probably of having had a Purist priest director of their consciences, were averse to holding any communication with the Monsignor Simon, Bishop of Grenoble, or acknowledging the parochial priest whom he had nominated as their legitimate pastor. The young gentleman, the lady's son, commenced the conversation, having, it appeared, been advised by some well-principled person or other to consult me, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not he were justified in continuing in his present state of separation from the above-mentioned pastor. After having allowed him to speak out freely, I informed them all in reply, that the Concordat published by the French Government was, at the period when it was subscribed by the Cardinal Consalvi and the Plenipotentiaries of the First Consul, the same document that the Pope ratified; that in consequence of that convention the new Bishop, Monsignor Simon, had been confirmed by the Pope in the Consistory, and that therefore he was their legitimate pastor whom they were

bound to recognise and obey. I said that their separation from him might hitherto be excused, and was not liable to serious reprehension in consequence of having arisen from a mistaken notion, and being an act that was evidently performed with good intentions; "but," I added, "they ought on no account whatever to defer any longer to unite themselves to their legitimate pastor." I also informed them, "that the codicil containing the articles called *organic*, as well as several decrees of the Cardinal Legate, had been protested against by the Pope, and had never obtained the assent and approbation of the Holy See."

My words, I plainly perceived, made an impression on the mind of the lady and of the ex-nun; but say what I would, I was quite unable to overcome the obstinacy of the elder female, who most pertinaciously contended that the Concordat ought to be rejected, "because," she said, "the Pope was never in a state of full liberty."

Whatever reasons I adduced to convince her, she always replied by the same answer—"Le Saint-Père a été toujours dans les fers! Le Saint-Père a été toujours dans les fers!" [1]

[1] The Holy Father has always been in fetters! The Holy Father has always been in fetters!

They all then took their leave, fully satisfied with the manner of their reception, though I am well persuaded that, as they reputed the old woman a saint, they followed her counsels rather than mine, and were confirmed in their error by the subsequent course of events.

On the same day, the 26th, the Bishop, Monsignor Simon, returned to his residence at Grenoble, though it was agreed by the Conseillers de Préfecture that, until the arrival of the expected instructions from Paris, he should abstain from visiting the Pope. The restriction was enforced rigorously,—so much so, that communication between the Holy Father and all the clergy was prohibited, which certainly was a scandalous act, an act, perhaps, unprecedented in the annals of the Church, and imprudent at all events; for it produced eventually an effect directly contrary to what was intended by the ministers of the government, inasmuch as thus giving publicity to the persecuted state of the Church and the captivity of the Pope, by so much the more were increased not only the veneration of the people towards the august prisoner, but their respect for those who had the honour to minister to his comforts. The truth of the above reflection may be judged by the following anecdote.

The two palaces that we inhabited were in the same

street, a street always full of people, whither a great many ladies and other inhabitants regularly came, first to attend the mass celebrated by the Pope every morning, and afterwards to adjourn to my habitation, where, behaving with exemplary devotion, they heard mass a second time. One evening the Pope went down stairs, as was his daily custom, and took a walk in the garden belonging to his palace, which garden was protected by iron rails on the side towards the street, where a great concourse of people of every condition always took an opportunity on these occasions of assembling, in order to have the consolation of seeing the Holy Father and of receiving his benediction. At the time in question he was accompanied, as very frequently happened, by the Premier Conseiller de Préfecture, Monsieur Gerard, and also by the Maire; both which functionaries, in compliance with their customary habits of respect to his Holiness, were uncovered, when a few drops of rain happening to fall, Monsieur Gerard put on his hat in consequence. But no sooner was the hat on Monsieur Gerard's head than all the people outside the iron rails immediately began to shout, at the top of their voices,

"A bas le chapeau! A bas le chapeau!"[1]

[1] Off with your hat! Off with your hat!

Monsieur Gerard pulled off his hat immediately.

On the 27th, the 28th, and the 29th, a vast number of people came to Grenoble from the adjacent villages and towns, and also from Lyons, on purpose to see the Pope, including, with many other persons of distinction, Monsieur le Vicomte de Montmorency, whose family being one of the most ancient not only of France but of Europe, they are styled in consequence first barons of France. The Montmorencys have also been termed from time immemorial the first *Christians* of their nation, since, according to the account of the historians, the first founder of the family was at all events baptized at the same time with King Clovis, if he were not a Christian previously.[1] The Vicomte in question was elected while a young man, twenty years before, as one of the deputies of the nobility in the notorious States-General of 1789, and to the regret and surprise of many worthy people was carried away partly by his own good heart, and partly by the high-sounding, bombastic language of the day concerning humanity, benevolence, and the public good, that transported the self-dubbed philosophers along the torrent of the revolution. Recovering himself however subsequently, he not only gave his friends reason

[1] See 'Histoire Généalogique de la Maison de Montmorency de Laval,' par André de Chezne.

to forget his youthful errors, but, devoting himself entirely to works of true Christian charity, and exhibiting signal proofs of fidelity to religion and attachment to his king, has vindicated the virtues of his noble ancestors, and proved himself not a degenerate offspring. On the present occasion, his object in coming to Grenoble was exclusively for the purpose of rendering assistance and bringing liberal subsidies to the Holy Father. I have reason to believe since, generally speaking, access was permitted not only to females who were specially favoured, but to the laity at any hour in the day, for the purpose of kissing the Pope's foot, that he succeeded in obtaining an interview; but I know for certain that he was not permitted to have a conversation with myself, which he desired exceedingly.

Several pious ladies of Grenoble, as I was credibly informed, in addition to having the consolation of kissing the Pope's foot on the 29th, obtained also of His Holiness, on that day, some spiritual favours in furtherance of a charitable object, that I have the greater pleasure to record, inasmuch as, having traversed various countries of Europe, I feel myself bound in honour to truth candidly to confess, that compared with the female sex of all other nations, I have nowhere witnessed such a fervently charitable spirit towards the relief of human infir-

mities and misery as among the women of France. Numerous indeed are the holy works of compassion in which the French females occupy themselves, and extraordinary are the benefits that are diffused in the hospitals and elsewhere, especially by the Sisters of Charity, which latter order, founded by the amiable S. Vincenzo de Paoli, is known to everybody. In Grenoble there is also another similar order called "Ladies of Mercy," that has now been in existence for two centuries, composed of females of different grades, who, to the edification and wonder of the public, overcoming the natural repugnance of their sex to horrid spectacles, enter the squalid dungeon, place themselves in contact with the most atrocious criminals, and devote their lives to the office of comforting not only the poor prisoners, but those miserable sinners who are condemned to capital punishment. At their own expense they have erected within the prison walls a chapel, entitled "The Chapel of the Holy Cross," where the Divine sacrifice and other acts of religion are celebrated every day. The Ladies of Mercy, during the period of the rabid persecution of the Catholic clergy by the National Convention and Directory, found means secretly to introduce into the prisons priests-confessors, for the purpose of administering spiritual assistance to the prisoners, and especially

those condemned to suffer death; and what is of all the most worthy of admiration, when priests, in consequence of fear of the furious persecution, were not to be procured, they themselves accompanied the criminals to the guillotine, comforted them all the way thither with the holy maxims of religion; and occasionally, at the risk of their lives, had the heroic courage to stand at the foot of the scaffold during the execution. When the persecution of the clergy ceased, they obtained from the Cardinal Caprara, legate in France, certain spiritual favours, including plenary indulgence for the day of S. Pietro in Vincoli, which is their principal festival, for the day of the Exaltation of the Cross, and, finally, for the days on which the sentences of death are executed, for which latter those of their order and the priests who actually accompany the criminals to the guillotine have the exclusive benefit.

These pious ladies, on the 29th of July, as I said before, had the consolation of an interview with Pius VII., who received them very courteously, confirmed the indulgences previously obtained from the Cardinal Legate, added another act of plenary indulgence upon the crucifix placed in the hands of the criminal, and verbally expressed his approbation of the building of the chapel within the prison enclosure. Subsequently,

the rules of the establishment were examined by the congregation of Bishops and Regulars on the 7th of August, 1818, and on the 28th of the same month formally received the Pontifical confirmation.

On the morning of the same day, the 29th, the Chef d'Escadron Galliot, hearing that I suffered in my health for want of exercise, invited me to take a walk with him outside the city, in a part of the environs very little frequented. We met very few people accordingly; yet notwithstanding, Monsieur Galliot, in consequence of this friendly act of compassion, received a summons from the Prefecture, and was severely reprimanded.

I now began to apprehend, seeing that our sojourn in Grenoble had been protracted, and feeling that the hand of the Government pressed harder and harder upon me, that my separation from the Holy Father was likely to be of long duration, perhaps for ever, and at the same time concluding that Napoleon was well acquainted with the disposition of Pius VII., I foresaw what his designs on the Pope's person really were, and that it was his first object, by continually wearying his patience, to overcome his resolution. I therefore considered it my duty, by way of a warning against future assaults of his enemies, to communicate to him my present views and

sentiments in a letter, which I found means to have delivered into his hands the next day.

In this letter I began by "respectfully laying before his Holiness a few thoughts relating to the regulation and management of the attendants by whom he was likely to be surrounded, such as in the region of courts are wont too often to reflect dishonour on their master." Thence passing to the subject I had particularly in view, I said, "that at a time when the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon his person, and while he would find himself virtually without either ministers or counsellors, upon him alone notwithstanding would rest the entire responsibility of everything he did or said." Especially I bid him "beware of the cardinals whom the Government would appoint to assist him, persons," I observed, not—

"*of those who all that see them shall acknowledge them that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed,*" [1]

meaning thereby to say distinctly "that they would give him evil counsel," which supposition turned out to be almost prophetic, and only three years afterwards was actually verified at Savona. I added, finally, that

[1] Isaiah lxi. 9.

" the first opportunity that my nephew Tiberio or any other person of my suite might have of approaching his sacred person, he should hear from them orally a better explanation of my manner of thinking under our present unfortunate circumstances."

The 30th day of the month was Sunday, and the mass celebrated on that day in my habitation was attended by a great many people. While the sacred offices were being performed there was held in the room overhead a meeting of freemasons, who were assembled for the purpose of receiving a new candidate into their lodge. I could hear the voice of the Master addressing the members, and I learnt that he was one Father Olivier, an ex-Doctrinaire who then practised medicine in the city. I could also hear several of the songs that they sang while they were at dinner, though I could only distinguish a few words. I have thought proper to mention this fact, in order to prove the full state of liberty allowed at that time in France to such secret societies, of whom the meeting in the present instance, assembled under our very noses, was not improbably held on purpose to triumph over us, by thus proclaiming as it were their freedom and independence in our hearing.

On the 31st nothing at all happened worthy of notice;

but the 1st of August, fraught in the beginning with flattering and consoling expectation, terminated disastrously. At eight o'clock in the morning, French time, I went to say mass in the chapel, which I found, as usual, full of people, including several females; in fact, I perceived that in spite of the directions given by the Chef d'Escadron Galliot not to allow more than a limited number of persons to have admittance to the Palace, it had been found impossible to prevent the entrance of many more than we intended; so many, in fact, that their numbers, after entirely filling the room, extended even out of doors, and were scattered over the cortile. I was sincerely affected at this daily concourse of people at my mass; and I could not help acknowledging and admiring the Divine mercy that had miraculously preserved so many persons from the corruption of philosophical incredulity, at a period when much had been already done, and more was still in progress, to root religion out of the hearts of Frenchmen. Moreover, during that day's mass the portion of Scripture appointed for the service contributed to expand my heart and inspire me with faith and courage; for in the Epistle was related the miraculous liberation of S. Peter from the dungeon after the fervent prayers that had been offered up by the Church for her visible Head; an event that

bore a striking similarity to the circumstances under which the Pope and myself were situated. The Gospel, too, contained the announcement of Jesus Christ to S. Peter of his appointment as the Head of the Church against which the gates of Hell shall never prevail.

So soon as the mass was over, I returned to my apartments, and there heard the consoling news that the expected instructions had just arrived from Paris, and that henceforward the Pope would be at liberty to communicate with whomsoever he pleased. Two vicars-general, it was said, had been specially dispatched from Lyons on purpose to bring the intelligence, and to congratulate the Pope in the name of Cardinal Fesch, Archbishop of that diocese. I was still further assured, on the same authority, that a house in the country, two miles distant from Grenoble, had been already assigned to his Holiness, where he was at liberty forthwith, together with all his suite, to take up their rural abode. The same joyful news was presently ratified by the Chef d'Escadron Galliot and the Maire Monsieur Renaudon, who at the same time added, that in consequence the whole city was in a state of jubilee, and that all the ladies were hurrying about the town, paying visits and congratulating one another at the happy intelligence, which they said was remarked by every-

body to have arrived on the very day that the Church calls to our recollection and solemnizes the miraculous liberation of S. Peter.

But, alas! the streaks of the morning's aurora too soon became deprived of their brilliant colours. I had just done dinner, when a *militaire*, if I am not mistaken the same person belonging to the gendarmerie who on our journey hither always preceded the Pope as an avant courier, and got ready his Holiness's apartments at the places where we stopped, came to my chamberlain Michele, and told him privately that the Holy Father would go in the evening, not to a villa in the country according to the report spread abroad, but on the road towards Avignon; he therefore recommended Michele, supposing I should have to accompany the Pope, to have my travelling equipage in readiness. At the same time I learnt that the Chef d'Escadron Galliot had just had a summons from Colonel Boissard and from the Prefecture. Anxious as I was necessarily rendered by the above information, I remained nevertheless all the rest of the day in a state between hope and fear, till nine o'clock in the evening, when Monsieur Gerard the pro-Conseiller de Prefecture and Colonel Boissard suddenly made their appearance and solved the enigma. I immediately perceived by the reserved, solemn coun-

tenances of both those gentlemen that they were the bearers of some sort of melancholy news, and effectively the former told me plainly that the Minister of Police in Paris had sent him orders to place me under arrest; and at the same time, muttering the words through his teeth, he added, "*at the instigation of some persons in Rome.*" We must depart, he said, the same night, and in a few hours be on the road to Piedmont, where I should learn the final determination of the Government with regard to my person.

I coolly replied to this communication, without betraying any appearance of embarrassment, "that it was superfluous to announce the being placed under arrest to me who actually was under arrest; and never from the time of leaving Rome, had been even for a moment, so to say, out of the sight of gendarmes. While I remained in Rome," I said, "I had obeyed, as I was always bound to do, the orders of the Holy Father; and now, as I was desired, I would make immediate preparations for departure." At the same time I very clearly understood what was meant by the journey to Piedmont: which presentiment was further corroborated by Colonel Boissard, who told me that my nephew and Secretary were to travel together in another carriage separate from mine, and that each

of us would take with himself separately his own particular baggage.

So soon as Monsieur Gerard and Colonel Boissard left me, I gave orders to have everything packed according to the proposed arrangement; and then, after procuring a little refreshment, I retired to my bedchamber to take an hour or two's repose, but had scarcely lain down when the Chef d'Escadron Galliot, suddenly entering the room, took me by the hand, pressed it, kissed it, and, immediately bursting into tears, disappeared. This silent, strange, eloquent act of respect and tender sympathy gave me at once to understand that he was acquainted with the designs of the French Government—whatever they were—upon my person, and that he knew the fate that was in store for me. Meanwhile, I did not close my eyes the whole of that night, as may well be imagined; but on the contrary, a very tempest of conflicting thoughts presented themselves one after another to my mind for some hours in succession; among which the idea that, predominant above all the rest, took hold of my imagination was, that for the express purpose of suffering the extreme penalty of death, I was about to be sent to Turin. This apprehension may appear to some persons strange; they may fancy it proceeded either

from extraordinary timidity, or was the effect of an over-heated imagination. Such, however, will not be their opinion when I show my reasons for thinking so.

In the first place, Cardinal Caprara had stated in one of his last dispatches, during his ill-omened legation in France, that in an audience with the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor told him that if, on the occasion of his troops occupying Rome and the States, any one of the Pope's Ministers should dare to print or to publish any document against his enterprise, he would have him shot, whomsoever he might be, whether he composed it, or furnished the materials, or signed it, whatever were his grade or dignity. Now this threat being unmistakeably levelled against the Cardinals, I, for my part, had frequently laid before the public and subscribed my name to official notes couched in the strongest possible terms, that, so soon as issued, were immediately printed in almost all the European languages. I had signed orders and proclamations, by command of the Pope: and particularly on the day of change of the Government, I had forwarded to all the foreign ministers resident in Rome an authenticated copy of the Bull of Excommunication, together with authenticated copies of two speeches (*Allocutioncs*) of

the Pope to the Sacred College, remonstrating against the acts of hostility and daily outrages upon his sovereignty committed in Rome by the French military commandant. I had also published the Protest which, on the following night, was placarded at the corner of every principal street in Rome; and I had printed three pamphlets, with accompanying documents, relating to the recent disputes between the Papal and the French Governments: to which I may add the circumstance that I before related:[1] namely, the visit, on the night before the fall of our Government, of a certain venerable cardinal, who came in a fright to inform me that he had heard from a person well informed on the subject, that the Emperor Napoleon was determined, whenever the Pope took any strong proceedings—such as the fulmination of the Bull of Excommunication, for example—to hang every cardinal who he suspected had taken a part. At the time when I received the communication I paid it little attention, and, knowing the timid character of my colleague, thought it ridiculous. But now, on the present night, when the tale recurred to my memory, when I seriously turned it over in my mind, and

[1] See page 134.

reflected that, having been the Pope's Prime Minister at the time in question, and necessarily suspected above all the rest of the Cardinals, there were clear proofs against me, I regarded the menace of the Emperor under an infinitely more serious aspect.

I may add still further, that two days after the promulgation of the Bull, when I reported to the Pope, at a morning audience, that Cardinal Mattei had been arrested and sent out of Rome the night before, the Holy Father told me that "he had received intelligence of the proceedings of a meeting of the so-called Consulta Straordinaria that had been convened for the purpose of determining what steps were to be taken in consequence of the fulmination of the Bull; on which occasion it had been told him that the minister Saliceti was wrought into a violent excess of fury, and proposed that Cardinal Mattei and Doctor Marchetti, considered as the authors and abettors of the act, should be put to death. I repeat, therefore, that whichever of the Cardinals might be suspected on the present occasion, I, being Pro-Secretary of State, from whom, by virtue of his office, the order for the solemn promulgation and placarding of the oft-mentioned Bull must necessarily have emanated, the fact that I was at this moment in imminent peril of my life became, as it were, clear and

apparent. Neither was the apprehension I felt void of foundation, or attributable to over-excitement.

My conclusion was, moreover, corroborated by historical events that had happened even within my own memory : by two especially that occurred in the reign of Clement XIII., and form conjointly a fearful record of the terrible spirit of vindictiveness that actuates the proceedings of foreign Governments towards those ministers of the Holy See who discharge their duty faithfully, and execute vigorously the commands of the supreme Pontiff. First, for instance, the grievous fine levied by the republic of Genoa on the person of Monsignor Crescenzio de Angelis, Bishop of Segni, who was appointed by Clement XIII. apostolic visitor to Corsica; and secondly, the barbarous murder of Monsignor Antonelli di Velletri by the hand of an assassin, whom, according to the commonly received opinion, the Minister of the Duke Philip of Parma, irritated by a brief of the above-mentioned Clement XIII., promulgating censures against certain persons in the duchy as the executors and promoters of anti-canonical innovation, was supposed to have dispatched on purpose. Neither was the suspicion entirely void of foundation : for during the pontificate of Clement XIII. there were two Monsignors in Rome of the same name

Antonelli, not related to one another; the one a prelate of Mantelletta, of a noble family of Sinigaglia, who was afterwards created Cardinal, and died Dean of the Sacred College, and the other of a no less noble family of Velletri, and honorary Chamberlain of the Pope. It was, however, Monsignor Antonelli of Sinigaglia, who, at that time a young man, was commissioned to draw up the inculpatory Brief in question against the Duke of Parma. At all events, having completed it to the Pontiff's satisfaction,—whether owing to his own imprudence, the effect of juvenile vanity, or whether the authorship were betrayed by some other person—the fact of his having been the composer of the Brief became generally known to the public. Very shortly afterwards, Monsignor Antonelli of Velletri,—who, from his office of chamberlain, had nothing at all to do with the affairs of Parma—was murdered in his chair, while sitting at his writing-desk in his apartment, where, on the other hand, nothing was found disturbed or out of order; whence, from the combination of the above circumstances, arose the suspicion above referred to, namely, that one or other of the Duke of Parma's ministers having sent an assassin to Rome, with directions to put to death the Antonelli of Sinigaglia, the composer of the document, the assassin

being a foreigner and stranger, murdered Antonelli of Velletri by mistake, instead of the other.

Improbable as it may appear to the mind of whomsoever may, perhaps, on some future day read this my narrative, that the French Government could ever have proceeded to an extremity similar to the instance just mentioned, and, by committing an act so heinous, have excited the surprise and horror of the whole Catholic world; and although the same view of the improbability, in the agitated state of my mind, arose occasionally, and for a moment tranquillized my senses, I could not help reflecting nevertheless that a potentate who could order to be shot a nobleman related to several of the sovereign princes of Europe, the Duc d'Enghien, would surely feel no sort of hesitation to do the same by a poor Cardinal; neither could I at the same time forget that I was in the country where, by order of the weak, vindictive Henry III., the Cardinal de Guise, an illustrious member of the house of Lorraine, was barbarously murdered.

The turbulent current of my ideas, after I had lain a few hours in bed, was finally succeeded by a state of mind so perfectly composed and tranquil that I began to contemplate, with a degree of complacency I could not have imagined possible, the violent death that

there seemed every probability I must speedily undergo, and to consider that I was assuredly under the influence of Divine grace, that invariably consoles during trouble and sorrow the victim who, without fault of his own, is doomed to suffer by the fulfilment of his proper duties.

As I was putting on my clothes, I was all the while turning over in my mind the minute of a letter of consolation and comfort I proposed to write to my brother, and arranging the draft of a will, by which I intended to provide for the subsistence of the oldest of my attendants after my death. Thus employed, it was about two o'clock in the morning, French time, when I heard the sound of carriages out of doors; and they came and told me that the Pope and his suite were gone on the road by Valence towards Avignon.

Up to the present moment, and even so long as the rattling of the wheels at a distance sounded in my ears, I hardly felt that I was entirely separated from the Holy Father; but when the sound ceased and all was once more silent, I experienced the full, ponderous effect of the misfortune. In ignorance as I was what persons might henceforward be attached to his suite, it went to my heart to reflect he was now thoroughly left

to his own resources, without perhaps a single person to give him counsel or inspire him with courage under his affliction.

A little before daylight the officers of police, accompanied by several gendarmes, entered my apartment, for the purpose, I suppose, of making a formal consignment of my person to the Chef d'Escadron Galliot, with whom I was ordered to depart immediately. Meanwhile, my nephew and secretary were left under charge of a gendarme, to whom Monsieur Galliot gave instructions to leave Grenoble an hour at least after ourselves, and to preserve always a similar interval of time and distance on the ensuing journey. Having then without further delay got into our vehicle, scarcely had we arrived outside the city gate, at the place where only a few days before the whole population were gathered together in masses to receive us with such extraordinary marks of veneration and affection, when I felt myself thoroughly overcome by the contrast, and fell into a state of profound melancholy, such as I had never yet felt anything to equal, during the whole journey; not even at the terrible moment of our forcible abduction from the Quirinale Palace and from Rome. Moreover, as we proceeded along the road, the imaginary dismal aspect of my fortunes was increased rather than diminished by

the realities of the journey, for the weather was miserable, and the rain pouring heavily from the sky, fell all day long without ceasing. Especially while we were on the way from Lumbin to S. Jean de Morienne, it was the most violent; so that along the whole distance between Montmeillan and Aiguebelle the entire country exhibited a woful appearance. The trees in the adjoining fields were in many places torn up by the roots or riven asunder, and the road covered with their leaves and branches; the hemp, the wheat, and the corn were as entirely beaten to the ground as if cut by the reaping-hook, and the vines either lay flat on the earth or were smashed to pieces. The postilions, however, told us that at about nine o'clock, French time, on the evening before, a still more tremendous tempest, attended with hail and hailstones of an unusually large size, and wind of extraordinary violence, had occasioned this horrible damage. When grief occupies the mind, all manner of external objects, that under other circumstances would make but a slight impression, revive a host of melancholy reflections, as in the present instance the sad spectacle before me filled my senses with a sentiment of deep commiseration on behalf of the many poor ruined families who occupied the territory, extending over a distance of nearly thirty miles.

At about an hour after midnight we arrived at S. Jean de Morienne, where we slept, and next day, the third, proceeded on our journey, in the expectation of reaching at night the convent of monks on the summit of Mont Cenis, and occupying the same quarters where we slept before; but in consequence of the breaking of a carriage wheel between Modane and Bramant, which accident delayed us full six hours, it was as much as we could do and nearly midnight when we arrived at Lansbourg, where we halted.

Starting rather late on the morning of next day, the 4th of August, we arrived at about one o'clock P.M., French time, at the convent of monks on Mont Cenis, where they received us very cordially, and prepared for us an elegant collation, such as the French call *déjeûner à la fourchette.* At four o'clock we again got into our carriage, and at the same time the snow was falling in flakes so thick that I had never seen the like even in Germany; which phenomenon, happening on the 4th of August, only one day before the festival of the Madonna della Neve, recalled to my mind the shower of white flowers which on the latter occasion is exhibited in the Borghese Chapel during the solemn vespers in the presence of the members of the Sacred College. Thinking of Rome and her solemnities, a

sigh escaped from my bosom as I repeated to myself,—

"*By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.*"[1]

"*The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts: all her gates are desolate: her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.*"[2]

On descending Mont Cenis, on the side towards Italy, the beautiful highly cultivated valley of Susa, with the serpentine course of the Dora, soon appears in view as the mountains gradually decline in height, and in the distance a vast open country spreads out beyond, that, like the area of a theatre, comprises the lovely plains of Piedmont. The prospect now before my eyes involuntarily recalled to my recollection my entrance into Italy on a former occasion by way of the Tyrol, where the Alps in like manner becoming by gentle degrees lower and lower, merge at last in the Veronese hills, and beyond these are the plains of Venetian Lombardy.

Far different indeed was the state of my feelings in the year 1794, when, hailing the spectacle with delight

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[1] Psalm cxxxvi. 1. [2] Jeremiah, Lament. i. 4.

and almost beside myself with joy, I exclaimed, like Achates, Italy, oh, Italy! Then indeed I was on my return to Rome as nuncio from Vienna, terminating a mission not only with the full approbation of the Pope, but of the entire Roman court, certain of being well received and fêted wherever I went, not only in consequence of the important diplomatic appointment I had held, but much more owing to the extreme condescension with which, as is known to all, I had been always regarded by my sovereign. Then I anticipated the pleasing consolation, not only of seeing my noble benefactor Pius VI., but of enjoying a pleasure, that on leaving Rome for Germany I never more expected, that of again embracing my parents. Now, on the contrary, I was not only not my own master for the time present, but was being conducted a state prisoner, under the well-founded apprehension, as the very least that was likely to happen to me, of being thrown into some fortress, and remaining locked up and separated from everything in the world that was dear to me, God knows how long! Though, in good truth, this thought of all others was the one that afflicted me the least, inasmuch as from the very moment that I was appointed the Pope's minister, I always foresaw the present calamity, and had even an inward presentiment

of the event, that I actually mentioned to my friends. But my fancy was continually hovering about the point where my heart was really lacerated, and I saw pictured in my imagination the Pope transported recklessly from place to place, separated from his friends and counsellors, while, on the other hand, the members and cardinals of the Sacred College were dispersed over Italy and France, each confined to a certain distinct place of residence, and the entire body thus placed under the impossibility of reuniting, subjected to the lamentable consequences that would ensue in case the melancholy event of a vacancy of the Holy See should happen. Finally, bitter were my lamentations over the good Roman people, who, the first and principal victims of the iniquitous change of the dynasty, after the recent proofs given by them of their sincere affection for the Pope and the Pontifical Government, were worthy, to use the expression in a human point of view exclusively, of a much better fate.

While such ideas as these were passing in my mind the evening advanced, and we arrived at S. Antonino, where we halted for the night. The inn was a very small one, and so soon as I entered, the mistress of the house, holding the candle almost close to my face, fixed her eyes upon me very attentively for nearly the

space of a minute. I also perceived, after being conducted to the apartment assigned to me, that the servants, who came in and out occasionally, regarded me no less attentively than the hostess, all of them making me profound bows, and showing extraordinary signs of respect that I could not account for.

On the 5th, in the morning, previous to proceeding on our journey, as I stepped out on the balcony while they were harnessing the horses, I saw a great crowd of people standing about the carriage; and feeling curious to know the cause of their assembling, I asked the waiter "what could possibly have brought so many people together in a place where they saw carriages passing along the road every day in their lives?"

With an extraordinarily respectful air, eyeing me all the while with a scrutinizing expression of countenance, he replied that "a report had got abroad among the people that I was the Prince of Piedmont" (the King Charles, he meant to say), pronouncing the words at the same time in a tone as if he believed I really was that royal personage.

"But I am a cardinal," said I; "don't you see my red stockings and my cardinal's cap?"

"Ay, but—" said he, with an embarrassed look, "who can tell?—may be—" * * *

But here our conversation was interrupted by the persons who came to announce to me that the carriage was ready, into which as I stepped all the good people assembled about it saluted me most ceremoniously. The behaviour of the people on the present occasion, which sufficiently accounts for the inquisitiveness of the landlady the evening before, is a proof, additional to many others that might be mentioned, of the constant affection that the Piedmontese bear towards the family of their ancient sovereigns.

From S. Antonino we proceeded to Avigliana, and from Avigliana to Rivoli. I remarked, while we were travelling between the two latter places, that Monsieur Galliot was unusually serious and pensive, notwithstanding it was seldom I had seen him out of spirits during the day's journey, for he was naturally of a gay, lively temperament, and wherever we were did his best to cheer me. On arriving at Rivoli we immediately went to the post-office, where we heard that the brigadier of the gendarmes stationed there had received a letter from Turin the evening before, directed to Monsieur Galliot, to be delivered to him the moment of his arrival; which letter, it instantly struck me, related to my own person; and in fact it seemed evident that it contained the orders of the Government relating to my

future destination, or, in other words, was what the French call a *lettre de cachet*, for my imprisonment. A gendarme arrived a few minutes afterwards, with the letter in question, which he gave to Galliot, who, changing colour on reading it, muttered to himself, in a low, sad tone of voice,—

"I thought so!"

Then coming up to the carriage where I was still sitting, he begged me to get out, for he said he had something to tell me, and accordingly we walked away from the rest of the people who were at the Post Office, and when we had got a little distance, he told me he had received an order from Turin to consign me to the brigadier of gendarmes of the town where we were; thence to be conveyed to the fortress at Fenestrelle.

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than the tears ran down his cheeks; as I replied with an appearance of indifference that surprised him, no less than on reflecting subsequently on the circumstances, it has since surprised myself. "To Fenestrelle then," said I, "let us go." Then embracing him, I thanked him for the personal kindness he had shown me, and added, "that the intelligence by no means surprised me, for that I had long been prepared for it, even from the first moment when the Pope appointed me minister."

Monsieur Galliot then said, that he would now consign my person to the brigadier of gendarmes, as he was bound to do according to the orders from Turin; but that he would himself accompany me to Fenestrelle, in order that he might do everything he possibly could for me both on the way and after our arrival thither.

For this last humane act I made many acknowledgments, expressing at the same time the regret I should feel on parting with him, and on the other hand on being left alone with strangers.

We then left the Post Office, and went to the barracks to the brigadier of the gendarmes' quarters, and there, in a sort of guard-room, called in the patois of the country "guardiola," while Monsieur Galliot was writing letters to Turin (letters I presume to acknowledge the receipt of the official, and to acquaint his superiors of his intention to accompany me to Fenestrelle), I took a quiet collation, and comforted my stomach with a tumbler of very excellent Nice wine. When I had finished, as I stood at an iron-rail balcony facing towards the street, while Monsieur Galliot was still occupied in writing, I saw in the house opposite two ladies and a little girl, who had retired to the inner part of the room so as not to be seen by the

passers-by, and were evidently in tears at seeing me a prisoner; at the same time making signs of their grief, they placed their hands on their foreheads and bent the knee, as if they were desirous of my benediction. My benediction, affected as I was by their behaviour, I gave them accordingly.

Invariably throughout the whole of my travels have I remarked the extraordinary influence that the feeling of compassion has upon the mind of women, at the sight of whomsoever they believe to be afflicted and in a state of durance. During the calamitous period of continual war and repeated military conscription, often and often, and oh how bitter, have I seen them weep while I directed their minds to the words of our divine Redeemer, addressed to the pious women of Mount Calvary,—

"*Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.*"[1]

When Monsieur Galliot had finished his letters, he gave them to the brigadier; we then left Rivoli, accompanied by a mounted gendarme, and proceeded on the road to Turin, till we arrived at a spot where the

[1] Luke xxiii. 28.

road divides into two branches, of which one leads to None and Pinerole; here the gendarme, according to orders he had received previously, directed the postilion to leave the Turin road and take the other. After proceeding by the latter road for a little distance, we came in sight of the Palazzo Stupinigi, the country residence of the King of Sardinia, an edifice well situated, and apparently of noble dimensions, with fit and convenient accommodation for the persons of the royal suite. After arriving at None, we halted for a short time, and thence proceeded to Pinerole, where we arrived at four hours after midday, if I remember right; at all events the Saturday's market was not yet over, and such was the concourse of buyers and sellers from the neighbouring villages and the country, that the town had the appearance of a fair. The sight of a Cardinal a prisoner, in the custody of gendarmes, attracted the notice of a vast crowd of people who assembled about the carriage, and my person and the object of our journey mightily excited their curiosity, as may well be imagined. We now got out of the carriage and entered the inn, where we were to remain the night. Here, while standing at the window, I saw a carriage pass by with four people inside, one of whom I heard say was the Bishop. The

carriage stopped, first at the house of the Vice-Prefêt, Gemet by name, who had formerly been a priest of a Protestant parish in the valleys of Piedmont; and afterwards it proceeded to the palace of the municipality. The prelate in question was Monsignor della Marmora, now a worthy Cardinal of our Holy Church, who, as I immediately suspected, having heard I had arrived in Pinerole, was desirous of paying me a visit; but previous to doing so, he thought proper to ascertain from the authorities whether he would thereby incur blame or give offence to the Government. The magistrates, it is but fair to say, made no opposition to the request; but on the contrary, referred the Bishop to the officer who had me in custody. In fact, very soon after I saw the Bishop's carriage driven away from the Palace of the Municipality, called the Mairie, one of the prelate's servants came to the inn and had a conversation with Monsieur Galliot, and I suppose was not permitted by him to see me. I however learned afterwards from Monsieur Galliot, that the Bishop's servant asked him whether the Bishop himself could see me, as he very much desired, and that Monsieur Galliot sent a message in answer, saying that Monsieur Galliot would himself wait upon the Bishop. He also gave me to understand, that he thought such a visit would not

be proper; but that, on the contrary, it would be ill thought of, and might offend the authorities at Turin. I therefore requested Monsieur Galliot to return my thanks to the Bishop for the kind attention he was inclined to show me, and beg him not to put his design in execution. Monsieur Galliot went to the Bishop accordingly, and brought me a complimentary answer to the message, stating that he would have been truly happy to have come and have paid me his compliments; but that now, under existing circumstances, he would abstain from doing so.

On the morning of the 6th we left Pinerole, and being now out of the line of posting, four horses were specially hired to take us to Fenestrelle. The fields and the country immediately in the neighbourhood of Pinerole appeared very beautiful, very fertile, and well cultivated. Midway to Fenestrelle, at the village of Perouse, we stopped to bait the horses, when in the meantime, as the day was Sunday, I requested permission to hear the mass, and was accordingly conducted to the parish priest, who very politely dressed himself in his robes immediately and proceeded to the church on purpose.

Here, however, I ought to confess that I experienced extraordinary distraction of mind during the whole

time the mass was celebrating, sincerely wishing, and not without reason, that it might terminate speedily. The walls of the church, deformed by enormous fissures, were propped within and without by strong poles in such a manner, that the building, standing in the midst of beams and timber, as I was obliged to do, had the scenic appearance of a theatre. We left Perouse immediately after the ceremony, and at about one hour after midday we arrived at the village of Fenestrelle.

CHAPTER IX.

Imprisonment of the Cardinal in the Fortress of Fenestrelle during the remainder of the year 1809.

THE village of Fenestrelle is situated immediately at the foot of the redoubtable fortress, which, regarded as a place of abode for state-prisoners, created at the time I am speaking of a sensation of horror in Italy as profound, as a sentence of banishment to Siberia produces in the northern part of Europe. For my own part I cannot say what are the pains and inconveniences undergone by Poles and Russians in travelling through their own country, or what may be their sufferings while residing at Tobolsk or Kamtschatka; but to my sorrow I know very certainly that, to a native of the charming climate of southern Italy, especially of a spot bounded on the one side by the lovely province of genius and art, and on the other by a tract of ground extending to Vesuvius—an existence in the cold inhospitable regions of the Alps is truly miserable.

The fortress of Fenestrelle is planted upon one of the hills belonging to a chain of the Alps, which sepa-

rates Piedmont from the Dauphiné, and the village which is at the foot of the slope is a portion of the valley of Prato Gelato, or, as it is called in the Piedmontese patois, Pragelà, one of those valleys which, by the treaty of 1713, were separated from the Dauphiné, and ceded to the Royal House of Savoy. The valleys in question are remarkable, as regards geographical position, for being the only part of Italy where public worship according to the forms of the Protestant Church is tolerated, and are inhabited by some thousands of heretics called "Barbetti," in consequence of the long beard which was formerly the costume of their priests. Previous to the pretended reform of Luther and Calvin, these people professed the errors of the Waldenses; but in the time of Calvin they joined the Calvinists and embraced all the false dogmas of that sect. Fenestrelle is a small village, containing about 800 inhabitants, that would hardly ever have been honoured with a place in the maps were it not for its celebrated fortress. The most severe winter weather reigns there during much the greater portion of the year, nor in fact among the neighbouring mountains does the snow ever completely disappear in many places—

"Ubi delicuit nondum prior, altera venit." [1]

[1] Ovid, 'Tristia,' Eleg. x.—where, before it melts, more falls.

Here and there snow may be seen in layers in the months of July and August; and in the autumn frequently after a few days fall, while every object upon the ground is covered, and the windward sides of the walls of the houses are concealed by the drift the entire surface, hardening by the sun's force during the warmest hours of the day, becomes, as it were, encased by vitreous material, and one may fancy oneself living in a land where everything is made of crystal. At other times an impenetrable mist, descending from the neighbouring heights, not only shuts out the sight of the sky from every living creature, but renders it impossible to distinguish objects even at a little distance.

On such a day it was that the Marchese Giovanni Patrizi, of whom I shall have occasion to say more by and by, arrived at Fenestrelle, accompanied by a Roman servant, who, scared at the terrible appearance of the weather, besought permission to return to Rome forthwith, and being reprimanded by the commandant of the fortress for so abandoning his master, replied with extraordinary simplicity—

"How, Sir, is it possible to live in a country where one sees neither the earth nor the sky?"

In the winter season Fenestrelle is the very cavern of the infernal regions, and if our poet Dante could but

have seen it, and had described it, his imagination would hardly have been contented with the lines in his 32nd canto:—

> " Poichè me volsi, e vidi me davante
> E sotto i piedi un lago, che per gelo
> Avea di vetro, e non d' acqua sembiante."[1]

Painful, indeed, are the winter nights in the depth of the season, were it only from the long duration of sixteen hours utter darkness, while melancholy silence reigns in the vast solitudes, only interrupted by the whistling of impetuous winds, or occasionally by a fearful crash of enormous falling masses of snow called "*avalanches*," and the howling of wild beasts that are impelled by the cravings of hunger even to the skirts of the village. Hardly is a bird to be seen during the winter in this dreary region save the solitary eagle, that launching from its eyrie amid the craggy summits of the rocks, lords it over head, and with broad extended wings glances over the fortress majestically. The inhabitants of Fenestrelle and of the small villages adjacent pass their lives during this period for the most part shut up in houses, many of which are partly sunk under ground, and may more properly be called caves, where they

[1] Then I turned, and I beheld before me and under my feet a lake that, by the frost, had the likeness of glass and not of water.

exist, together with their milch cows and goats, whose milk is their principal nourishment, their pigs and their dogs, in a perfect state of companionship. Towards the end of the spring, however, the same valley that before presented to view a picture so sad and frightful, exhibits in the total change of appearance at once a tranquil and a curious spectacle, as regards the rapid melting of the snow—little meadows of the valley are uncovered gradually, and the green surface, daily changing to a brighter and a brighter hue, within the course of a very few days, becomes bespangled with beautiful flowers, distributed in the symmetrical yet fanciful arrangement idealised by Tasso, when he exclaims—

"che la natura,
L' imitatrice sua scherzando imiti."[1]

Of all the spots, however, where fine flowers and odoriferous herbs grow in the greatest quantity, the most remarkable is the level surface on the top of a mountain called "Catinat," after the name of the celebrated Marshal of France, who was for some time encamped there.

To come, however, to the description of the fortress: it consists of two forts, one at the top of the mountain

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[1] That nature, playfully imitative, takes pattern from her own works.

and the other at the bottom, connected together by a flight of some thousand steps: the one on the top of the mountain is called the "delle Valli," and that at the bottom, close to the village, is called the S. Carlo, which contains the cells for the prisoners and quarters for the garrison. Between the skirt of the Catinat mountain and another very lofty Alpine hill called Albergian, lies a small valley through which runs the Clusone rivulet, and at the foot of the Albergian, opposite the fort S. Carlo, is another fort called "Mutin," or "Tumultuante," which was built by Louis XVI., after the design, as I was informed, of the famous Marshal Vauban, for the purpose of holding in check the riotous Barbetti. The two main forts, however, above-mentioned were built by Charles Emanuel, grandfather of the present King of Sardinia, for the purpose of preventing ingress on that side of Piedmont to the French troops into Italy, towards which object both nature and art have mainly contributed to render it not merely strong, but I may say impenetrable, standing as it does for the most part upon the naked rock, and being otherwise protected by bulwarks and other fortifications contrived most advantageously. The French Republic, previous to conceiving the vast design of extending their southern limits beyond the Alps, passed a decree

to destroy it, as they did effectually destroy the Brunetta and other fortresses in Piedmont: the first preparations for its demolition were, in fact, already commenced, when, upon the representation of one of the French generals, the design was for a time suspended, and eventually it was converted by that liberal tolerant government to one of their very numerous state-prisons, as it exists at present. Whoever were the first adviser on the occasion of selecting it for its new destination, must either have been totally unacquainted with the locality, or was a being deaf to every sentiment of humanity; at all events, until of late years, it was a place whither the government of Turin transported exclusively from their seaports the convicts condemned to the galleys, and is every way ill-adapted to persons of a higher station. No matter, however, what be the condition in life of the prisoner whose evil fortune dooms him to be sent there, his lot, at any rate, were it only on account of the severity of the climate, the poverty of the village incapable of providing the common necessaries of life, and the want of medical attendance in case of sickness, is a truly sad one.

On Sunday, the 6th of August, a little after midday, we arrived at the village of Fenestrelle as I before stated. On getting out of the carriage, Monsieur Galliot im-

mediately conducted me through a crowd of country people, who all appeared in a state of stupified amazement at the sight of a Cardinal in the custody of gendarmes, to the residence of the commandant. The commandant, who lived in a hired house in the village, received me respectfully, but at the same time with a degree of coldness, that at the moment I thought owing to a proud reserved manner, though in my subsequent communications with him I have ascertained that it proceeded from no other cause than a natural embarrassment, arising from the sentiment of deference he experienced in the presence of a Cardinal. Monsieur Galliot, after making the usual compliments, commenced, with admirable tact, by inquiring—

"Whether, since the ministers of the government had obliged me to leave Rome at a moment's notice, quite unexpectedly, and altogether unprovided with money for a journey, they had given directions for apartments and provision suitable to my rank?"

To this the commandant replied, with a very grave face, that the Government had given him no instructions whatever, neither was it in his power to afford me better accommodation than the rest of the prisoners.

This answer appeared to distress Monsieur Galliot, who well knew what sort of lodging and victuals were

provided for the prisoners. When, therefore, with a truly mortified air, he repeated to me the answer, I begged him then to inquire of the commandant, and the fort major who was also present, "Whether, as a prisoner, I might be permitted to procure for myself somewhat more of ease and comfort, provided I were to pay for everything so obtained at my own expense and in ready money?"

At the words "my own expense" and "ready money," a serene expression overspread the countenances of both the above-mentioned gentlemen, and both at once replied very politely, "That such an arrangement was practicable."

Accordingly the fort major, by name Gazan, of a noble Piedmontese family, very graciously volunteered to give the necessary orders on the subject to the concierge, or, to speak more properly, gaoler, and direct him to procure for me forthwith a good bed, chairs, a table, and every other piece of furniture necessary for my apartment. Monsieur Galliot and myself then left the house of the commandant, and proceeded to take refreshment at the inn, which inn, considering it belonged to a little village like Fenestrelle, could not be called a bad one, and was in fact better, be it said to the discredit of our southern Italy, than I have seen in

any of its villages equal in size to Fenestrelle, whether situated in the Pontifical States or in the kingdom of Naples. After we had done dinner, the commandant and the major, Gazan, entered the apartment we were in, for the purpose of conducting me to the fortress, whither, after taking coffee all four together, we proceeded. As far as the spot where the path begins to ascend towards the fort S. Carlo Galliot accompanied us, and then, as he took leave, wept bitterly. I heartily embraced him, and thanked him for the very many proofs of his benevolence I had experienced during our journey, and was quite overcome with tenderness. He promised, if he could get leave of absence, to return and see me again, but was unable to keep his word, in consequence of being sent a short time afterwards, with a corps of gendarmes, into Spain, where, together with a host of his countrymen, a victim of the unjust insane war, he found a grave.

We now passed a drawbridge, and entered the fort, of which the entrance very much resembles a cave or a dark grotto. Immediately in front of the gaoler's apartments and the cells there is a very small square, where we found Major Jamas, together with a few of the soldiers of the garrison; but not one of the prisoners was to be seen out of doors, in consequence

of an order that had been purposely given to confine every one within the prison at the time of my arrival. So soon as we were within the building we found ourselves in a corridor with a very low ceiling and very dark, imperfectly lighted as it was by one single window at the extremity. On the right-hand side were a row of chambers, of which all the doors were shut, and secured with heavy iron chains, except the last, which, being appropriated to me, was open. We entered the little chamber, but were scarcely inside when the commandant told me with a serious but respectful air—

"That the instructions relating to the manner in which I was to be treated were exceedingly rigorous; that I was not to be permitted to hold communication with anybody, neither persons out of doors, nor the prisoners in the fortress;" which latter prohibition restricted me from walking in the little square which they frequented during the daytime. I was, besides, strictly "forbidden to put pen to paper, and every letter I received was to be previously opened and examined in Turin or Fenestrelle."

On hearing these regulations, I asked the commandant—

"Whether I might, in his presence, write a few

lines to one of my relatives, and give to him the letter open to be sealed and forwarded?"

To this request he replied that it could not be permitted.

Who could possibly then have imagined or foreseen that regulations precisely similar to the above, enforced only a few years afterwards against Napoleon himself, should be the very point above all others that most violently excited and irritated him? The General Comte de Montholon, one of his few followers in adversity who remained with him during his terrible exile at St. Helena, actually wrote a long letter, dated 25th of August, 1816, by his special order to Sir Hudson Lowe, Governor of the island; in which letter—among a long list of bitter complaints relating to the manner in which he was treated [1]—the principal grievances were the limited tract of ground allowed to the Emperor and his attendants (which extended, nevertheless, for some miles) for walking and riding; and the order of the British Government, that subjected the letters written by the Emperor to his own family, and those received by him, to the previous examination of the English

[1] 'Itinéraire de Bonaparte de l'Isle d'Elbe à S. Hélène,' tom. ii. 1817, Paris, chez Hornaut.

ministers and the authorities of St. Helena. With regard to the latter restriction, especially, he declared that "even the barbarous state of Algiers would have disclaimed it."[1] And further, with reference to the debarring Napoleon from all manner of access to French newspapers or journals, he observed, that "to prohibit him from the perusal of printed books was a regulation that had never been heard of except in the dungeons of the Inquisition."[2] The Comte de Montholon, who wrote thus in the year 1816, would now do well to consider that the rigorous orders he says the Algerines would disapprove, as well as those that he affirms are executed no where but in the dungeons of the Inquisition, were actually put in force by Napoleon himself in the instance of not a few illustrious personages of different nations, confined at Fenestrelle! Consequently, we ought to consider all that happened afterwards to Bonaparte as a new instance of the superintendence of Divine Providence over human affairs, and a proof of that law of retaliation by which it condemns the guilty, and finally brings them—even in this world—to condign punishment.

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[1] Cette mesure serait désavouée à Alger.

[2] Cette défense n'est faite que dans les cachots de l'Inquisition.

But to return to my conversation with the commandant. The latter concluded by telling me, "That so far as lay in his own power, wherever he was not positively restricted by the orders of his Government, he would do his utmost to ameliorate my condition; and with such a view," he said, "he had selected for me the apartment we were now in on account of its being opposite the chapel." There, in that apartment, so soon as I had thanked him for his good intentions, he and the two majors left me.

My first impression, in this the first moment of my solitude, was to hasten to one of two windows that the chamber contained in order to ascertain whether I should have at least the consolation of a fine prospect,—if, indeed, among these horrible mountains such a thing were possible. I found, however, that it looked upon an inner staircase of the fortress, and that a high wall on the opposite side effectually shut out every thing. I then went to the other window, and found myself, as it were, under the shoulder of the lofty "Albergian," whose summit I could not see, but whose sides were in many places—even now in the summer season—covered with the same snow that, after three years and a half imprisonment, I left there, similarly overspreading its own undisturbed domain. The chamber in which I passed

nearly the whole of the abovementioned period was one upon the ground-floor, whose vaulted ceiling, cracked and split in several places, had been riven by the shock of an earthquake the year before; the walls were dirty and smoky, resembling the walls of a kitchen or of a blacksmith's shop, and the lower portion that had been recklessly spit upon, was in the most filthy state imaginable. As for the floor, it was composed of boards half rotten with moisture and full of rat-holes. There was in the room not a single article of furniture, with the exception of the things hired immediately before at my own expense, namely, a bed, four old broken chairs with corded bottoms, and a wooden table, so roughly made that it looked more like a shoemaker's bench.

The objects that I now saw before me in the chamber and the prospect without, contributed, in addition to the communication I had had from the lips of the commandant, to excite my feelings to a considerable state of agitation, that increased the more in consequence of the protracted delay of my chamberlain in the village, where he had remained with my baggage. The thought of being left entirely in the hands of the Government functionaries distressed me greatly, and caused me such anguish of mind that I

had recourse to the consolations of religion for relief. I knelt down and repeated some prayers very earnestly; after which act of devotion I found my spirits much tranquillized, and soon afterwards was still further comforted by the arrival of my faithful chamberlain, who brought with him the grateful assurance that he would be allowed to remain with me. Moreover, Major Jamas, who resided in the fort, also came to visit me in the evening, and, having inquired the state of my health, asked,—

"Whether I had need of anything?"

Thanking him for his attention, I said, that being in holy orders, even holding the rank of an archbishop, I felt confident that there would be no objection to allowing me to say mass in the chapel of the fort as I was desirous to do; and that therefore, since several days had already elapsed since my last confession, I requested the commandant would have the kindness to assign to me a priest-confessor. The major replied that he believed the commandant would make no difficulty so far as to allow me to celebrate the mass; but that there would, on the contrary, arise a grave objection to granting me a confessor, inasmuch as the orders of the Government to allow nobody to speak to me were explicit and peremptory. "With regard to the

mass," he added, "you may celebrate it whenever you please."

"But," rejoined I, "I have not the good fortune to be exempt from mortal failings; and provided I am not allowed a confessor, I shall be obliged to abstain from saying mass at all, very much to my sorrow."

Major Jamas, saying he would report my request to the commandant and bring me his answer, then left me. Shortly afterwards I composed myself to rest, and, notwithstanding all the disagreeable events of this memorable day, I enjoyed, the first night of my imprisonment in the fort of Fenestrelle, several hours placid repose.

Next day my state of satisfaction was not so perfect as before, for I then began to be sensible from experience of the serious physical as well as moral inconveniences that persons doomed to confinement in the fort are doomed to suffer. Towards night there arose an impetuous wind, such as disgorged with a rushing, deafening sound from the gullet of the mountains, blows here frequently, and inflicts serious damage on the houses in the village. These hurricanes not uncommonly dislodge, to the infinite peril of the passers-by, the large heavy slabs of stone that, fastened together with iron cramps, serve for tiles; and once

especially, during the period of my imprisonment, the sentry's sentry-box was blown off the ground, and carried away in the air to a considerable distance. On the night in question, the wind was accompanied by an unusual depression in the temperature, which, owing to not being provided with winter clothing at that season of the year, severely affected me. Endeavouring to get rid of the cold, I had a fire lighted, but was obliged immediately to extinguish it, for the room was instantly filled with dense volumes of smoke that stopped my breathing; while the gusts passed down the chimney with such violence as to overthrow some of the few articles of furniture, and set the rest a shaking so that at last it became indispensable to block up the aperture.

To these bodily sufferings were to be added others of an intellectual character; for, in the first place, having requested a book the evening before, in the hope of being able by occupying my time to distract my thoughts a little, they brought me to-day—a volume of *Voltaire!* and secondly, hearing a bell ring in the corridor opposite my chamber, and knowing that a priest, who was a prisoner, like myself, was about to say mass in the chapel, I immediately sent my chamberlain to Major Jamas, to ask permission to be allowed

to attend the divine office with the other prisoners; and received an answer from Major Jamas that at present he had had no instructions, but that the next day he would let me know the Commandant's determination. Such harsh treatment—which, considering it was offered to a Cardinal Archbishop, was the more outrageous—began seriously to vex me. I ask for a confessor,—they refuse me! I solicit the consolation of a book,—they give me a volume of Voltaire! I request permission to attend the mass;—not only do I receive a point-blank refusal for the time being, but am told that it is even a matter of doubt when, if ever at all, the boon will be granted me! Touched to the quick, as I actually was, at the cruel procedure, and under the impression that everything combined to deprive me of that peculiar relief which, under such sad circumstances, is in the power of religion alone to bestow, I bore my lot silently and patiently,

"Sperando il bene e tollerando il male."[1]

After dinner the Commandant, Major Gazan, came to pay me a visit, when I immediately introduced the subject of the mass and of the confessor, and earnestly

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[1] Submitting to the evil fortune, and hoping for good.

entreated the Commandant "to gratify me in objects of such extreme importance."

The Commandant replied, "that he would order the *concierge*," meaning in fact the gaoler, "to come to me in the morning before the mass was celebrated and accompany me to the chapel; but," he said, "it was out of his power to grant me a confessor, in consequence of the express command of the Government, that I was on no account whatever to be allowed to converse with anybody."

I then begged him "to write at least to Turin for further instructions, saying I was sure the application would meet with a favourable answer; and I added, that it was impossible, considering the unfortunate circumstances in which I was placed, the Government could be capable of debarring me, a Cardinal Archbishop as I was, from the exercise of the offices of my religion, which indulgence was the only consolation that was left to me; and with regard to denying me a confessor, I said, they would not even impose such a restriction on a condemned criminal! The last words, scarcely able to refrain from tears, I pronounced in a tone of such deep melancholy, that the Commandant was evidently touched with compassion; at all events he promised to write to Turin by the first post, and he added, that

either himself, or some officer in his stead, would regularly accompany me every day to walk within the limits of the fort. For the latter favour I thanked him with all my heart, and then took an opportunity to request Major Gazan would be kind enough to procure me, if not the Bible, at least some books better adapted to my vocation than the one that had been sent me.

The night of the 7th, my second night at Fenestrelle, I passed even worse than the first, in consequence of the troubles above mentioned that had disquieted me during the day; in addition to which a violent blustering wind came on, that lasted several hours. The 8th of August, however, commenced under more favourable auspices, for the Bible, and several other religious books were brought me, which circumstance was alone sufficient to restore my mind to its usual tranquillity; the more so, as the gaoler punctually entered my chamber so soon as the priest was ready to begin the mass and conducted me to the chapel. I went thither dressed in my morning gown, though I wore exposed to view my episcopal cross, as well as the usual insignia of a cardinal's rank; for I was unwilling to appear ashamed of being recognized a prisoner, such as I really was. The other prisoners who had already taken their places in the chapel, when I

entered, seemed struck with amazement at seeing a Cardinal Archbishop come amongst them, while for my part, accompanied by the gaoler, who stood close to my side, without leaving me an instant, I heard a general burst of indignation break forth in a stifled tone, and every one regarded me with visible marks of respect and veneration. So soon as the mass was over, the gaoler, after carefully examining underneath the cushion I had leaned against, lest peradventure I might have deposited there some written paper, attended me back to my chamber.

At this period, to the fort of S. Carlo might be applied the lines of the author above referred to, on the subject of the famous castle of Paris called the Bastille,—

> " Dans cet affreux château, palais de la vengeance,
> Qui renferme souvent le crime et l'innocence."[1]

Here, in fact, though there were always to be numbered among the prisoners some one or more who might have merited my share of three years and a half imprisonment, and even more to boot, the greater portion of the inmates were either pious exemplary eccle-

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[1] 'Henriade,' chant iv. In this terrible castle, a palace of vengeance, frequently the joint abode of crime and innocence.

siastics, or gentlemen of noble family faithful to their legitimate sovereign, or other respectable persons who were suspected of a want of attachment to the Government. Among the rest, for instance, were nine or ten Neapolitans who, if I remember right, had been three years under confinement, for having taken the part of Ferdinand against the French, though these were persons for the most part belonging to the lower classes, of unquiet spirit and ill-conducted habits, to whose own imprudence probably, and to the unlawful means had recourse to, their misfortune, in spite of the good cause they served, was attributable. There were also confined here at the period in question several Piedmontese who had been not long since arrested on suspicion of holding intelligence with the Austrians at the breaking out of the war in 1809, and were subsequently, a year after the peace of Vienna, set at liberty.

At the particular moment of my arrival the ecclesiastics detained here were but few, and none at all for offences connected with Church matters; but afterwards as the persecution of the Church became more rabid, the number increased to such a degree, that at last more than half of the prisoners in the fort belonged to the clergy. Those who were at Fenestrelle when I arrived, were first the Arch-priest of Fontenelle nel

Parmegiano, a simple-minded man, who had been but recently condemned to three months' detention for having, in the summer of 1809, written a letter from Parma, where he was residing, giving information to one of his parishioners that the Arch-Duke John was advancing with the Austrians into Italy. The worthy Lombard talked of nothing but the fat condition of his capons, and of the excellent wine left in his habitation, which reflections seemed to grieve him more than all the rest of his misfortunes. There was also a priest, Tognetti of Pisa, condemned for six months, or a year's imprisonment, I cannot say which, for having had the imprudence to repeat to a friend a satire against the Emperor, which having heard read or recited he had got by heart. Also the priest D. Girolamo Ricci of Forli, then canon of that cathedral, for being the author of a poetical composition relating to the expulsion of the French from Italy by the Austrians in the year 1800. Also the priest Don Sebastiano Leonardi of Modigliano, in the diocese of Forli, a worthy corpulent man, belonging to a rural parish, condemned, as far as I could learn, for nothing more than having made use of some imprudent expressions against Bonaparte and the French Government. The two latter priests were sentenced for an unlimited period, and

here accordingly they remained till the Emperor's abdication. They were moreover on being conveyed hither treated with unusual severity, and made to pass in open day through the populous cities of Lombardy, the former in handcuffs, and the latter girded round the neck with an iron chain, of which I remember to have seen the impression on his flesh.

It would appear that the object of this inhumanity was merely to throw discredit on the whole body of the clergy, by inducing the people to believe that the two priests in question were guilty of atrocious crimes; which conjecture I have found corroborated on reading the Memoirs of Monsieur Savary Duc de Rovigo, who, with a view to exonerate his hero Bonaparte of the charge of cruelty in filling the state-prisons with all classes and conditions of people, especially ecclesiastics, endeavours to show that the entire number of state-prisoners was but small, and that all the priests who were incarcerated for long periods were guilty of grievous offences. "Among these," writing of the latter, he says, "are to be comprehended those wretches accused of having abused their holy calling and of exciting discord in private families, by taking advantage of their holy office of confession to induce the young women who were weak enough to listen to them, to

break the conjugal tie that united them to their husbands, under various pretexts. Others have refused to baptize every child that happened to be born of a marriage contracted during the revolution; and others, under the pretence of the celebration of pious exercises, have decoyed young women to their houses, and made them victims of their depravity. It was not, however, out of consideration for these hypocrites that they were not regularly summoned before the tribunals, but for the sake of avoiding the disgrace that would have attached to the families of those whose innocence they had dishonoured, as well as of paying due respect to the public morals, and of having regard to the clergy."[1]

The last proposition coming from the mouth of the Duc de Rovigo is really ridiculous, since it is notorious whenever writers of his philosophic temperament are able to bring the disgrace of public censure upon the clergy, how triumphantly they announce their transgressions.

Another of the prisoners who was detained in the Fort of S. Carlo for several months, was the Comte Andrea Bacili di Fermo, office-assistant of the Spanish Monsignor Guardoqui, auditor of the Rota. He was

[1] 'Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo,' tom. iv. cap. 31.

also sub-secretary of the Reverend Congregation of the Fabbrica of S. Peter's, a man of vast genius, thoroughly versed in canon and civil law, possessing more than ordinary knowledge of elegant literature, and remarkable, in addition to the above-mentioned good qualities, for that peculiar sort of old-fashioned probity, that is the reflex of by-gone times, and rarely at the present day to be met with. During the short period that the Republican Government lasted in Rome, he remained a refugee at Venice, and there published a small volume against the Republican doctrines, which were then in vogue. This book having been circulated through the Provinces and States of the Church, some malevolent persons took an opportunity, at the second invasion of Rome by the French under General Miollis, to point him out to that General as the author, in consequence of which he was arrested as a dangerous subject, inimical to French interests, and thrown into the Castle of S. Angelo, whence, after a few months' detention, he was transferred to Fenestrelle.

There were also transferred from Fort S. Carlo to Fort Mutin, a few days before my arival, several Spanish gentlemen, also prisoners of state, accused of political offences committed during the well-known course of events in their own country, of whom the little in-

formation I obtained by hearsay was as follows. It appeared, that the person of the greatest consequence among these was the Comte de Trastamara, eldest son of the Duc di Altamira, grandee of Spain of the first class, one of the most illustrious men in the kingdom, whose family possessed the important prerogative of proclaiming the new king on the occasion of a coronation. The Duke of Altamira, father of the Count, so soon as he knew of the abdication of Charles IV., proclaimed Ferdinand VII. as king, instead of Joseph Bonaparte. For which reason, no sooner were the French masters of Madrid, than they endeavoured to lay hold of him, but, not being able to arrest him, as he had already got out of their reach, they arrested his son instead, and imprisoned the young man at Fenestrelle, notwithstanding he had always lived peaceably with his family, separate from his father, without ever meddling in any manner whatever with politics.

Another, also a grandee of Spain, was Don Giuseppe Silva, Marchese di S. Cruz, a young man, who, happening to be at Bayonne when King Ferdinand was compelled by the violence and menaces of Napoleon to renounce his kingdom, becoming alarmed by the terrible state of affairs, thought proper to yield to present circumstances, and recognise King Joseph Bonaparte. Ac-

cordingly, he took the oath of allegiance to Joseph, but, notwithstanding, no sooner found himself clear of the places occupied by the French, than he retracted the solemn obligation and joined the national army. Some months afterwards he was at Madrid, where he had the imprudence to remain after the entrance of the enemy's troops, and consequently he was arrested, and after being tried and condemned to death, the sentence was subsequently commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

In addition to the two grandees of Spain above-mentioned, there was also the Cavalier Don Antonio Vargas, Minister Plenipotentiary of his Catholic Majesty at the Holy See, an honourable loyal Spaniard of the old school, whom Rome will ever remember with sentiments of esteem and gratitude. This noble cavalier, instead of following the too frequent example of those ministers who, after being dispatched to foreign courts as conciliators and angels of peace, become not unfrequently slanderers and secret enemies, invariably, on the contrary, endeavoured to reconcile the most faithful and zealous view of his own sovereign's interests, with the deference due to the interests of the sovereign at whose court he resided; and, consequently, he always received special and well-deserved marks of favour from both one and the other. The Cavalier Vargas was im-

prisoned at Fenestrelle, on account of having refused to take the oath of allegiance to Joseph Bonaparte; and was also accompanied by the Cavaliers Baramendi and Pando, both of whom were attached to the same legation and confined for the same offence.

With the above-mentioned Spaniards there was also removed from Fort S. Carlo to Fort Mutin an Italian gentleman, of a distinguished family of Nice, who called himself Il Commendatore di S. Lorenzo, a religious worthy man, but a person of a somewhat eccentric disposition, and of a class that are commonly called "originals." He happened to be in Rome, where he had lived for many years, when the French troops entered the city in the year 1808; and whether, owing to his devotional attachment to his ancient sovereigns of the house of Savoy, whom the French had robbed of their dominions, or from indignation on seeing the overbearing conduct of the French military commandant in Rome, he went about to all the places of public resort, talking in the most imprudent manner against the Emperor Napoleon, and even telling some particular people confidentially, that he was writing the life of Bonaparte, though, in my opinion, his talents were by no means on the side of literature; but at all events the indiscreet use of his tongue, and his boasting, procured for him his arrest,

and he was condemned, after several months confinement in the Castle S. Angelo, to imprisonment at Fenestrelle.

On the 16th of August my nephew, Monsignor Tiberio Pacca, arrived a state-prisoner at the Fort S. Carlo, and was immediately conducted to my apartment by the Commandant. After, however, I had had the satisfaction of seeing and embracing my relative, I was given to understand, that since no exception to the original orders, that prohibited my holding communication with any of the prisoners, had in the present instance been intimated on the part of the Government, the indulgence would not be extended any farther, and my nephew must necessarily be confined in a separate apartment. Though the separation was to me a bitter disappointment and a strange and no less cruel measure, I took care not to suffer my countenance to betray my emotions, and made no further reply than to recommend my nephew to the protection of the Commandant, and particularly to request that he might be associated with those prisoners who were well educated and respectable persons, which request was, in fact, very effectively fulfilled, and he became in consequence the partner in captivity of the very excellent Comte Bacili.

From the 8th of the month up to the present time the

Commandant faithfully acquitted himself of the promise previously made to me, and at about five o'clock every afternoon, French time, I was invariably conducted by one or other of the two Majors to take a walk outside the fort, and returned at sunset. This harmless alleviation of a prisoner's griefs was but of short duration; for one evening, near the end of the month, Monsieur Delmas, aide-de-camp of the Prince Borghese, arrived from Turin at Fenestrelle, and the next day, after inspecting the forts, and putting questions to some of the prisoners, he took his departure, leaving, however, previously with the Commandant a special order with regard to myself and my nephew, namely, not to allow me for the future to walk outside the fort, and to remove Monsignor Tiberio Pacca to the Fort Mutin. Neither have I ever been able to ascertain the motive of the rigorous enactment. Such, however, being at all events the new arrangement, I shall be unable for the future, during the whole period of three years and a half whilst my imprisonment lasted, and I remained excluded from society, under circumstances where every day passed as nearly as possible similar to the day before, and an event worthy of a particular record was of most rare occurrence, to give, owing to a want of material, a consecutive, periodical account of my transactions. I will therefore

henceforward merely make a brief recapitulation of those things that in the course of every year were the most remarkable, together with such notices of facts and political incidents as may be necessary to elucidate the subsequent portion of my narrative.

On the 16th of September, 1809, Monsieur Dauzers, Director-General of Police at Turin, unexpectedly made his appearance at Fenestrelle in the evening. When he arrived, the Commandant happened to be in my apartment, where he had come to pay me a visit, but on receiving a summons he immediately left me. A quarter of an hour afterwards the Commandant returned, and told me that "Monsieur Dauzers wished to have some conversation with me," and he requested I would have the goodness to "follow him to the Fort-Major's apartments, where," he said, "we should be more at our ease." Accordingly I followed him to the apartments of the Fort-Major, and was left there *tête-a-tête* with the French Director of Police. Monsieur Dauzers, after the usual compliments, opened his pocket-book, and drew from it a sheet of paper written in a hand writing I had never seen before, which he presented to me, telling me at the same time, with an air of extreme politeness, that the French Government were very desirous to know the name of the individual to whom the original of a letter

written by myself, of which the paper in question was a copy, was addressed.

In order thoroughly to understand the purport of the conversation with Monsieur Dauzers that ensued and lasted a couple of hours, I must previously relate a circumstance that happened to me at Grenoble. The second or the third day after my arrival there, an old lady, who had already made acquaintance with my nephew and with Don Cosimo Pedicini, my secretary, accosted Don Cosimo one morning in the chapel, and gave him a letter "written," she said, "by a most worthy ecclesiastic whom she knew, after several years experience, to be sincerely attached to the Holy See." She begged Don Cosimo to place the letter in my own hands, and procure two or three lines in reply, which answer, she added, she "would come to the same place for the purpose of receiving." There was no signature, but by the contents it was clearly expressed that it was sent by one of the vicars-general who were attached to the bishop of Grenoble; and it contained, after a profession of devotional attachment to the Chair of S. Peter, the three following queries, namely—

FIRST, What was the reason that caused the Pope to be carried away from Rome?

SECONDLY, What measures was it incumbent on the clergy to adopt under present circumstances?

THIRDLY, To whom was it now proper to apply in matters of business relating to important affairs of the Church?

So soon as I had read it, I told Don Cosimo that, as it appeared to me, the most prudent course to be taken would be to give it a verbal answer, and abstain altogether from writing. To this Don Cosimo replied by saying that it was impossible, inasmuch as it was not permitted him to have access to the houses of ecclesiastics, neither was he able to enter into any sort of protracted conversation with the old lady in the chapel, for fear, he said, of giving cause of suspicion to the guard, who had their eyes upon him continually. Upon this I desired him to write a letter in answer, but to be careful to word it in such a manner that, in case it should chance to fall into other hands than those for whom it was intended, it might not be known from whom it came, for which reason, I added, I would not subscribe it with my own signature. With regard then to the proposed queries, I dictated the following answers:—

FIRST, "That the Pope had been carried away from Rome because he had not condescended to consent to certain demands of the French Government, to which

he believed in his conscience he ought not to give his consent."

SECONDLY, "That no measures could be taken by the clergy under present circumstances, save having recourse to the Almighty, to whom they should offer up their prayers for the preservation of the unity of his Church, and for the liberation of its visible Head."

THIRDLY, "That the French bishops had heretofore received from the Holy See various extraordinary privileges applicable to present circumstances, and with regard to such other matters as necessarily required the Pontifical authority, they might apply to myself so long as we remained at Grenoble, through the medium of the same old lady, and that I, after having a secret conference on the subject with the Holy Father, would let them know His Holiness's answer."

Don Cosimo, according to my instructions, wrote the letter above stated in Latin, in which language he rendered the whole sense of the original very precisely, but expressed himself perhaps in terms over and above laconic, such as might lead persons reading it, under a feeling of prejudice, to suspect that more was really intended to be said than was actually written. The answer was safely delivered to the Vicar-General who wrote the previous letter, and no further written communication

was made on the subject; all, in fact, went on very well indeed at Grenoble, till a day or two before the 16th of August, when Don Cosimo, after being separated from my nephew, was arrested in Turin, and conveyed at the same time with the latter to the fortress of Fenestrelle. At that time I was totally ignorant on what account he had been arrested, what questions had been put to him, and whither he had been conveyed; though from what has happened since, and I will now proceed to relate, I had reason to conjecture that his papers were seized, and among them a little pocket-book containing minutes of several of my own letters, including the letter in question, written at Grenoble. All these papers were, in fact, sent to Paris, where nothing was discovered capable of being found fault with in any of them, though the authorities, excited by the warmth of imagination peculiar to their nation, were led to suspect that I had opened an epistolary correspondence with the French bishops, His Eminence Cardinal Fesch especially.

To return, however, to my conversation with Monsieur Dauzers, which I will relate in brief, divested of such extraneous matter as has no relation to the business of the interview, and was naturally incidental to a long protracted colloquy. Previous to answering any of Monsieur Dauzers' interrogatories I asked him whe-

ther it was his intention to subject me to a judicial inquiry, because, I said, it was my duty in such a case to tell him that a cardinal, by virtue of the oath taken at his elevation to the dignity, is bound to recognise no other judge than the Roman Pontiff, neither is he at liberty to answer questions of any one except a person named by His Holiness's special commission.

To this Monsieur Dauzers replied, that "Such was by no means his intention, neither was it the intention of his Government; that for that very reason he had himself come in person, and especially with a view of confining the matter to our two selves, he had invited me to come to the present apartment, where," he said, "we could talk the business over in a friendly manner." He then intimated to me, "that the letter in question had given serious grounds of suspicion to the ministers of the Government at Paris, and therefore, he said, he wished me to give him some explanation that might clear up present appearances, and enable him to render an exact report of the circumstances." He added, "that in order to prevent the possibility of falling under the imputation of exaggerating or misstating what I said, he would make a memorandum of my own words in my presence, and show it me."

According to this proposal, which he actually carried

into effect, and in perfect compliance with his request, I immediately determined to tell him the pure and perfect truth without any dissimulation. In the first place, therefore, I observed, "That the letter in question appeared to me to contain nothing at all that could possibly give offence to the Government."

To which he immediately replied, "Quite the contrary, the letter is an extraordinarily discreet one;" and he repeated the same words a great many times.

I then related to him how, "when I was at Grenoble I had ordered Don Cosimo my secretary to write an answer to a note which had been secretly addressed to me by an ecclesiastic; and," I said, "that the answer, of which I now held a copy in my hand, contained my real sentiments, such as I had expressed to my secretary." I added, "that I had never seen, nor did I know the person who was the bearer of the letter and who received the answer in question, otherwise than that I had ascertained for certain that it was one of the females who were in the habit of coming to hear my mass while I resided at Grenoble. As to the writer," I said, "with regard to whom the inquiries of the Government seemed to lay principal stress, I was neither acquainted with his name, nor did I know him by sight,

though I believed him to be one of the vicars-general, or one of the curates of Grenoble."

It may here appear to some persons that I, in some degree, perverted the truth, by not saying positively that it *was* a vicar-general, as had in fact been related to me. Such, however, is not the case, for while I was in Grenoble, having inquired one day of Monsieur Girard, Conseiller de Préfecture, "How many vicars-general were attached to the bishop of the city?" he told me that the French bishops were at liberty to have as many vicars-general as they pleased, to assist them at their councils and in the discussions of the affairs of the Church, but that the number of those who held the office under the authority of the Government was limited to two. Now as it was impossible I could know whether the vicar-general who wrote to me was or was not one of the two regularly recognised by the Government, I was by no means justified in asserting or stating with certainty, particularly to an actual minister of the Government, the title of the person in question; and it follows, therefore, that for the very purpose of relating neither more nor less than the exact truth, I could not do otherwise than give an indirect answer.

In answer to another question from Monsieur Dauvers, I assured him, "that ever since my departure

from Rome I had not written a letter to Cardinal Fesch, or any French bishop whatever;" which answer Monsieur Dauzers made a note of with great eagerness.

Monsieur Dauzers then told me that a great number of the Pope's Bulls and Briefs had been sent from Rome to the Government; and he asked me whether there were really in existence a letter from the Pope to the Emperor, from which it might be inferred that the Emperor had requested the Pope to approve and recognise the articles in the Code Napoleon relating to his divorce?

To this I replied that, to my knowledge, there was no such letter in existence, but that there were, I said, in circulation even in Rome, several apocryphal documents on the subject, and that in order to prevent misapprehension, I should be glad to state to him every authentic document whatever that had been promulgated up to the moment of my own departure. I then enumerated four small printed volumes, comprising the history of the disputes between the Holy See and the Court of France, with annexed documents; two Allocutions pronounced by the Pope in the consistory in the months of March and July in the year 1808; the Bull of Excommunication, and the abridgment of the same which was also placarded in the streets. I forget whether or not I also cited the Protest written in Italian, sub-

scribed by the Pope's sign manual, and sealed with the Pontifical seal, which was affixed to the walls in Rome on the night of the 10th of June; but I very well remember that I said nothing about another written document, equally signed and sealed by the Pope, with a view to being placarded in the event of the abduction by violence of his sacred person from Rome, which had not at that time, as far as I knew, been promulgated, nor did I indeed ascertain on sure authority the fact that it had, until a few months afterwards. I did all in my power, as I felt I ought, to show the falsity of the assertion, that the Emperor Napoleon had requested the Pope's approval of his divorce, in order that it might not be thought in France that any of the Pope's ministers were capable of inventing and spreading abroad such a story, for the purpose of rendering the Emperor unpopular in the eyes of the Catholics, and of calumniously imputing to him a request which in truth he never made.

So soon as we had discussed the business that called Monsieur Dauzers to Fenestrelle, I took an opportunity, without making any sort of lamentation over my grievances, to ask the reason why I was treated with such unnecessary severity, as to be not only debarred altogether from social inter-

course, but even denied the satisfaction of having a confessor?

Monsieur Dauzers, in his reply, gave me to understand that I had been represented to the French Government as a person of eminent political talent, but, like the Cardinals Retz, Alberoni, and others, of a turbulent, seditious disposition, whose suggestions, be they what they might, the Pope blindly followed. He added, as a matter of conjecture, and as it were in friendly confidence, "that the Government either had already openly proceeded, or were about to proceed, to accommodate matters with the Pope by a treaty, and that on that account it was I had been deprived of all means of communication with persons outside the fortress, for fear I might take advantage of such freedom of intercourse, and, entering into correspondence with the Holy Father through the services of some one or other individual, I might prevail upon him to maintain the system of government that had been exercised during my administration."

To this I replied very calmly, "that during my administration the same system of government was continued that the Pope had adopted four years before, under four different ministers, my predecessors, and therefore it was doing no more than my duty to put in exe-

cution, during the few last months of the period, the measure which he had a very long time before determined upon in the event of the overthrow of his government."

Here Monsieur Dauzers interrupted me by observing, "Of course you were Secretary of State, and could not do otherwise."

Continuing, however, I added, "that if I were taken for a dangerous suspected character, the government might have removed me to a distance from the Pope's residence, and placed me under magisterial surveillance, as they had done in other instances and in the cases of other Cardinals and Prelates; and if I were supposed to be a person of political talent, that surely," I said, "was no sufficient motive to lay their hands upon me more heavily, as if it were only to corroborate a melancholy maxim, which the more I saw of the world was the more firmly established in my conviction, namely, that zeal and talents almost invariably, instead of promoting the interests of their possessor, lead rather to his misfortune." Monsieur Dauzers being, as far as I could perceive, moved by the latter observation, I finished the conversation by entreating him to procure me permission from Paris to have a priest-confessor, in order that I might have the consolation of being able to celebrate

Mass as well as the other priests who were prisoners with myself in the fortress. We then left the chamber in which we were, and returned to the commandant and the major in the room adjoining, whence, after warming myself for a few minutes at the fire, I took my leave and returned to my apartment. Neither from that day forward did I ever hear of any result from the above conversation.

The ill-augurated year of 1809 terminated with an event which, but for the political changes that, happening a few years afterwards, developed a new order of things in Europe, might have engendered very serious consequences. An order was issued by the Emperor to all the Cardinals who were, from their state of bodily health and strength, capable of undertaking a journey to France, to appear at the end of the year at Paris: with reference to which act of migration to the metropolis of the greater number of the Cardinals all together, and with a view to elucidate the object of the government in summoning them thither, I prefer to quote the following extract from a work on the subject published in Paris by a writer who was an eye-witness of the transaction in question:[1]—

[1] 'Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire Ecclésiastique du Siècle 18me.,' chez Adriane le Cler, 1815.

"The Cardinals," he says, "were not exempted from the persecution that had been commenced against their chief. The greater number, as we have already seen, were transported from Rome by armed force; and those who were there at the time of the abduction of Pius VII. from his throne were removed to a distance subsequently. Inasmuch as in the former instance of the invasion of Rome in the year 1798, an oversight had been committed by allowing the Cardinals to be at that time at large in different parts of the country, and thence have an opportunity on the occasion of the death of Pius VI. of assembling altogether at Venice, and there electing his successor: the new persecutor of the Church fancied now to be more astute and politic, and thus, by assembling all the Cardinals under his own eye at Paris, to be able to control their operations with the greatest facility, and have nothing to fear from their manœuvres in case of the Holy See becoming vacant. Therefore none were allowed to remain in Italy except those who, from their advanced age and bodily infirmities, were unable to undertake so long a journey.

"For example, the Cardinal Antonelli, Dean of the Sacred College, having been removed by force from Rome the year before, was sent to Spoleto, whence he was subsequently transferred to Sinigaglia, and died there

in exile. The Cardinal Casoni, in consideration of bodily ailments, was permitted to remain in Rome; and to Cardinal Carafa, though infirm and an octogenarian, leave was granted, as a special mark of indulgence, to reside in Tolentino, whence subsequently he was removed to Mont' Alboddo. The Cardinal Braschi, being grievously tormented with the gout, was suffered to reside in Cesena; and the Cardinal Della Porta, having fallen sick on the journey, was laid up at Florence, and very soon afterwards died there. The Cardinal Crivelli was sent to Milan, and the Cardinal Carandini to Modena. The two Neapolitan Cardinals Caracciolo and Firrao were both exempted from deportation; as regards the first, in consequence of illness, and as regards the other, on account of his accepting the office of almoner of the new King of Naples. The Cardinal Locatelli, Bishop of Spoleto, procured the indulgence of quiet and retirement by performing certain acts of condescension that may be excused by the continual state of weakness of his physical frame and his habitual infirmities.

"With the above exceptions, all the other Italian Cardinals were conducted to Paris, where the disturber of the Church, obliging them to appear at Court, appeared to take particular pleasure in making them a

public spectacle for his own amusement, twitting them before his courtiers, and taking every possible opportunity of mortifying them, by censuring their own or the Pope's private conduct, and speaking jestingly of the Bull of Excommunication that the Pope had fulminated against himself. * * * * The project of the new marriage furnished Napoleon with an additional pretext to persecute the Cardinals. Up to the period when, declaring his marriage with his first wife null and void, he contracted a second union with a Princess of the House of Austria, it had always been the custom, on grounds the most weighty and judicious, to restrict the regulation of the alliances of sovereign princes to the Pope's jurisdiction. The contingency was thereby provided for that might arise in the case of kings abusing their regal authority over their subjects, and extorting a decision or sentence favourable to their wishes; which evil consequence was avoided by reference to a superior independent power. At all events our Church history furnishes many examples of such a regulation, and it was observed in the royal marriages invariably. Several of the Cardinals, therefore, in the instance of Bonaparte's marriage with the Archduchess of Austria, and with reference to the conduct of the Paris authorities in daring to decide, by their own exclusive judgment,

an affair of such importance, considered the act to be an infringement of the rights of the Holy See, and consequently abstained from attending the ceremony of the nuptials. Thirteen omitted to make their appearance on that occasion, namely, the Cardinals Mattei, Pignatelli, Della Somaglia, Litta, Brancadoro, Gabrielli, Scotti, Di Pietro, Luigi Ruffo, Saluzzo, Galleffi, Opizzoni, and Consalvi. Cardinal Despuigh also was prevented from attending owing to temporary illness, and Cardinal Dugnani absented himself on the pretext of indisposition,—a device that Cardinal Erskine also had recourse to for the purpose of excusing himself from being present at the *ecclesiastical* marriage, though, on the other hand, he made his appearance at the so-called *civil* marriage. All the other Cardinals were present at both the *funzioni*, though the Emperor was less gratified by their presence than he was irritated at the absence of the remainder: which act of contumacy, conjecturing as he did at once the cause of their non-attendance, galled him to the quick. The thirteen Cardinals above mentioned were very soon made to suffer the penalty of their transgression, and every one in consequence received an order, prohibiting him to display the insignia of the rank of a Cardinal, or to appear in public dressed otherwise than in plain black clothes:

from which regulation arose the titles distinctive of the two classes, recusant and non-recusant, viz., cardinali *neri* and cardinali *rossi*.[1] Moreover, the cardinali neri were forthwith mulcted of the pension that the government had accorded to them in lieu of the ecclesiastical emoluments of which they had been deprived."

The pension above referred to, assigned to the Cardinals summoned to Paris by the Emperor, in compensation for their income and emoluments, amounted to an annual payment of thirty thousand francs. Not a few, and for the most part those who had less need than many others, accepted and received it regularly until the fall of Napoleon. Some, considering it to be given in recompense for the Church property they had been deprived of in Italy, accepted it like the persons abovementioned, but, after the lapse of a few months, becoming better acquainted with the Holy Father's opinion on the subject, refused to receive it any longer. Some, from the very beginning when the offer was first made to them, generously declined. I must say, however, on the whole, that the general bearing of several of my colleagues, during the first months of their residence in Paris, was not precisely conformable to the peculiarly me-

[1] Black Cardinals and red Cardinals.

lancholy state of the times or their own dignity. Notwithstanding the Holy Father was in a state of imprisonment, and the Church under persecution, under which circumstances the members of the Apostolic Senate ought certainly to have manifested grief in all their actions, some, on the contrary, made their appearance in the clamorous evening assemblies of the French capital; others were in the habit of frequenting the house of the so-called Ministre des Cultes, and did not even hesitate to attend the soirées of the Arch-Chancelier Cambacérès, who, to say nothing of his philosophic principles in matters of religion, had, even at Paris, the reputation of immoral conduct. Besides all this, every one of them attended very frequently, without scruple, on Sundays, the Imperial Chapel in the Tuileries, and there they heard Mass in the presence of Napoleon.

The melancholy intelligence of all the above circumstances, which penetrated the recesses of my prison, filled my mind with bitterness, and rendered my sad lot yet more difficult to bear; nor do I feel myself justified, in consideration of the truth and impartiality that belong to an historical narrative, to pass over in silence such inconsiderate behaviour on the part of my colleagues. But I have mentioned it with the less hesitation, inasmuch as very many of them have since had an

opportunity by their subsequent zeal, firmness, and courage, to obliterate superabundantly the unedifying example to the faithful, not to call it scandal to the Church, that they exhibited at the period in question.

The thirteen Cardinals above-mentioned, finding they had incurred the indignation of the Emperor, immediately made an attempt to justify their conduct by forwarding to him the following remonstrance or declaration :—

" We, the Cardinals, whose names are hereunto subscribed, afflicted by the displeasure of your Imperial and Royal Majesty, expressed in the strongest terms by your Majesty's minister, inasmuch as the crime of rebellion is imputed to us on the ground of our not attending the religious portion of the ceremonial of your Imperial nuptials, beg leave to lay at the foot of your throne this our most humble remonstrance, wherein, in terms of truth and candour, we declare that the above-mentioned inculpation is foreign to our sentiments, and that we hold it in the utmost horror.

" We assert, emphatically, that there has been neither intrigue, coalition, nor plot of any description whatever amongst us; that our opinions on the subject in question have been the simple result of casual confidential communication; and that we have never had in view

the object of producing those very grave consequences that the minister has attributed to us. Our motive for not attending the above-named ceremonial was no other than that the Pope had borne no part in the dissolution of the original Imperial marriage.

" We declare, moreover, that we have never had in contemplation to pronounce ourselves a judgment, or to raise doubts, either as to the validity of the divorce of the first Imperial marriage, or of the legality of the solemnization of the second; nor have we been in any way desirous to create uncertainty relating to the succession to the throne of children that may be born in consequence.

" Finally, we supplicate your Imperial Majesty to accept this our humble and sincere declaration, united to sentiments of that profound respect, and devoted obedience, and submission, which we have the honour to profess.

" *Paris, 6th April,* 1810."

The above respectful and humble address did not produce, as may easily be imagined, any good effect, but, on the contrary, all the thirteen Cardinals were soon afterwards dismissed from Paris, and banished to different cities of the neighbouring provinces. The Cardinals Mattei, for instance, Dean of the Sacred College, and

Pignatelli were sent to Rhetel in Champagne; Della Somaglia and Scotti, to Mazières; Saluzzo and Galleffi, to Sedan, and thence afterwards to Charleville; Brancadoro and Consalvi, to Rheims; Luigi Ruffo and Litta, to St. Quentin in Picardy; and Di Pietro, Gabrielli, and Opizzoni, to Saumur in Bourgogne. The conduct of the thirteen Cardinals has no need of justification, but, on the contrary, it is very surprising that even a greater number should have attended the holy ceremony of the marriage, knowing as they did all that had previously happened in the year 1804, when Pius VII. went to France to anoint and place the imperial crown on the head of Napoleon Bonaparte. His Holiness, on that occasion, had no sooner arrived at Fontainebleau, than the Cardinal Legate Caprara came to the Holy Father, on the part of the Emperor, and desired that he would also anoint and crown as Empress his wife Josephine, on the day of the solemn ceremonial. The Pope having previously received a hint from some Cardinal in Rome, to inquire whether the marriage of Napoleon with Josephine, the widow Beauharnais, was really a valid one, in order that he might be prepared to regulate his conduct accordingly towards that lady, immediately put the question directly to the Cardinal Legate, and on receiving his assurance, as well as the assurance

of other personages of the Court, that Josephine was really the wife of the Emperor, he was induced to comply with the Emperor's wishes. On his return to Rome from France in 1805, he delivered a solemn Allocution on the 26th of June in the Sacred College, which was afterwards sealed, published, and communicated to the whole Catholic world, in which he declared, that on the 2nd day of December, 1804, the "sacred and solemn rites of consecration and coronation of the Emperor, and of our most beloved daughter in Christ, Josephine, his most excellent wife, were celebrated with the utmost pomp."[1] With what degree of consistency, therefore, could the Cardinals in question, after such a solemn declaration, in the former instance, of a Pontiff so religious as Pius VII., take part in the important religious ceremony of a second marriage, without the authority of a new affirmatory declaration from the same quarter? Surely their consciences could never be satisfied with the proceedings of a meeting of the tribunal called "Officialité de Paris," comprised of a few priests subservient to the will of the Emperor, who assembled for

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[1] Imperatricis, et carissimæ in Christo filiæ nostræ Josephinæ optimæ ejus conjugis . . . sacro solemnique ritu consecratio et coronatio peracta est.

the express purpose with mysterious secrecy; nor could they have put the decision of such a body in competition with the words above-mentioned, that they themselves had listened to, proceeding actually from the mouth of the Supreme Head of the Church!

Meanwhile the greater number of the Cardinals who suffered exile were supported by the voluntary oblations of generous hearts that compassionated their condition and made collections for their relief. The Pope himself was under the necessity of having recourse to the charity and gratuitous offerings of the faithful, which even tyranny was unable to prevent reaching him; nay, on the contrary, tyranny itself was shamed by its own weakness, on observing the increasing sentiment of devotion and respect exhibited by religious, sympathetic minds, and the offering up prayers by the whole Church for the captive Pontiff, as was done for S. Peter in the early days of Christianity. At the same time Rome was groaning under the yoke of the usurper, and instead of her mild paternal Government reigned violence and confusion; the prelates and heads of religious orders, and the official functionaries, were driven from their posts, if not conducted to France; the tribunals were dissolved; the congregations suppressed; the ecclesiastical archives transported at a heavy expense to

Paris; the insignia of the Pontifical dignity annihilated; and, finally, the ring of the Fisherman was taken and preserved as a trophy.

The French nation, notwithstanding, rendered charitable and generous assistance to the Cardinals and the rest of the Italian ecclesiastics who were residing at Paris; the female sex were particularly distinguished among the donors, and emulated the Olympias and the Proculas, ladies of Constantinople, who were remarkable, during the banishment of the celebrated doctor of the Church, S. John Chrysostom, for their acts and their sufferings in his cause; or the Roman Paolas and Marcellas, so highly celebrated and commended in the Epistles of S. Jerome. These French ladies, at their own expense, aided by the contributions of the faithful, established a fund which they entitled "Of the Confessors of the Faith," whence every month they administered to the wants of the Cardinals who were most in need. Neither did their generosity forget to bestow a thought on one especially, the writer of these Memoirs, then far removed from the rest, and a prisoner in Fenestrelle. Through the medium of a French gentleman, they had the kindness to make an offer of relief, accompanied by the gracious communication of their opinion, that no one had a stronger claim on their fund than myself.

I returned sincere thanks for their charitable consideration, but not being in want on that occasion, I declined to avail myself of their bounty, though subsequently, during my residence in France, I took advantage of their beneficence. I shall have frequent occasion, in the future course of my narrative, to commemorate the polite treatment and tender cares of these and other French ladies, towards whom I shall ever entertain earnest gratitude and the most charming recollections. Of these pious, generous women, after my return from France, I suggested to the Holy Father to make honourable mention, which His Holiness did accordingly, on the occasion of the first Allocution delivered in the Consistory, in the following words:—"No less ought we to celebrate and raise our eulogy on France, * * * from which nation, especially from various of its illustrious ladies, we have received so many attestations, so various proofs of veneration, of infinite benevolence, and of extensive generosity, that frequently in almost total forgetfulness of our own captivity, we have rendered our thanks to Almighty God for having been pleased to render us spectators of their incomparable virtues."

CHAPTER X.

Continued Imprisonment of the Cardinal in the Fortress of Fenestrelle during the years 1810, 1811, and 1812 — His Final Release on the 5th of February, 1813.

It was during the winter of 1810 that I composed the portion of the account of my administration that has since been printed, and relates to that part of my narrative preceding my two journeys to France. I also employed myself during the same period in making a sketch of the principal affairs I had been engaged in in the same year, and in preparing also a digest of the various incomplete official transactions still under progress, the latter especially for the guidance of my successor in the office of Secretary of State, whenever the Pope should once again recover the sovereignty of Rome. Meanwhile, from the moment I had the conversation with Monsieur Dauzers, related in the last chapter, I never ceased to make frequent and urgent applications to the commandant, entreating him to obtain me permission from the Government to be allowed a priest-confessor. The months of October, November, and even

of a part of December had now passed away, but nevertheless no favourable answer on the subject had yet arrived from Turin. I therefore determined to adopt another mode of procedure, and to procure for myself the consolation of receiving the Sacrament in spite of the Government. Accordingly I gave instructions to my chamberlain to communicate my wish to be confessed to Don Sebastiano Leonardi, priest of Modigliano, who was one of my fellow-prisoners, and to request of him to endeavour to come at night secretly to my chamber, on the vigil of the Most Holy Nativity. Don Sebastiano readily complied with the suggestion, and, concealing himself in the corridor, took an opportunity, when the sentry had turned a little aside, to make his way by crawling on all-fours to my chamber door, which was opened by a preconcerted signal. Had not my mind been then fully intent on the sacred fearful ceremony we were about to perform, I should have had difficulty to restrain from laughter at the extraordinarily comic theatrical appearance of the priest as he entered crawling barefooted into my room, in the manner above related. I performed the act of confession, and after thanking him for the charitable service he had rendered me, and bidding him beware of being seen on his return through the corridor, added jocosely, "that it would

grieve me if, on my account, he were to be invested anew with the order of the Iron Crown," alluding to the chain by which he had been girded by the gendarmes on his way to the fortress.[1]

Before he took his departure, however, we concerted a scheme by which I might in future be enabled to administer to myself the Eucharist without the knowledge of any of the authorities in the fortress. The priests, my fellow-prisoners, were in the habit, at the celebration of their Mass, of making use of a very ordinary chalice, and other worn-out, ragged implements, which they borrowed in the little village of Fenestrelle; and on the occasion of the principal festivals they used to procure from my chamberlain my own chalice, my cope, and my other sacred vestments, all of which, after the service of the day was over, they returned in the evening in a basket. I therefore proposed to Don Sebastiano that at the ensuing festival of the Epiphany he would have the kindness to consecrate for myself one Host, in addition to those that might be required for the rest of the prisoners, and that, having deposited it in my chalice, he would bring it himself in the evening with the rest of the things in the basket.

[1] See page 296.

In the evening of the festival of the Epiphany Don Sebastiano punctually made his appearance, and returned the basket, as usual, at the door, to my chamberlain, from whose hands I took it, and, drawing forth the consecrated particle from the chalice, placed it on the sill of one of the windows, which I had purposely converted as nearly as possible to the form of an altar, upon which two candles stood continually burning the whole ensuing night. My confusion may be readily imagined at being under the necessity of performing that evening in that very chamber those actions that the functions of life demand. My good chamberlain, while preparing the table and waiting upon me at supper, as he passed the temporary altar above-mentioned, made invariably the usual genuflexions with the same gravity and devotional reverence as if he had been in a church; which spectacle, were it not for the sacred object to which it related, would have seemed ridiculous. Early the next morning I administered to myself the Sacrament, and from that act of religion, which a few days before I had not hoped to be able to perform, I felt new strength and comfort.

Early in May in the same year (1810), with reference to my request to the commandant of the fortress for permission to have a priest-confessor, I told him I

was desirous to write a letter on the subject to the Director-General of Police at Turin. The commandant replied, that he must first write himself to the Director-General in order to know whether leave to write such a letter could be granted to me; and accordingly, a few days afterwards, having made a communication to that functionary, he told me I might write the letter in question. Not being at that time provided either with paper or inkstand, I then requested the commandant to furnish me with materials for writing, which he having done, I addressed Monsieur Dauzers as follows:—

"MOST ESTEEMED SIR, "11*th May*, 1810.

"WHEN you were at Fenestrelle last September, you had the kindness to say I might address a letter to you provided I had occasion. I then besought you to permit me, or to obtain for me from the proper authorities, permission to communicate with a priest from time to time for the purpose of confession and other religious duties. You politely replied that you had already written to Paris on the subject, and that you expected in the course of a few days to be able to give me an answer, which answer nevertheless has unfortunately never arrived, although I have applied repeatedly on the subject to the honourable commandant,

especially on the occasion of the solemn festival of the Most Holy Nativity. I had always flattered myself with the hope of receiving the answer at farthest before Easter, at which season the laws of the Catholic Church oblige the faithful to confess and communicate; but having seen this period pass away also, I feel compelled in conscience to repeat my prayer to you, in the hope that now, at last, it may be listened to.

"In the mean time I am, with true consideration, your faithful servant,

"B. CARDINAL PACCA."

On the 2nd of June an answer to the above letter arrived, enclosed in a letter to the commandant, and accordingly, I received permission to have the services of one of the priests detained in the fort for confession. I therefore confessed immediately, and celebrated the Mass myself the day afterwards.

On the 13th of March previous a decree had been made by the Emperor Napoleon in council relating to the treatment of the state-prisoners. It is well known how much has been written, both before and since the breaking out of the French Revolution, with a view to excite the national odium against monarchical government and the Bourbon dynasty, concerning the state-

prison called the Bastile, and the celebrated sealed papers or warrants termed "Lettres de Cachet." Nevertheless, during the existence of the Bastile recourse was but rarely had to these "Lettres de Cachet," and the number of state-prisoners was comparatively few to those in the time of Napoleon. In fact, Napoleon permitted the Minister of Police to arrest and incarcerate a multitude of persons of every condition and every grade; and this (which formed the principal accusation against the Lettres de Cachet) without any legal proof whatever. Moreover, in the decree above alluded to, he appointed, in lieu of one Bastile, no less than eight Bastiles, that is to say, eight fortresses or state-prisons, namely: Vincennes, Ham, Château d'If, Pierre Châtel, Saumur, Landscronn, Fenestrelle, and Compiègne; all of which were speedily choked with state prisoners. Neither among the captives was the dignity of the Cardinal, the rank of the Grandee of Spain, nor the venerable character of the Bishop respected. Notwithstanding, not a voice was raised to declaim against such a palpable announcement of a future arbitrary government; but, on the contrary, the so-called liberal philosophers looked on in silence, and even at their public meetings uttered laudatory harangues on the subject of the Emperor's clemency.

So quickly did the French nation verify the fable of the frogs demanding a king of Jupiter, by which a useful lesson to mankind was foreshadowed by the sagacious Esop!

By the above-mentioned decree of the Emperor it was provided that one or more members of his council should at least once every year make a visiting tour of all the state-prisons of the empire, for the purpose of ascertaining and reporting upon any representations or grievances that the prisoners might think proper to make; which regulation, commendable in itself, and worthy the imitation of every government not deaf to the voice of justice and humanity, was not a little profitable to the councillors, whose emoluments for every journey amounted to several thousand francs, though it afforded, according to what I saw and experienced at Fenestrelle, very little relief to the prisoners. The councillors in question, whose arrival at the fortress was always unexpected, performed all they had to do in the space of four or five hours, by calling up the prisoners one by one, and interrogating them in the presence of the commandant, as to what were their names, for what reason they were confined in the fortress, &c.; their answers were then entered in a book, whether for good or for evil, by the councillor,

which done, the business of the day was finished, and nobody heard any more on the subject.

In the month of October, 1810, the prison of Fenestrelle was visited conformably to these regulations by the councillor of state Monsieur Faure, and by Monsieur Dauzers, the Director-General of Police at Turin, of whose visit to me on the 16th September, 1809, I have before related the circumstances, and who came in lieu of the other councillor.

In the course of the year 1810 some other laws and decrees, which, for the better understanding of what will follow, it is necessary here to refer to, were promulgated by the French Government. In the first place, by order of the Emperor, on the 17th of February a decree, or senatus-consultum, emanated from the Senate relating to the annexation of Rome and the Pontifical States to the Imperial Government, as well as to the spiritual and temporal government of the Church. Among other provisions it was enacted that "every Pope on being elevated to the Holy See should be obliged to take an oath never to do anything to invalidate the four propositions" of the Gallican Church decreed in the year 1662 at the Assembly of the Clergy, and that the above four propositions should be declared valid in all the Catholic churches in the empire.

It surely was a strange idea of the civil power to pretend to dictate and prescribe to the Supreme Head of the Church rules of conduct to be adhered to for its government; but it was more strange still, and yet more scandalous, that in the year 1810 there could be found French bishops who took upon themselves the charge of persuading the Pope to consent to take such an oath, and thereby show the first example of an act so injurious to his predecessors. It was further provided in the decree above mentioned, that the public teaching of the four celebrated propositions should be made obligatory by the laws of the empire, though it was never considered that the article in question involved a contradiction when collated with the laws of the constitution that prescribed tolerance of other religions, whose observance the Emperor, according to a solemn oath taken at his coronation, was bound to respect. It was under the protection of those very laws, and by virtue of that very oath of the Emperor, whereby he swore to respect and cause to be respected all manner of forms of worship, that the Calvinist preacher in the pulpit and the Calvinist professor in the schools were permitted to teach their congregations and their scholars that the Roman Church is the Whore of Babylon; that the Pope is the anti-

Christ, and that the most holy sacrifice of the Mass is an idolatry; while by the subsequent imperial decree in question the Catholic priests and professors were, on the other hand, forbidden to teach in their schools any longer that the Pope is superior to a council. Which doctrine has been maintained by the Universal Church for many centuries, and never began to be doubted at all till the question was for the first time raised during the long schism of the West.

Another instance occurred also, where the Emperor, by a decree published on the 18th of June of the same year, exercised in ecclesiastical matters a degree of arbitrary authority hardly permitted to the Roman Pontiffs themselves, and even then put in practice only in the most urgent cases for the great interests of the Church. By the latter decree he did no more nor no less than, in the first instance, suppress seventeen Episcopal churches with their chapters in the two departments of Rome and Trasimeno, under pretence, as it was stated, of being superfluous and a heavy charge upon the people. Afterwards he restored fourteen, which were subsequently reduced to thirteen by the suppression of the see of Bagnorea, and among the thirteen he divided the territory belonging to the four which were suppressed finally. These thirteen dioceses

are indebted to the Emperor for the gracious distinction, that their bishops, bowing the knee to Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, chose to take the oath required of them by his Government, notwithstanding it was declared unlawful by the Pope, not to say prohibited. On the other hand, the worthy prelates of the suppressed churches, notwithstanding the greater number were old, infirm, and sickly, yet being in like manner called upon to take the oath prescribed by the Emperor, they preferred to undergo the loss of their emoluments and suffer banishment in France or elsewhere, rather than thus be compelled to bring dishonour on their venerable gray hairs.

It may naturally be imagined, though such is not the case certainly, that with regard to my three years and a half severe imprisonment in the fortress of Fenestrelle, I ought to reckon the period the most unfortunate in my life. Many and grievous, indeed, were the sufferings of mind and body I endured there, were it only on account of the deprivation of liberty, of which the charms can only be estimated properly by those who lose it; but I was, moreover, almost totally separated from human society, from persons whom the ties of consanguinity and the inclination of private friendship rendered most dear to me, while the picture of an

uncertain future continually presented itself in the most melancholy, fearful form to my imagination. To these evils are also to be added the horrible appearance of my dungeon, the severity of a climate where the land was almost for ever frost-bound; and, finally, the almost total want of the necessaries of life, namely, of proper food, or food congenial to a naturally weak stomach and a delicate constitution. Such miseries, however, as the foregoing, though displeasing and painful to the body, were hardly to be considered as evils for the time being; and now that I recall to my recollection the circumstances in contrast with other benefits, I feel that they were more than abundantly compensated by the tranquillity by which they were accompanied—a delightfully placid tenor of spirit, that even by a person mixing with the world is obtained but rarely, and by one surrounded by the important affairs of life and its dignities is absolutely never enjoyed. I had still further the consoling reflection that I suffered in a good cause, and the satisfaction so truly uncommon in our earthly course, of being thoroughly contented with myself. Meanwhile the Almighty, in his infinite mercy, was pleased to grant me an unusually good state of health and excellent spirits during the whole period, such indeed as confirmed to me by experience the truth of the passage in the Holy Scriptures,—

"*There is no riches above a sound body, and no joy above the joy of the heart—*"[1]

which beneficent ordination of Providence is enhanced by my present sincere conviction that it was owing to the special favour of Heaven, inasmuch as the above-mentioned pleasing state of mind actually appeared to diminish in the precise proportion that during the course of the period of my captivity the rigour of my prison regulations was gradually mitigated. Certainly a state of idleness, and its melancholy companion ennui, would have been grievous to me, had I been doomed to undergo a total want of occupation, and no doubt I should have exclaimed, as Horace did of envy,—

> "Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni
> Majus tormentum."[2]

But the propensity to study and the love of reading has been a blessing to me from my very boyhood, and in conformity with my natural habits, I frequently amused myself by copying books which friendly persons lent me, and I generally employed my time in pursuits such as, in the words of the Roman orator, "nourish

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[1] Ecclesiasticus xxx. 16.

[2] "No greater torment did the Sicilian tyrants ever yet invent."—Epist., lib. i. Ep. ii. lines 58 and 59.

us in our youth, delight us in old age, adorn our prosperity, are a refuge and solace in adversity, are the charm of our home and no hindrance abroad, pass the night with us, accompany us to foreign countries, attend us to our country seats." [1]

By making a regular assortment of occupations, and by varying the periods in turns between my religious duties and my books, of these some serious and others of light, agreeable reading, I distributed the hours of the day in such a manner that the mornings, and evenings, and the longest nights of an almost continual winter passed away without the least annoyance. Thus the habits of my life during the whole three years and a half were as follows :—

So soon as I got out of bed in the morning I used to read a chapter or two of the Holy Scriptures, sometimes out of the Old Testament and sometimes out of the New, chiefly selected from the book of the Prophets and the Epistles of St. Paul—those chapters, in fact, that require the closest study and the most serious meditation. After I had done reading I went into the

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1 "Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."—Cicero, 'Orat. pro Archiâ Poetâ.'

chapel to hear the mass, the same as I did for the first ten months while I was prohibited from confessing, and consequently from celebrating the Holy Sacrifice. Returning from the chapel to my chamber, I took a cup of chocolate, and read the life of the saint whose festival belonged to the day, and afterwards heard another mass. This terminated the canonical hours of the day. Then setting aside for a short time my religious duties, I turned over the pages of some Latin classic or Italian author until the day was sufficiently advanced to breathe the open air, when I betook myself to a very narrow place that was allotted to me in the court-yard of the prison, apart from the other prisoners, where, either quite alone or attended by my chamberlain, I walked backwards and forwards till mid-day. Next I returned to my chamber and occupied myself a couple of hours in the serious study of theology and canon law, and in reading the controversies of Bellarmine, the treatises of Gersone—which latter particularly served to throw a light upon the calamitous period of the times, which they appeared to meet precisely—some voluminous works relating to the conferences of Angers, the works of Bossuet, and of other French authors. At two o'clock, French time, I dined, and, according to the Roman custom, took a

short nap afterwards. I then returned to my religious duties, which terminated by the recital of the vespers, the evening prayers, the matins, and hymns of the following day; which being done, I again resumed my reading with books of ecclesiastical and profane history. Afterwards, during the summer season, I took another turn of walking exercise in the court-yard of the fortress; and in winter I continued to walk till sunset. After sunset I read the gazettes and daily journals, and then went to the apartments of the commandant, where I generally passed an hour or thereabouts in company with himself and his wife, whereby my eyes were much relieved after long continued reading. When I returned to my chamber I generally read the works of Cicero, which were of great comfort to me during my long imprisonment, and concluded my daily studies by reading the lectures on the Holy Scriptures of Padre Granelli or some other Jesuit, and then, after the performance of some other religious duties, I took a light supper, and went to bed.

On Sundays and on other saints' days, as my chamber was arranged in the form of a chapel, where the *Santissimo*, according to my privileges as cardinal, was always preserved, I gave the benediction to all the prisoners, and also to the commandant, his wife, and

a few other officers of the fortress, who were in the habit of attending on those occasions. On the festival of S. Carlo Borromeo, to whom the fort is dedicated, and especially on the festival of the liberation of S. Peter, by whose powerful patronage we prisoners entertained the hope, as it actually happened in the sequel, to be one day or other set at liberty, we used to celebrate the ceremony with greater pomp and solemnity.

The melancholy intelligence which from time to time reached the prison, of the inveterate persecution of the Roman clergy and the clergy of other cities in Italy, afflicted several of the priests, my companions in misfortune, with an extraordinary depression of spirits. In myself, however, it produced an effect directly contrary; for having been accustomed from my youth to reading the history of the early ages of Christianity, there appeared nothing alarming in the events that I saw successively arriving; but, on the contrary, I enjoyed the grateful anticipation of the future glory and triumph of the Church. Transporting myself in imagination, while I observed the pensive, care-worn appearance of my companions, to a Dutch Batavian merchantman rounding the Cape of Good Hope, so celebrated for shipwrecks, I fancied them the young mariners for the first time in their lives listening to the

horrible whistling of the whirlwind, and beholding the fearful sight of waterspouts menacing their bark from a distance, and thought I saw them pale and trembling as the waves lashed the sides of the vessel, and straining continually their anxious eyes towards Europe, as if the last day of their lives had arrived; while myself, a more aged, experienced seaman, who had ten or twelve times before found himself in a similar condition, and had always weathered the stormy sea prosperously, lay composedly reclining on the deck. In fact, I felt persuaded that out of the severe misfortunes then bearing heavily upon us, there would arise to the Church and the Holy See great advantages; for I held for certain, and such was the principal ground of my consolation, that in the midst of all this tribulation there would rekindle in the hearts of the faithful their ancient affection for the Supreme Head of the Catholic religion; that the atrocious calumnies circulated by the philosophers touching the maxims and private conduct of the cardinals and the most respectable prelates of the Roman court would be obliterated; and that there would burst forth a ray of light even for the heretics, to enable them to discern the true Church of Jesus Christ among the very many Christian sects into which they are divided.

Admirable as is the disposition of Divine Providence that gave the Roman Church dominion over a vast territory, to the end that, as I have observed in the first chapter, the Roman pontiffs, subject to no earthly Prince, might freely and impartially govern the *navicella* of S. Peter, the temporal sovereignty, nevertheless, though advantageous towards the preservation of the independence of the Holy See, operates under certain particular circumstances to its detriment; and especially while the Roman Church was thus suffering persecution, the very idea of a Pope sitting on a throne in the midst of courtly splendour, surrounded by two and a half millions of subjects, and sovereign of the most delightful and fertile provinces of beautiful Italy, was alone sufficient to weaken, nay, almost extinguish in the minds of a people the peculiarly affectionate sentiment of compassion that is generated at the sight of misfortune; while, on the other hand, the spectacle in the person of Pius VII., a victim of persecution—of a Pontiff deprived of every mark of human greatness, was evidently beginning to incline all hearts to pity the ill-used successor of the Apostle, and accelerate the spirit of veneration towards his time-honoured cathedra. Such sentiments were still further encouraged by the conduct of many cardinals,

who, though represented by the pretended philosophers as a body of men instigated by no other motive than their worldly interests to enter the sanctuary, and capable of sacrificing every earthly consideration to gratify their ambition, were nevertheless seen to forego with edifying resignation their dignities, their emoluments, nay, even their personal liberty and their country, rather than forfeit the oath that bound them to sustain the rights of the Apostolic See. Even the heretics, those at least who faithfully read the Holy Scriptures; who observe the announcements so often made by the Divine Redeemer to the Apostles; who consider the persecutions they suffered, and who reflect that the ministers and pastors of all their own sects are those exclusively whom the dominant power of philosophy has suffered to rest undisturbed, while the ministers and pastors of the Roman Church alone bear the brunt of persecution, must necessarily deduce from those circumstances the conclusion that in the preachers persecuted as in days of yore, and not in their own preachers, are to be recognised the successors of the Apostles, and that accordingly the true faith belongs to the persecuted Roman Church.

At the beginning of the year 1811, as the Empress Maria Louisa was then in the sixth month of her preg-

nancy, many of the prisoners flattered themselves that the sentiment of exultation likely to be engendered in the mind of the Emperor Napoleon in case there should eventually be born a male heir to the crown, would induce him to imitate the example of other sovereign princes, who are apt on such occasions to scatter acts of clemency broadcast among the people, and especially flinging wide open the doors of the fortresses, set their state-prisoners at liberty. Such a boon, however, did not suit the policy of Napoleon Bonaparte, when, on the 21st March, at two o'clock French reckoning, or two hours after midnight, there arrived from Turin a gendarme bearing the news of the safe delivery of the Empress, and at the same time an official letter to the commandant, couched in the following emphatic words:—

"Con cento ed un colpo di cannone annunzierete all' Italia la nascita del Re di Roma." [1]

The commandant complied with his orders immediately, but no act of grace arrived for the prisoners, and their long-cherished hopes, alas! vanished with the smoke of the artillery!

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[1] By a hundred and one discharges of cannon you will announce to Italy the birth of the King of Rome.

At this period the number of prisoners had been diminished since my arrival by the liberation of various Piedmontese and Neapolitans, whose term of five years had expired; but in lieu of them there had arrived from time to time others of more elevated condition, many of whom, on account of actions that reflected honour upon their character, had become victims of the tyranny of the Government. The first who arrived a short time after myself at Fenestrelle was the Comte Cassini, a cavalier of a distinguished family in Piedmont, who in his early youth having made a journey into Russia, entered the military service of that monarchy. Handsome in person, amiable in disposition, and of gentlemanly manners, those qualifications which in the region of a court are frequently preferred to knowledge and talent, recommended him to the notice of the celebrated Prince Potemkin, minister and favourite of the Empress Catherine II. He was promoted in the army, and then appointed by the ministers to the diplomatic service, and subsequently he was dispatched by the Emperor Alexander with an embassy to Rome, where he resided. He was arrested—on what grounds I am unable to state—while passing through the Venetian States, notwithstanding that the French Government were at the time at peace with Russia.

He arrived at the fortress in bad health, and after suffering two years almost continued sickness, died there with edifying Christian resignation. He was assisted in his last moments by the worthy priests his fellow-prisoners, and was buried in the parish-church of the village.

The next who arrived was the Comte Evasio, of the noble family of Dani d'Asti, canon and capitular vicar of that see, which was then vacant. He was accompanied by three other canons, belonging jointly to that cathedral and also to the metropolitan cathedral of Florence, viz., Mancini, Bishop of Massa-Populonia, now the worthy Archbishop of Sienna, another named Barrera, and the third Gobert. There arrived also at the same time with the above, Don Giovanni Soglia, the Pope's private chaplain; the Pontifical surgeon Ceccarini; two chamberlains of his Holiness, called "adjutanti di Camera;" and his Holiness's groom Bertoni,—relative to whose arrest the cause will be referred to by and bye. Next arrived the Abbot Domenico Sala, the administrator-general of the Componenda in the office of the Apostolic Dataria, a man of the old school, deeply versed in the affairs of the Roman Church, and a most zealous defender of the rights and prerogatives of the Holy See. According

to report at the time, he was arrested and sent to the fortress of Fenestrelle on suspicion of being engaged in a secret correspondence with the Holy Father while the latter was under confinement at Savona. Next are to be mentioned the Arch-priest Nucciarelli of Civitella, in the diocese of Bagnorea; the Prior Barbetti, parish priest of Orvieto; and Craciani, a parish priest in the same diocese,—who all three in the first instance were expelled from the State and banished to Lombardy for not consenting to subscribe to the oath prescribed by the French Government. Subsequently Nucciarelli, on account of a letter, an imprudent though a true one, that he wrote at Civitella, and the two others, in consequence of some expressions against the Government that escaped their lips inadvertently, were arrested a second time, and condemned to imprisonment at Fenestrelle. Next came the Arch-priest Pino of Bastia in Corsica, who was confined in consequence of certain expressions used in a sermon preached on the solemn day of the Assumption, which festival it was proposed to consecrate to the memory of the SAINT NAPOLEON. The expressions in question being uttered in the presence of the magistracy, were at all events interpreted in a sinister sense, and supposed to convey a satirical censure on Napoleon, as to his management of the

affairs of the Church. Pino was accordingly in the first instance compelled to silence before he had finished, and, being made to descend from the pulpit, was forthwith arrested, shipped to Leghorn, and thence conveyed to Fenestrelle.

Besides the above-mentioned Italian priests, there were also confined in the fortress three French ecclesiastics, who arrived at different periods. Of these, Monsieur du Jardins, parish priest of foreign missions resident in Paris, and a man of high merit, was transferred, after remaining a few days at Fenestrelle, to the state-prison at Compiègne. And of the other two, one was a priest of the diocese of Grenoble; and the other, Monsieur Hannon, general superintendent of missions, and of the establishment of the Sisters of Charity, who was arrested for refusing to conform to some changes proposed by the Emperor to be introduced in the regulations of the latter order.

The worthy Monsieur Hannon found means one day to enter my chamber and have with me a long conversation on the religious affairs of France. Among other matters we had a good deal of talk about Cardinal Maury, of whom Monsieur Hannon related the following curious particulars, in consequence of an interrogation I made with reference to him:—

"Monsieur Hannon," said I, "there is a work, composed several years ago by the late Abbot, now Cardinal Maury, that I have heard highly spoken of, and no doubt you also are acquainted with it,—a panegyric on S. Vincenzio de Paoli; can you tell me if it is really a chef-d'œuvre of sacred eloquence, as it is said to be?"

"Your Eminence," said Monsieur Hannon, "may certainly apply that flattering distinction to the work in question, although it is actually still in manuscript, for Maury has never sent it to press with his other productions. Moreover," he added, "Signor Cardinale, I suspect that, for fear of being contradicted in a certain fact that it contains, he never will print it at all."

"What is the fact you allude to, Monsieur Hannon?" said I; "I do not understand you."

"Why," said he, "you must know that we brothers of the convent of S. Lazarus, on reading the panegyric in question, were very much surprised to find recorded a fact in the life of S. Vicenzio never before mentioned in any of the memoirs that we are possessed of relating to the Saint's history, and consequently we interrogated the Abbot Maury on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining whence he had extracted such an important

incident—an incident that at all events none of us had ever heard of. To this he replied that he had extracted it from a document relating to the Saint's canonization, one that we happened to be possessed of, and having taken the pains to search carefully without finding anything of the sort, we accordingly came to the conclusion that the story was invented by Maury himself. His character may at any rate be illustrated by the following circumstance that actually happened on that particular day when the panegyric in question was recited in our convent. On the occasion Maury happened to be the reciter; and as we are in the habit of inviting the orator and two or three of his friends to dinner, we invited him accordingly, and he availed himself of the invitation. But your Eminence," Monsieur Hannon continued, " will easily imagine the surprise of all the members of our community when Maury made his appearance amongst us with three persons as his friends, who turned out to be three *literati* of the Paris Academy, notorious all over the city for their irreligious writings and their infidelity. The so-called philosophers were in fact regarded with such a degree of displeasure, that some of our older brethren abstained altogether from entering the refectory, rather than sit at the same table."

There are yet to be added to the number of the prisoners in the fort three Spanish priests, originally belonging to the lower classes, who were in the first instance expelled from Rome as foreigners, and were afterwards arrested and condemned to imprisonment for having, if I mistake not, either at Parma or Piacenza, held forth in a café, or some other place of public resort, against the cruel and unjust war that France was then waging against their own nation. Just as was their cause of complaint, to give it public utterance in a place where they were amenable to French authority was certainly imprudent in the extreme. Finally, there was in the fortress one Chincella, of Sebenico in Dalmatia, though on what account he was imprisoned I cannot say; but of priests altogether, during the latter part of the period of my captivity, there were no less than nineteen confined, together with myself, by each of whom a mass was celebrated every day in the prison, which total number of nineteen masses exceeded the number celebrated at that time in one day in any cathedral in Italy.

On the 4th of August, 1811, an order was received by the commandant to set at liberty my nephew, Monsignor Tiberio Pacca; and on the 11th of October following, about five hours after mid-day, the Comte

Dubois and the Comte Corvetto, the two imperial councillors of state appointed to visit the prison and hear the representations of the prisoners, arrived on their annual visit at Fenestrelle. About six o'clock, having just returned to my chamber from my daily walk in the court-yard of the fortress, those gentlemen, accompanied by the commandant, visited me, "for no other purpose," as Monsieur Dubois was pleased to inform me, "than to inspect the rooms allotted to me in the prison, and to hear anything I might wish to say."

In reply to Monsieur Dubois, I observed that "I had nothing to add to what I had said before last year to the Councillor Faure, particularly as the year had entirely gone by, and I had never received an answer to my last communication."

Monsieur Dubois replied, "that if I felt inclined, I might make any new observations I pleased relating to what I had said previously."

To this I rejoined, "that I had nothing to add to what I said before."

The councillors then went away, and about an hour afterwards, or seven hours after mid-day, the commandant re-entered my chamber, and told me "that the councillors had gone down into the village to get

their dinner, and would return to the fort to interrogate the prisoners at eight o'clock;" and he added, "that they being anxious to conclude the business the same night, the examination would probably be protracted to a very late hour, as it was arranged to call the prisoners in succession alphabetically, according to the initial letter of their surnames; therefore," he said, "he would, if I pleased, suggest to the councillors to interrogate me separately, before beginning with the others."

I was certainly not a little surprised to find that, the same consideration not having occurred to either of the two councillors, a suggestion from the commandant became thus necessary to prevent them from committing the indecency of placing a cardinal on a par with the lower classes of the prisoners, including livery servants and several other persons of a similar description.

Anxious, however, to try the experiment how far these imperial commissaries might be inclined to press their republican principle of perfect equality, I said to the commandant, that "I requested he would let matters take their course, and allow them to do as they pleased."

At eight o'clock, accordingly, the councillors returned to the fort, and began their interrogations with the Savoyard, Asseretto, because his surname began

with an A; and then they proceeded to the Comte Bacili, because his name began with a B; and next they called Barrera; and so they went on to summon every one of the prisoners in alphabetical order; consequently so much time was expended before they arrived at the letter P, that I was obliged, at no little inconvenience and annoyance, to wait till one hour after midnight before I was summoned. At one o'clock, however, the commandant came and called me, and I accompanied him to his own apartment, where were the councillors. On my entering the room neither of these gentlemen rose from their chairs, nor am I sure that either of them even looked up in my face. I sat down, however; and so soon as I was seated, the man Dubois, more after the manner of a gaoler than a councillor of state, said to me—

"What is your name?" [1]

Without taking any notice of the rudeness and impropriety of putting such a question to a Cardinal Prime-Minister of the Pope, who had been upwards of two years a prisoner in their clutches, I replied, "Monsieur le Conseiller will be pleased first to let me know whether he proposes to subject me to a *judicial* inter-

[1] "Quel est votre nom?"

rogation, for he must understand that a Cardinal, in such a case, is not at liberty to answer, but is prohibited by virtue of the oath taken on his elevation to the dignity. If, on the other hand, Monsieur le Conseiller thinks proper to propose his queries in a conversational form, there will then be no difficulty in communicating to him all he desires to know."

Councillor Corvetto, replying in behalf of his colleague, then explained to me the duties of the Imperial Commission, and said, "that all he wanted to know was if I had any complaints or representations to make; for with that precise object they were appointed by the Emperor to visit the state-prisons, for the especial advantage of the prisoners themselves, and for the purpose of relieving those who might find themselves aggrieved."

While the Corvetto was speaking, the Dubois, rising from his chair, had got upon his feet, and had taken from among his papers a copy of the decree of the Emperor, on which the commission of himself and his companion Corvetto was grounded, and he gave me the paper to read.

I told him "I was sufficiently acquainted with the principles of my religion to know how to respect the orders of a sovereign prince; but yet, still more," I

said, "did I respect the laws of God that denounced perjury."

I then repeated what I said before, namely, "that provided our colloquy were confined to the form of conversation, I should have no objection to answer him."

Corvetto then took occasion to ask me my name, my age, my country, how long I had been in prison, and whether I desired to make any representation or complaint?

To these queries I gave the same answer I had given before, namely, "that I had nothing now to add to what I said last year to the Councillor Faure. On the occasion alluded to," I added, "I had said to Councillor Faure, that never having been made acquainted with the grounds of my imprisonment, it was consequently out of my power to make any representation or complaint on a subject of which I was ignorant; therefore," I said, "I would restrict myself to requesting that I might be at least removed to another prison, in a place where the climate was less severe, and where, in case of illness, which my delicate state of health rendered always probable, I might have prompt medical assistance, and be able to procure medicines, of which, in Fenestrelle, there were absolutely none to be had."

Having thus made the Councillor Corvetto acquainted

with what I had said to his predecessor, I added, "that although I now thought proper to make no further representation, my silence did not proceed from pride, or from disregard of the authority of the Government, which, on the contrary, it was my constant practice to respect, but that it was rather to be attributed to the position in which I was placed now, being precisely similar to my position the year before."

While I was addressing myself to the Councillor Corvetto, Dubois made a note of the words as I was speaking, and, giving it me to read, requested me, "if it were correct, to subscribe my name to it."

I replied, "that I could not do so on any account, for my signature," I said, "would directly imply that I had submitted to a *judicial* interrogation."

Dubois made no answer, but noted down in writing what I said, and then, reading it to me, observed with a much more complacent expression of countenance than before, "This does very well."[1]

Having now finished our business, Dubois began to relate a long story about the news which he said a person well informed on the subject had told him at Turin, relating to the conclusion at Savona of the nego-

[1] "Va benissimo."

ciations between the Pope and the Emperor. He said that the Pope had approved, by a brief issued for the purpose, of the decree of the National Council relating to the confirmation of the Bishops; that his Holiness had also written a letter to the Emperor, addressing him by the title of SON; and that the Holy Father, the Emperor, and the Fathers of the Council were all contented in the highest degree with the result of the arrangement.

From this statement I was at all events enabled to draw two conclusions: first, that the resolutions of a National Council derive their vigour from the authority and approbation of the Pope; and secondly, that the Pope, even after having approved the decree of the Council relating to the confirmation of the Bishops, is at liberty afterwards to reject the persons nominated, provided he considers them unfit—a privilege which, by the way, I was not previously aware that he possessed.

When Monsieur Dubois had concluded his intelligence, the answer I gave him was in the following words precisely: "The Pope," said I, "do whatever he will, depend upon it, will do what is right."

The year 1811 concluded with the arrival at Fenestrelle of an illustrious prisoner, the Marchese Patrizi, of whom a particular notice is necessary. The Marchese

Giovanni Naro Patrizi[1] entered the walls of the fortress on the 28th of December, a day which, by the regulations of the Church, is set apart for the commemoration of the massacre of the Innocents. The cause of complaint that inflicted upon him his present destiny was, that he had refused to consign his two sons to the care of the French Government, who had undertaken to educate the youth of the empire in their pretended colleges or lyceums, where he apprehended a fate for them even worse than of the victims of Herod—the destruction of their innocence and their religion. This young cavalier, whom I had frequently seen in Rome, though I had never spoken to him, rather than frequent clamorous assemblies, or mix with company of the fashionable season, was a regular frequenter of the churches, and, being one of the Fratelli del Saccone, frequently assisted at the ceremonies of that confraternity, to the edification of all the brotherhood. In short, his general habits were such as to cause him to be little regarded by what is called the world, and to be rather looked upon as a silly, narrow-minded person, better fitted to be a member of the cloister than of select society. An opportunity was, however, afforded him,

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[1] See page 274.

in consequence of the change of the Pontifical Government and the occupation of Rome by the French troops, to expose the fallacy of the opinions by which he had been estimated; for while other great gentlemen, members of our first-class nobility, actuated by a grovelling spirit of cowardice, or by the equally disreputable motive of self-interest, were crawling at the feet of General Miollis and the other French ministers, begging offices and employments under the usurping government, Patrizi never for a moment forgot the dignity of a truly noble Roman, and gave a luminous example of his sentiments in the instance above referred to. Then, as I said before, various fathers of families having received an intimation on the part of the Emperor to consign their sons to be educated by the Government in their colleges, Patrizi comprehended in an instant the perfidious object of the pretended paternal solicitude; and, horror-struck at the idea of consigning his children to the new idol Moloch, chose rather to expose himself to the unmitigated fury of Napoleon. He was consequently arrested, and in the first instance sent a prisoner to the fortress at Civita Vecchia, whence he was transferred to the fortress at Fenestrelle. At the time of his arrival, the extraordinary degree of rigour with which I was treated during the first year of my

imprisonment had considerably abated, insomuch that some of the prisoners were allowed to come to my chamber and bear me company. Thus I had an opportunity of conversing and becoming acquainted with the Marchese Patrizi, of whom I can now say of my own experience, that his naturally excellent talents were well cultivated; that he was provided with a sufficient stock of learning; and that, endowed as he was with the soundest principles of piety and religion, he became a source of edification to the prisoners while he remained, and when after a short time he was transferred to another state-prison, the Château d'If, he left the sweet odour of Christ in the fortress of Fenestrelle.

At the beginning of the year 1812, the sway of Napoleon had reached its point of culmination. At that period, as I have observed somewhere before, it might be said without exaggeration that the whole continent of Europe stood crouching in silence before him. Emperor of the French, or in other words ruler of a vast empire, comprising, in addition to the ancient confines of France, all the Belgic and Austrian provinces, as well as those of the republic of Holland; the most fertile principalities of Germany on both sides the Rhine; Dalmatia; all the states of the King of Sardinia, with the exception of the island; the duchies of Parma and

Piacenza; Tuscany; and Rome. He was, besides, King of Italy; and, if not king by name, at least king *de facto*, of that portion of Spain occupied by his troops, as well as of the kingdoms of Westphalia and Naples. Under the majestic title of Protector, he dominated over that part of Germany forming the Confederation of the Rhine; and elevating their princes to royal and grand-ducal dignity, made them subservient to him as the Regulus's to the Roman Senate and the Cæsars. The above prestige was still further augmented by his family alliance with the Imperial House of Austria, and the assured succession to the throne of a son born within a year of the marriage. Yet, notwithstanding all these earthly advantages, and at the very moment that he was in the zenith of power and glory, there was in preparation for him, in the councils of the same God who

"*Shall cut off the spirit of princes: he is terrible to the kings of the earth,*"[1]

an event that before the end of the current year was about to eclipse his grandeur, and dispose the affairs of Europe for the fall of his colossal dominion. Certainly

[1] Psalm lxxvi. 12.

there happened in that year nothing worthy of being mentioned in the fort of Fenestrelle, though, indeed, about the middle of June, we had intelligence that the passage of Mont Cenis was rendered for several hours impassable to travellers; and afterwards we learnt that it was on account of the arrival of the Pope, on his way from Savona, at the convent of monks on the summit, on which occasion his progress was accelerated to such a degree as to put his life in danger, and he was conveyed to Fontainebleau under circumstances that I shall again have occasion to refer to. Of this journey I shall speak hereafter more than once; but at present I introduce the fact above stated merely for the purpose of observing that the violent, barbarous removal of the Pope from Savona to Fontainebleau was the last crowning sin of Buonaparte, such as we learn by the Holy Scriptures wearies at last the long-suffering of the Almighty, and calls forth the final infliction of His long-suspended chastisement.

"*Thus saith the Lord; For three transgressions of Damascus, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof: because they have threshed Gilead with threshing instruments of iron.*"[1]

[1] Amos i. 3.

It is a well-known coincidence of historical facts, that on the 20th of June, 1812, the Pope arrived a prisoner, almost in a moribund state, at Fontainebleau, and on the 22nd day of the same month, Napoleon, intoxicated by an uninterrupted continuance of prosperity for fifteen years, marched his troops across the Niemen and invaded the Russian territory; thus making a beginning of the fatal war that hurled him from his throne, and marvellously within the space of a few short months deprived him of the fruit of all his victories. It is not the purpose of the present narrative to give an account of the memorable expedition of the French and allied troops in Russia, where, not by the hand of man, but by the hand of the Omnipotent God, one of the most numerous well-trained armies, that history ever recorded, was consigned to utter destruction; but it is my object to submit to pious religious minds the result of my own observation in an instance where, notwithstanding the idea may be held in derision by modern thinkers, the operations of the invisible hand that directs the affairs of the universe were distinctly recognised. The following is the instance in question. The Emperor Napoleon, in a letter addressed to the Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, complaining of the non-compliance of Pius VII.

to some of his demands, used these remarkable words:—

"Ignore-t-il combien les tems sont changés? Me prend-t-il pour un Louis Débonnaire? Ou croit-il que ses excommunications feront tomber les armes des mains de mes soldats?" [1]

Nay more, Napoleon, after the fulmination by Pius VII. of the Bull of Excommunication above alluded to, in the course of repeated conversations with the Legate Cardinal Caprara, expressed himself in almost the same terms, and frequently observed in a sarcastic, ironical tone, "that the Bull had not yet caused the muskets to fall from his soldiers' hands, and that it was a thing to be laughed at."

It was the will of God notwithstanding, that the falling of the muskets from the hands of Napoleon's soldiers should literally happen, and accordingly I read with amazement and stupor the identical fact recorded in the history of the proceedings of Napoleon's grand army in 1812, where it is confirmed on the authority of one of his own generals, an eye-witness of the catastrophe. The following is the passage I allude to:—

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[1] Is he ignorant how much the times are changed? Does he take me for a Louis Debonnaire, or does he fancy that his excommunications will make the muskets fall out of the hands of my soldiers?

"Le soldat ne put tenir ses armes; elles s'échappaient des mains des plus braves."[1] And again, "Les armes tombaient des mains glacées qui les portaient."[2]

Our freethinkers no doubt will say that it was the snow and the frost, and the tempest, that caused the arms to fall from the hands of the soldiers! But of whom do these meteors obey the command?

"*The fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind, fulfilling his word.*"[3]

The news of the prodigious event speedily penetrated the recesses of our prison, and diffused a ray of light amongst us, that from the end of the year 1812 to the beginning of 1813 illuminated the countenances of prisoners, who long since had in their imagination read the terrible words of Dante

"Uscite di speranza, o voi ch' entrate,"[4]

inscribed above the portal of their dungeon. At this period the more placid, flattering idea of a better destiny began to be engendered in our minds, though I,

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[1] The soldiers were unable to keep hold of their muskets; they dropped from the hands of the bravest.—'Mémoires,' &c., par J. B. Salgues, Paris, 1826.

[2] The muskets fell from the frozen hands that bore them.—Ibid.

[3] Psalm cxlviii. 8.

[4] Depart from hope, O ye that enter.

for my own part, hardly believed that the day of my liberation was so near at hand. On the 30th of January, 1813, while I happened to be in the apartments of the commandant in the evening, the Canon Barrera came and informed me that a letter had arrived from Turin, with the intelligence that the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress had unexpectedly arrived at Fontainebleau on the 19th of the same month, and had had an interview with the Holy Father; the result of which was supposed to be of the most important nature, and was a matter of unusually intense interest among all classes of people at Paris. The news, however, though it seemed likely to be the immediate forerunner of my own liberty, as indeed happened eventually, afforded me little consolation; nay, on the contrary, it occasioned me considerable disturbance of mind and vexation, foreseeing, as I clearly did in an instant, what it led to. Intimately acquainted with the modest, pliable nature of Pius VII., then harassed and disheartened by the pains and inconveniences of a long imprisonment, and knowing him to be surrounded by persons who, if not absolutely sold to the Emperor, were of a superlatively timid, courtier-like disposition, I could not fail to see at first sight that an interview between Napoleon Bonaparte and Gregorio Barnaba Chiaramonti was a contest

of unequal forces, and I consequently readily foretold the side on which victory would fall.

The next day more news was brought by a messenger from Turin, to the effect that an agreement had been concluded between the Emperor and the Pope, and that the Cardinals who had been banished from Rome to various cities in France, as well as those who were prisoners of state, were to be immediately set at liberty, and have permission to join the Holy Father at Fontainebleau. The same evening a gendarme also arrived from Turin with a letter to the commandant from the Director-General of Police, containing, among other matters, an order to give me my liberty forthwith. There was enclosed within the commandant's packet the following letter addressed to myself from the Ministre des Cultes:—

"*Office of the Ministre des Cultes,*
Fontainebleau, 25th January, 1813.

"MR. CARDINAL,

"I HAVE it in command to acquaint you that a Concordat for the re-establishment of the peace of the Church has been concluded this day at Fontainebleau, between his Majesty and the Holy Father.

"To the numerous acts of clemency, the conse-

quence of this great and felicitous event, is to be added your liberation, and your being enabled to proceed to Fontainebleau, to render thanks to His Holiness for having been pleased to intercede in your behalf with the Emperor, in order that he may forget what has passed, and deign to receive you once more into his good graces.

"You are no longer under the visual control of the police, and are now at liberty to resume the colours of the cardinalate.

"I have much pleasure in making to your Eminence this agreeable communication, and I beg you to believe the assurance of my high consideration.

"Le Ministre des Cultes,

"Le Comte Bigot de Prémeneu.[1]

"*His Eminence Cardinal Pacca.*"

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[1] "*Ministère des Cultes,*

"*Fontainebleau, le 25 Janvier,* 1813.

"Monsieur le Cardinal,

"Je suis chargé de vous annoncer, qu'il a été passé ce jour à Fontainebleau un concordat entre sa Majesté et le Saint Père pour le rétablissement de la paix de l'Eglise.

"Au nombre des graces qui sont la suite de ce grand et heureux événement, est votre mise en liberté; afin que vous puissiez vous rendre à Fontainebleau, et faire à Sa Sainteté vos remercîmens de ce qu'Elle a bien voulu intercéder auprès l'Empereur, pour qu'il oubliât le passé, et pour qu'il daignât vous faire rentrer dans ses bonnes graces.

"Vous pourrez de suite reprendre les couleurs du cardinalât; vous n'êtes plus sous la surveillance de la police.

"Il

Having read the above letter, I must say that the words "grand et heureux événement," to use a common expression, stuck in my throat, and together with the tone of triumph borne by a minister of Napoleon, particularly remarkable for ultra-Gallican notions and aversion to the Holy See, suddenly tainted with alloy the pleasurable sensation of liberty, that after a long, painful imprisonment would otherwise have been pure. After remaining five more days in the fortress, engaged in making preparations for a long journey in the dead of winter, on the 5th of February, 1813, having undergone three years and a-half confinement, I got into my carriage on my way to Fontainebleau, protected by the following passport:—

"*State Prison of Fenestrelle.*

"THE Undersigned, commandant of the state-prison of Fenestrelle, certifies that his Eminence the Cardinal Pacca, heretofore a prisoner in the castle, has

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"Il m'est fort agréable de transmettre à votre Eminence une aussi bonne nouvelle, et je la prie d'agréer l'assurance de ma haute considération.

"Le Ministre des Cultes,

"LE COMTE BIGOT DE PRÉMENEU.

"*S. E. le Cardinal Pacca.*"

this day been set at liberty by order of his Excellency the Minister of the General Police of the Empire, transmitted through the Director-General of Police for the Departments beyond the Alps.

"His Eminence has declared his intention to proceed to join His Holiness at Fontainebleau, or at any other place wherever His Holiness may be.

"DORVAUX.[1]

"*Delivered at Fenestrelle this* 30*th day of January*, 1813."

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[1] "*Prison d'Etat de Fenestrelle.*

"Le commandant de la prison d'état de Fenestrelle soussigné, certifie, que S. E. le Cardinal Pacca, précédemment détenu dans le château, a été mis en liberté ce jourd'hui par ordre de Son Excellence le Ministre de la Police Générale de l'Empire, transmis par Monsieur le Directeur Général de Police des Départemens au-delà des Alpes.

"Son Eminence a déclaré se rendre à Fontainebleau auprès de Sa Sainteté, ou dans tout autre lieu où Elle pourra la joindre.

"DORVAUX.

"*Délivré à Fenestrelle le trente Janvier*, 1813."

CHAPTER XI.

Journey of the Cardinal to Fontainebleau — Interview and subsequent Conversations with Pius VII.

THE circumstances that attended the memorable day of my life when I left the fortress of Fenestrelle were so flattering, the various changes of scene that I experienced were so sudden and pleasing, that even now, while I am writing an account of the things that happened to me, I feel myself agitated by no slight degree of internal emotion. On passing over the drawbridge the sky was obscured by a thick mist, as is usual at that season, and the ground all round about, so far as the eye could reach, was covered with snow, which upon the slope leading to the village had become hardened to such a degree, that in order to descend it was indispensable to hire peasants to break a way with their spades previous to our starting. Three hours afterwards I found myself in the neighbourhood of Pinerole, in a delightful country, hardly inferior to Southern Italy, where not only the sky was clear and serene, but the day one of

those most charming winter days that are enjoyed at Naples, such as immediately brought that genial climate to my recollection. The delight of locomotion, the extraordinary alteration in the face of nature, and the totally different class of objects that now surrounded me, were appearances gratifying beyond all measure, and affected me so sensibly, that I shed a copious flood of tears; yet still I may say, that the principal causes of excitement were the political and moral indications that I witnessed, over and above the particular circumstances that regarded my own person. With grief and infinite pain I had detached myself from the embraces of several of my companions in misfortune who wept as they accompanied me to the gate of the fort, and there bade me adieu. Then, no sooner had I gone out of the gate than I heard the kindly greeting of the bell of the parish church, which sounded as if rung at a festival. Next, the parish priest, with a large assemblage of the inhabitants of the village, were waiting for me on their knees and begging, as the carriage approached, for my benediction. A little farther, the magistracy came up to the carriage for the purpose of making me their compliments and congratulations on the occasion of my newly acquired liberty, every one of them expressing towards me the most earnest,

unequivocal signs of affection and veneration. On the road, whenever I arrived at a village, the parish priest invariably appeared at the head of the parishioners, all falling on their knees, paying me tender, affecting compliments, and unanimously requesting of me my benediction, while the bells of the churches, those immediately on the road and those near adjoining, were continually chiming, and the echoes that proceeded from every part of the lofty mountains that line these narrow valleys excited the most lively sensations in my bosom.

As I approached Pinerole, a deputation of the chapter of the cathedral came out to meet and congratulate me by the expression of their sentiments of joy at my liberation; while at the entrance of the city a large crowd of people were waiting my arrival, and the moment I entered the gate the bells of the churches burst forth ringing. In the streets through which I passed, all the shops, and all the windows of the houses, were crowded with people of all classes, who plainly testified by their eyes and by their gestures, that they themselves experienced, by the change of circumstances that had set me free, the pleasure of a jubilee. When I arrived at the grand square, where was the inn, a spectacle still more tender and touching was in store for

me. There, all the priests and ecclesiastics of the Roman States, who had been banished to Pinerole and the vicinity, and were residing there in consequence of having refused to take the oath prescribed by the French Government, were united together, and formed an assemblage, who no sooner caught sight of me than they all at once uttered a cry of acclamation, and gathered round me as I got out of the carriage. At this moment one was kissing my ring, another kissing my vestments, a third sobbing piteously, a fourth clapping his hands with joy, and all together talking to me in the most earnest tone of congratulation. The sight of so many illustrious confessors of the faith, on whose lean, emaciated countenances, and by whose coarse, ragged clothes, one might read the miserable state of poverty in which they lately existed, so powerfully affected me, that tears were the only reply I could give them, as I embraced one, pressed the hand of another, and testified to all, by every possible expression of feature, my heartfelt gratitude. A dense crowd of persons, in the midst of whom I entered the inn, all asked my benediction on their bended knees, while the chambers and balconies of the adjacent houses were crowded with persons of the first distinction in the country.

After resting myself scarcely a quarter of an hour I

went out of doors, and, leaving the inn, accompanied by the banished members of our clergy, and a great number of people who followed us, proceeded to the church of the Salesian nuns, to whom, before I left Fenestrelle, I had announced my intention of paying a passing visit. On entering the church I found it magnificently decorated, and, the *Santissimo* being exposed the very moment I entered, the solemn benediction was immediately given to the people. After I had remained a short time in the church I entered the convent, where I had the pleasure of recognizing several excellent religious ladies of distinguished families in Piedmont, who, in the first instance, were driven like the nuns of many other convents from their own cloister, and subsequently obtained permission to re-establish themselves and continue their institution within these walls, where they employed themselves in the instruction of a considerable number of young females of the higher classes. From the convent I returned to the inn, and received anew the compliments of the chapter, together with an invitation to say Mass the next day in their cathedral. I thanked them for their attention, and I promised to go to the cathedral, not however to say Mass but to hear it, as I did in fact. Two or three functionaries of the government also did me the

honour to visit me; and when I sat down to dinner a little after sunset, a company of young men, amateur musical performers, played several pieces of instrumental music while I remained at table. All which unequivocal marks of affection, and at the same time such a clear proof of the satisfaction felt on my account by the entire population of a city subject to the Emperor of the French, in times of extraordinary rigour as to everything that regarded the clergy, and especially the Cardinals and Roman Prelates, made such a deep impression on my feelings that I could scarcely taste the food I was eating, and was unable to close my eyes the whole night afterwards.

Early in the morning I went to the cathedral, accompanied as before by the banished members of the clergy, to whom, in the interim, the chapter had furnished new dresses, so that they all now appeared in a costume as if prepared for a festival. I was received at the cathedral with the usual ceremonies, and while I heard the Mass several little pieces of vocal music were sung, and accompanied by a select orchestra. From the cathedral I went to the chapter-room, where I took chocolate; and thence, after returning my thanks to the chapter for all the attentions they had shown me, returned to my inn. At the inn I had a particular interview

with the banished members of our clergy, whose names having inquired one by one, I was moved to an acute sense of compassion on finding among them several young men who had not yet entered into the higher orders, but notwithstanding having been separately nominated to a prebend, and consequently called upon to take the oath prescribed by the usurping Government, they had refused to do so, and on no other account than that refusal were thus condemned to banishment. To these especially, and to all the rest, I addressed a few words of comfort, assuring them, after making a proper eulogy on their constancy and courage, that if Divine Providence should ever ordain the return of the Holy Father to Rome, and restore to the Holy See its temporal dominions, their meritorious actions in the Church's cause would certainly not be forgotten, neither would their virtuous, edifying conduct be without its reward. The promise which I then made them was made in perfect good faith, and in the reasonable hope that it would be truly fulfilled, for I could not at that moment have foreseen, that on the return of the legitimate sovereigns to their thrones, there would have prevailed an overweening spirit of preference towards the partisans and functionaries of the usurping Government, that, as it turned out eventually, left little indeed to reward these staunch,

faithful subjects. May Heaven preserve us from new political changes and new revolutions!

Shortly afterwards, surrounded by a dense crowd of people, while all the bells of Pinerole were ringing at my departure, I got into my carriage, and left the city in such an agitated state of mind that I could not refrain from weeping. I had now procured two drivers and four horses from Turin, for it was my purpose to proceed hence by vetturino slowly for the first portion of my journey as far as Chambery, and from Chambery I determined, as I really did, to take the post for the remainder of the way to Fontainebleau. I rested for a few hours in the middle of the day at Rivoli, where I received a visit from the Marchese d'Azelio, in whom were united, to a noble unblemished parentage, very extensive information and sound piety. The Marchese had sent for several articles of provisions, &c., from Turin, to serve me during my journey; and from him also I obtained, though his account was hardly clear nor well authenticated, the first intimation of the iniquitous conditions of the Concordat of Fontainebleau. While he remained at the inn, the Advocate Scarselli, of Turin, came to see me, accompanied by the Padre Ferreri, who had been rector of the Clementine College in Rome. The Advocate Scarselli invited me to a dinner which

he said was ready in his house, and had been prepared purposely for me on the occasion of my journey. Not being able to avoid accepting the invitation I went to his house accordingly, where I passed the time with most agreeable select society, in company of several excellent persons who had always taken and were then continuing to take the most lively interest in my past and in my present condition. All had come from Turin for the express purpose of meeting me, not merely to pay an empty compliment, but actually to offer, with the true intention of giving, every possible thing that I had need of, whether in money or otherwise. Here I must not forget to add, that the Marchese d'Azelio, and the Signor Gonella the banker of Turin, both of whom, during the period of the Pope's imprisonment at Savona, had given him, at very serious risk to themselves, the strongest proofs of their singularly zealous devotion to the interests of the Church and the Holy See, took an opportunity to call me aside and make a more pressing and particular offer, as a free gift, of any sum of money I required. Being sufficiently well provided I did not avail myself of their kindness, but with unfeigned effusion of heart I thanked them sincerely, and always have and ever shall preserve the recollection of their generosity. From Rivoli I proceeded after

dinner to the village of S. Antonino, where I rested that night.

The next day, being Sunday, I heard Mass in a parish church at Susa, on which occasion the parish priest announced to the people, in my hearing, that a *Te Deum* would be sung that morning in the cathedral, to celebrate the conclusion of the Concordat between the Pope and the Emperor Napoleon. Thence I proceeded on my journey, and at sunset arrived at the convent of monks on the summit of Mont Cenis, where, as my arrival was expected, I was affectionately received and entertained very sumptuously. So soon as I arrived, I immediately sought information relating to what had happened to the Pope on the occasion of his last journey over Mont Cenis, on his way from Savona to Fontainebleau, and I learnt accordingly, that the Holy Father arrived at the convent on the 11th of June, 1812, late at night, so overcome by fatigue and illness that the brethren had reason to think his life in danger; that he remained there on the 12th and 13th, and that on the 14th, as he grew worse, the viaticum was administered in the morning. Notwithstanding which, on the same day, in spite of the prayers of the monks, and the remonstrances of the surgeon, Signor Clara, who had been sent for from Lans-le-bourg, all of whom did the utmost

in their power to persuade Monsieur Lagorse, colonel of the gendarmes, that the Pope was not in a fit condition to bear the fatigue of the journey, and would very probably expire on the road; in spite of these remonstrances, I say, Colonel Lagorse insisted on leaving the convent immediately, and, actually carrying his determination into effect, departed in the evening, and obliged the Holy Father to travel night and day the whole remainder of the journey. It is but fair, however, to add, that Colonel Lagorse, previous to taking the extraordinary step in question, forwarded a report, either by courier or by telegraph, I cannot say which, to the Governor of Turin, stating the precarious state of the Holy Father, and requesting instructions whether under such circumstances he should proceed or not. To which report Colonel Lagorse received, in reply, instructions to obey the orders that had been already given by the authorities at Paris, and not delay his departure any longer.

On the 8th of June, leaving the convent on Mont Cenis, I descended the declivity into Lans-le-bourg, where I stayed the whole day for the purpose of having repaired a wheel of my little carriage which was broken. During the morning I had a visit from Signor Clara, the surgeon above mentioned, from whom

I procured other accurate intelligence relating to the Pope's last journey. The worthy Signor Clara told me, that on that disastrous occasion he had had the honour of accompanying the Holy Father, and, for the purpose of rendering him medical assistance, had travelled in the same carriage. They posted, he said, for four days and five nights successively, not only without halting during the night, but without the Holy Father being even permitted to get out of his carriage, which, during the short periods every evening while the attendants and servants of the illustrious prisoner were taking refreshment at the inns, was regularly, with the Pope inside, dragged into the coach-house.

I left Lans-le-bourg on the morning of the 9th, and travelled that day as far as S. Jean de Morienne; on the 10th I stayed all night at Montmeillan, and on the 11th I arrived before midday at Chambery. I had determined to remain the rest of the day at Chambery for the purpose of making acquaintance with the bishop, Monsignor de Solles, of whom it had been reported to me that, at the assembly of bishops held at Paris in the year 1811, under the improper title of "National Council," and if I am not mistaken at their fourth congregation, the Monsignor Massimiliano de Droste, bishop of Jericho *in partibus,* and suffragan of Munster, having

proposed to his colleagues a resolution to the effect that, previous to entering upon any business, they should all go in a body to the foot of the throne, and petition for the liberty of the Holy Father, Pius VII., he, Monsignor de Solles, was the individual who seconded the worthy German prelate's motion. The resolution, a fact difficult to be credited, was rejected by this pretended council, but, nevertheless, I had not conceived on that account a less favourable impression of the services of Monsignor de Solles, and consequently I made it a point, on passing through Chambery, to pay him a visit and thank him. Notwithstanding that on some occasions he had shown a little want of firmness of mind, I knew him by reputation to be a man of first-rate principles and indisputable attachment to the Holy See. In the course of our conversation he told me he had received from certain friends of his in Paris, pious, exemplary persons, intelligence concerning the Concordat that had been lately concluded in Fontainebleau. This intelligence was by no means consoling; and was to the effect, "that the Pope had been ever since in the most afflicted state of mind possible, and was suffering from illness during the whole period of the negotiation; a report moreover," he added, "was current at Paris that the Emperor intended to

summon a numerous meeting of French and Italian bishops, in order that they might open a negotiation with the cardinals residing in the city, for the purpose of considering the difficulties that at present appeared to impede the working of the Concordat." At that moment, perceiving and appreciating the depth and breadth of the tempestuous ocean into which I was about to plunge myself, I felt that rather than undergo what I foresaw must inevitably ensue I would fain have returned to the tranquillity of my dungeon at Fenestrelle.

On the morning of the 12th, having taken post horses, I left Chambery, and passed the night at Vespillière. On the morning of the 13th I left Vespillière, and having arrived before midday at Lyons, I went to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where I knew the Vicomte de Montmorency had taken up his temporary abode for the express purpose of meeting me. I have already spoken of this cavalier,[1] who, for the purpose of having an interview with the Holy Father, came to Grenoble. On seeing him, when so soon as I had arrived he came to my apartments, I could not help exclaiming, " Can it be possible that the first Christian baron of France

[1] Page 238.

comes to visit a culprit just escaped from a dungeon?" We then embraced one another, and, after the usual compliments, entered into a long conversation on the ecclesiastical and political affairs of France. He fully confirmed all I had gathered from the Bishop of Chambery, and said "that the zealous Catholics were in a state of deep affliction on account of the Concordat of Fontainebleau—affliction so serious," he added, "that however truly desirous he himself and the good Lyonese were for me to remain a few days with them in Lyons, they would all nevertheless willingly forego the consolation; and, on the contrary, they counselled me, above all things, to accelerate my journey to the utmost, so as to join the Pope as soon as possible, for the purpose of co-operating with the other Cardinals, who, he supposed, were then with him, and endeavouring conjointly by every means in our power to extricate the Holy Father from the perilous scrape he was in." At the same time the Vicomte gave me to understand that a great many of the citizens of Lyons, true Catholics and sincerely devoted to the Holy See, had testified the most earnest desire to see me as I passed through their city, and with that view had every day made a circuit of all the inns to procure intelligence of my movements. He then asked me how long I should remain, to which I replied,

that I proposed to depart the next day, Sunday; but that previously to my departure, I wished to say Mass in the neighbouring parish church dedicated, as I understood, to S. Francesco de Salis, of which Monsieur Giulard was the pious, learned pastor. After a good deal more conversation upon various subjects, such as the Pope's state of health, and the current report that Avignon had been fixed upon as the place of His Holiness's residence, the Cardinals who had taken part with the Emperor in the conclusion of the Concordat, and the other Cardinals distinguished at that time by the title *neri*, whom the Vicomte believed to be then with the Pope at Fontainebleau, he took leave by telling me he would go forthwith and inform Monsieur Giulard of my intention to say Mass in his church the next day, and he would, he said, also participate the same intelligence to the good citizens of Lyons, whom, he added, it would gratify exceedingly.

Monsieur Montmorency had scarcely left the room when several ecclesiastics came to pay me a visit, and among the rest the Abbé Gerard, to whom I had already sent a letter which I brought him from the Marchese d'Azelio. This worthy ecclesiastic, who took the present state of Church affairs much to heart, read me a letter that he had received from a friend in Paris,

written in a tone of deep grief and despondency, and containing a copy of some of the articles of the Concordat, then in public circulation. I must candidly confess that, though I was well aware, were it only on account of the lofty tone of triumph assumed by the ministers of the Government on the event of its completion, that in the Concordat of Fontainebleau were embodied concessions in the highest degree prejudicial to the rights of the Holy Apostolic see, and contrary to the vigorous discipline of the Church, I could not have conceived possible all that was detailed in the Paris letter; which sentiment that I expressed off-hand to Monsieur Gerard, proved so just and true, that now while I am writing in the year 1818, two-thirds of France and Italy imagine that among the other sins and impostures of Napoleon Bonaparte, he himself invented these articles of the Concordat, and strove afterwards to make the world believe that the Pope approved them.

In the afternoon I went to see the Cathedral, afterwards I took a drive in a carriage through the principal streets of the city. As I went along I saw several large manufactories, as well as the Palace of the magistracy, also some fine bridges over the Saône and the Rhone, and the long walks parallel to the river, that

the French call "*Quais,*" which appeared to me very agreeable. Though the view that I had of Lyons on the present occasion was no more than a cursory glance, nevertheless according to the impression at present remaining on my mind, it is more beautiful, and a more regularly built city than Paris. During the day and in the evening, the Vicomte de Montmorency returned to see me several times, and I had visits also from one of the vicars-general attached to the Cardinal Fesch; from the parish priest, Monsieur Giulard, from some other ecclesiastics, and from several of the laity; all of whom individually vied with one another in expressing to me the esteem and veneration that they said they had felt for me during my late misfortunes, until they inspired me with such a sentiment of humiliation, that I actually blushed with confusion in the presence of God, who well knows my unworthy insignificance. From these visitors I learnt that the Cardinal Fesch, who had departed a day or two before for Paris, managed the diocese exceedingly well, was generally well thought of, and showed no signs of satisfaction when he received the intelligence of the conclusion of the Concordat; but on the contrary, restricted himself to merely observing "that the Church under present circumstances must necessarily make great sacrifices."

Among my visitors of the laity were two young gentlemen of high-bred appearance and behaviour, who were announced to me as belonging to the Bank, whither a few hours before I had sent a bill of exchange. After giving me the small sum I had drawn for the expense of the journey, and after I had signed the receipt which they had ready, these young men requested I would allow my chamberlain who was with me to leave the room, as they were desirous, they said, to be alone with me. Accordingly Michele, my chamberlain, immediately retired, and so soon as he was gone and had shut the door, both fell on their knees simultaneously, and with submissive air and countenances replete with fervent devotion, begged of me my benediction. I was really surprised and confused at the circumstance; but being desirous of keeping them as short a time as possible in their humble posture, I told both the young men that it was of little worth to receive benediction from myself in comparison with a Papal benediction; but that nevertheless, interpreting the intentions and good will of the Pope in their behalf, I would give them in the Pope's name his Holiness's apostolic benediction. So saying, I administered it to them accordingly, and they having risen upon their feet, contented in the highest degree,

and having demanded of me at what hour I proposed to say the mass next morning, both in a few minutes took their departure. I have thought proper to relate the above little anecdote, in order to give an idea of the religious feeling of the good Lyonese; and of their attachment to the ministers of the Holy See at a time while the Government were exerting all the influence in their power to vilify them.

On the morning of the 14th I went in the carriage of a Lyonese lady, it may have been the carriage of Vicomte Montmorency's wife, to the parish church of S. Francesco di Salis. So soon as we arrived in sight of the church the bells began to ring, and I was received at the door when I got out of the carriage by several of the clergy, all standing there on purpose, dressed in their sacred vestments. The parish priest, Monsieur Giulard, having given me the incense, and having led me a few paces inside the church, fell on his knees himself, and causing the vast crowd of people that entirely filled the building, to fall on their knees also, addressed to me in the name of all the congregation a discourse delivered with exceeding energy, and one particularly adapted to the calamitous circumstances of the times. After the lapse of five years and a half, a period passed perpetually in the vortex of public affairs

and other serious occupations, it were quite impossible to give a perfect account of the discourse in question, though nevertheless some of its vigorous points expressive of true apostolic liberty have remained engrafted on my mind, in consequence of the deep impression made upon me at the time, by the fact that the discourse was spoken not only in a French church under the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte and in times of persecution; but in the midst of a crowd of people, where no doubt there were standing among the congregation one or more spies of his vigilant and most suspicious ministers.

A few of the sentences, expressed in the following words, or words of precisely the same purport, I shall always remember.

"We kiss your chains, we consider you a confessor of the faith who has suffered in the cause of Jesus Christ."

Again, "You," said the preacher, "minister of the Head of the Church, will tell his Holiness that we desire to live always united to him; to be always obedient to him," &c.

And at the conclusion, "Give us," said he, "your benediction, and we feel assured that what you shall now give us here on earth will be confirmed to us in heaven hereafter."

While he was speaking the congregation showed evident signs of approbation, as well they might; for the language at all events was an unquestionable proof of great courage, and a total disregard of all human considerations on the part of the speaker. I then said mass, and while I was saying it some young men surrounded the altar, a little before the consecration of the Host, and sung a hymn calculated to inspire the minds of the people with devotional reverence during the sacred ceremony.

When the consummation of the chalice was finished, the parish priest came and whispered to me that several of the faithful in the church were anxious to receive at my hands the bread of the Eucharist, and upon my making a sign of my head that I was ready to administer it, he presented me a large *pyx* filled with the consecrated particles. Moving round then towards the people; among the first of those who approached the altar and communicated with the most edifying air of devotion, were the Vicomte Montmorency, the two young men who had come to me the evening before from the Bank, and many other persons of imposing presence, including several who had also visited me at the inn the day before. In short, when I descended to the balustrade the whole length was entirely

occupied by a dense rank of people, to whom I continued the distribution of the Eucharist, until more than a hundred, of whom the principal portion were of the female sex, had communicated. This was a most consoling spectacle, a spectacle that, certainly not expecting to see the like in France, where only a few years before we in Italy imagined that our holy religion was, if not extinguished, at least on the point of extinction, made at the moment an indelible impression on my mind that time will never cancel. The modest, penitent demeanour of these good Catholics and pious women of Lyons as they drew near to the altar to receive the body of our Lord, their profoundly contrite attitude after they had returned to their places, and the silence that even in the remotest corner of the church rendered my voice audible, affected me so very sensibly that my eyes were filled with tears, and when the sacred ceremony was over I could not refrain from saying to the parish priest, that the feeling of consolation I felt at that moment was over and above a recompense for the sorrow of a full year's imprisonment.

So soon as the mass was over, and after I had rendered proper acknowledgments to the clergy, I returned to my inn, where, while I took chocolate, the Vicomte Montmorency, several young Lyonese gentlemen, and

a young lady, the wife of a merchant, bore me company; the young lady gave me a picture worked in embroidery to present to the Pope, representing the Holy Father in the act of giving the benediction to his children.

Being now ready to proceed on my journey, when I got up to take my seat in my carriage, I was accompanied thither by the excellent persons abovementioned, who one and all testified every possible mark of respect and veneration, so that I left the city of Lyons in a state of mind overflowing with tenderness, and softly repeating to myself the words of the Redeemer,—

"*I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.*" [1]

My agitated feelings, as I pondered on what I had seen, led me to reflect on the true and actual state of the public mind in France as it then existed; for, thought I to myself, had a Cardinal previous to the breaking out of the fatal and memorable revolution, at a period while the Holy See was in perfect harmony with the Government, arrived at Lyons with a pompous and numerous retinue of attendants and carriages, he

[1] Luke vii. 9.

would probably have been received by the decent, orderly salutations of persons he chanced to meet on the road; and at the inns might have been honoured occasionally by a complimentary visit from the magistracy. But with such demonstrations the marks of attention paid to a Cardinal would in those days have terminated, and he would have been allowed to pass the remainder of his time unnoticed; while now on the contrary, although the Church is groaning under tyrannical oppression, and although my equipage is not only humble, but very inferior in all respects to a Cardinal's dignity, persons of all classes and conditions, as well on the road on my way from Fenestrelle, as now during my short residence at Lyons, flock together in hundreds for the purpose of rendering me proofs of their extraordinary respect and devotion by a general movement. Turning all these thoughts over in my mind, and considering that my entrance into the parish church of S. Francesco di Salis was a real absolute triumph over the persecutors of the Church, my heart was filled with renovated courage, and I felt a new source of vigorous spirit rise within me, such as I was conscious would enable me to sustain the struggle that appeared in store for me at the future consultations at Fontainebleau with Napoleon and his ministers.

The same evening I arrived and passed the night at Rohan, a city in the Department of Lyons, where there was formerly a very celebrated college under the direction of the Jesuits. On the 15th I slept at Moulins, the principal city of the Bourbonnais; and on the 16th remained the night at La Charité, a large town beautifully situated upon the Loire. There, on reading the 'Gazette de France' that had arrived the same morning, I learned the cruel certainty of the conclusion of the Concordat at Fontainebleau, and that the extract of the absurd fatal articles that I had read at Lyons, and had hardly given credit to, was but too correct.

On the 17th I arrived at Montargis, and passed the night there; and on the following morning, the 18th, reached Fontainebleau a little before midday. I immediately proceeded to the Imperial Palace, and as I was approaching, my imagination drew a picture of the vast concourse of people I expected to find there, knowing that, exclusive of the Pope, some cardinals, several French bishops, and one or two of the Ministers of the Government were also resident in the building; and in addition to these, I particularly calculated on the number of people who, in consequence of the communication with the Holy Father, which had been closed for five years, being just now re-opened, would I

thought for certain assemble there on the present occasion, from Paris and other neighbouring cities on matters of conscience. But on the contrary, the place appeared deserted, and there was nobody to be seen on the spot but a few of the common people, one of whom I employed to call the gatekeeper of the Palace, who immediately obeying the summons, opened for me the iron gates by which one enters into a grand open quadrangle, at the farthest extremity of which a double branched covered staircase leads to the Royal apartments. With the exception of a sentry who stood at the top of the staircase in question, there was not a single human being in the quadrangle; and the gloomy effect of surrounding objects was still further augmented by the appearance of the doors and the windows of the Palace which were closed, with the exception of those upon the grand entrance. Such in fact was the profound silence that reigned on the premises, that I could have almost fancied I was about to enter another state prison instead of a royal mansion. At all events I could find nobody to direct me how to obtain an audience with the Pope, and therefore sent my chamberlain up stairs to make inquiries, waiting below alone in the mean time, until in the course of a few minutes he returned with one of the Italian ser-

vants who still remained in the Pope's service, named Ilario Palmieri. Palmieri requested me to come up stairs as I was, and said that the Pope would receive me in my travelling dress. Having ascended the staircase, as I crossed the hall I saw the Cardinal Giuseppe Doria, who came to meet me, and showing evident signs of affection and friendship, wept as he embraced me, and expressed the great joy he felt at my liberation.

On entering the ante-chambers I perceived several French bishops, and passing thence into the room where was the Pope himself, I met his Holiness, who had advanced a few steps forward towards me. At first sight of the Holy Father, I was thoroughly shocked and astonished to see how pale and emaciated he had become, how his body was bent, how his eyes were fixed and sunk in his head, and how he looked at me; with as it were the glare of a man grown stupid.

He embraced me, and then, with an extraordinary coldness of manner said, "he did not expect me so soon."

I replied, that "I had accelerated my journey on purpose to have the consolation of throwing myself at his feet, and of testifying to him my admiration of the heroic constancy with which he had endured his long severe imprisonment."

To this his Holiness, as it were, quite overcome with grief, replied in the following precise words. "But," said he, "we have been dragged through the dirt! Those Cardinals * * * * * absolutely forced me to go to the table and sign my name."[1]

He then took me by the hand, and leading me to his chair, made me sit down beside him. Then, after asking me a few brief questions about my journey, he said, "You may retire, for this is the time I expect to receive a visit from the French bishops. Apartments are provided for you in the Palace." Taking leave then of his Holiness, I was conducted by the Custode of the Palace to the apartments assigned to me, which were very small, being in fact one large room divided in three, that so formed the suite, opening upon the grand corridor. Similarly contrived accommodations were also allotted to the residence of other Cardinals and the French Bishops.

The solitude and silence of the place, the expression of sadness that appeared on every countenance, added to the recent spectacle of profound grief I had witnessed in the person of the Pope, and above all the

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[1] Ma ci siamo sporcificati! Quei cardinali mi strascinarono al tavolino e mi fecero sottoscrivere.

unexpectedly cold reception I had experienced from His Holiness, occasioned me a degree of surprise, and a sorrowful compression of the heart, that it is far more easy for any indifferent person to imagine than for myself to describe. Not more, however, than a few minutes had passed when I was partly relieved from my affliction by the appearance of the Pope's almoner, Monsignor Bertazzoli, since a cardinal, who came to tell me, "that the Pope was obliged to dismiss me at such short notice as he had done, in order to acquit himself of the regular audience he gave to the French bishops at that hour, but," he added, "His Holiness would with much pleasure see me again before the hour of dinner. I must be cautious," he said, "of speaking in the presence of certain persons belonging to the Pope's family;" which gentle hint, as I knew the people he intended to indicate, was quite sufficient.

On returning to His Holiness I found him in a truly pitiable state of body and mind that I feared might have a fatal termination. Their Eminences the Cardinals Di Pietro, Gabrielli, and Litta, having already arrived at Fontainebleau, were the first to enlighten him as to the manner he had been taken by surprise, and the consequences of the mistake he had committed; of which mistake he now conceived a legitimate horror,

thoroughly aware, as he had become, how the counsels and suggestions of evil advisers had caused him to fall headlong from his former glorious position. He was consequently overwhelmed by a depression of spirits the most profound, so much so, that in the course of speaking to me of what had happened, he frequently broke forth in the most plaintive ejaculations, saying, among many similarly interjectional expressions, that the thought of what had been done tormented him continually; that he could not get it out of his mind; that he could neither rest by day, nor sleep by night; that he could not eat more than barely sufficient to sustain life; and that (these were the precise words he uttered) he should die, he said, "like Clement IV. out of his senses." I said and did as much as I possibly could to console him, especially conjuring him to tranquillise his mind, and reminding him, that of all the evils it was yet possible to inflict upon the Church, that of his death would be the worst and most calamitous; and, I added, that "as in a very few days he would find himself surrounded by the remainder of all the Cardinals who were in France, on whose zeal for the interests of the Holy See and devotion towards his sacred person, he might implicitly place his confidence, there might yet be found in their

united counsels a remedy for the mischief that had occurred."

At the words "find a remedy," his countenance became in a slight degree re-composed, and interrupting me, he said, "Does your Eminence really believe in the probability of a remedy?"

"Yes, most blessed Father," I replied; "for almost all the evils of life when we have the will to seek a remedy, a remedy is to be found."

The audience then concluded by His Holiness giving me instructions to prepare myself to go to Paris within the space of a few days, for the purpose of being presented to the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress. I endeavoured by all the means in my power to escape from such a disagreeable and to me disgusting service; but was unable to succeed, as the Pope strenuously maintained, that in consequence of all the other Cardinals having been presented at the Imperial Court during my absence, an omission on my part of the same august ceremony on the present occasion would be received and considered a mark of personal disrespect to the sovereigns. To which remark, having no answer to give, I replied, "Then let it be so, most blessed Father, and thus will I empty my chalice of misfortune to its last bitter dregs. To Paris without delay I will go."

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon I had another interview with His Holiness, when our conversation, though I repeatedly endeavoured to turn it to another channel, bore perpetually on the melancholy subject of the Concordat. Above all things he seemed anxious during the whole of our conference to palliate in my mind, as much as possible, the sensation of horror that I participated, with the public in general, in consequence of the scandalously anti-canonical concessions contained in the document, and, with that object apparently in view, he observed, that the Emperor originally proposed other articles that he had rejected, which were even worse than those in question. At the same time, unlocking his writing-desk and taking out a paper, he gave it me to read. It is now five years ago since I read that paper, and therefore I cannot be supposed to have preserved the contents quite fresh in my memory; but I remember very well notwithstanding, that over and above the various pretensions embodied in the celebrated articles of the Concordat of Fontainebleau, there were the following most extraordinary propositions:—

FIRST, "That the Pope, and future Pontiffs his successors, should promise, previous to assuming the pontificate, never either to ordain, nor to execute any-

thing contrary to the four famous propositions of the Gallican clergy."

SECONDLY, "That the Pope and his successors should for the future have the nomination of only the third part of the members of the Sacred College, and that the other two parts should be nominated by Catholic princes."

THIRDLY, "That the Pope, by a public Brief, should disapprove and condemn the conduct of all those Cardinals who refused to be present at the sacred ceremonial of the nuptials of Napoleon and the Archduchess Maria Louisa; and that the Emperor, restoring the said Cardinals to his favour, to the end that they might acknowledge and subscribe their names to the above-mentioned Brief, would grant them permission to rejoin the Holy Father."

FOURTHLY, "That from the benefit of the act of grace or amnesty comprised in the last article, the Cardinals Di Pietro and Pacca be excluded, and that neither of them be ever more permitted to approach the Pope's person."

On reading the above paper, with a sentiment of pure compassion for the lot of the poor Pope, who had been so brutally and ridiculously betrayed, the strongest sense of indignation was aroused in my bosom at the unblushing impudence of the individual, said to be Monsignor

du Voisin, Bishop of Nantes, who dared to present it to His Holiness on the part of the Emperor, nor was I less astonished at the imbecility of all those persons who, while it was their duty under such circumstances to assist the Pope with their counsels, failed instantly to suggest to him the paramount necessity of at once cutting every thread of communication with such a sovereign. For Napoleon could have had no other object in making the demands above-mentioned than to reduce the Apostolic See to a state of despicable servitude; to turn topsy-turvy all the orders of the hierarchy, and after the many and anxious personal sufferings and sacrifices on the part of His Holiness, to darken the glorious lustre of his well-earned reputation. Can it be possible that the Pope's advisers, on the occasion in question, did not in an instant penetrate the insidious views of Napoleon, or fail to foresee the calamitous consequences that must inevitably follow the act of concession to demands so absurd?

For example, the Pope on his own part, and on the part of his successors, was required to promise never to ordain, nor execute anything contrary to the four propositions of the Gallican clergy; propositions not only disapproved and egregiously detested by the venerable servant of God, Innocent II., and his successors, but

publicly, solemnly, and notoriously denounced and condemned by Alexander VIII., by a Bull published in his life time. What, therefore, could be Napoleon's object for making the demand in question, otherwise than to set one Pope against another Pope, to oblige the Holy See of one pontificate to contradict the Holy See of another pontificate, and, finally, to render the anathema of a Supreme Pontiff a ridiculous nullity?

With regard to the second article, wherein it is required that the nomination of one of three parts only of the members of the Sacred College should be left to the Pope, and two parts should be nominated by Catholic princes; the reason, no doubt, for such a proposal was in order that Napoleon might be enabled to enact the part of the lion in Æsop's fables, and claim the proceeds of the chase for his own prey exclusively, or, in other words, make himself the regulator if not the arbiter in future of all Papal elections. Here, in elucidation of the latter view of the case, it may be necessary to observe, that in the year 1809 the Emperor, having appointed a commission composed of Cardinals Fesch and Maury,[1] some French Archbishops, Bishops, and other persons who were entirely subject to his will, and

[1] See page 355.

of whom I shall have to say a good deal more in the course of my narrative, proposed a question to them, whether, since he had united the Pays-Bas, Piedmont, Tuscany, &c., to the French empire, the rights and prerogatives possessed by those states previously, whether as to the nomination of Cardinals or otherwise, by the Dukes of Brabant, the Kings of Sardinia, and Grand Dukes of Tuscany, &c., ought not consequently to be now centered in his own person? The above-mentioned Cardinals and Prelates replied to the proposal in the affirmative, and gave it as their opinion that the Emperor had a just right and title to possess the rights and prerogatives as to the nomination of cardinals and otherwise, that previously belonged to the sovereigns of all those countries and kingdoms that he had acquired and had united to his dominions. Whence it follows, that if the Pope had subscribed his name to the article in question, the nomination, according to the answer given by the members of the commission, of almost the entire body of the cardinalate, namely, those belonging to France, Piedmont, and the state of Venice, would have merged in Napoleon, nay, those of the kingdoms of Spain and Naples also, of which, though not by name, he was *de facto* sovereign.

As to the third article, whereby it was required by

the Emperor that the Pope should issue a Brief to disapprove and condemn the conduct of those Cardinals who refused to be present at his marriage with the Archduchess Maria Louisa, by which refusal those worthy dignitaries, while they declared their unwillingness to interfere as judges in the question of the validity of the first marriage of the Emperor with Josephine the widow Beauharnais, meant nothing more by absenting themselves from the ceremonial than to show their respect, and not, at all events, to damage by an act of their own a privilege belonging to the Holy See, which even the French canonists have recognized, namely, that of the right of adjudication in matrimonial questions that relate to the alliances of sovereigns; such conduct, though visited by the indignation and resentment of the Emperor, deserved in fairness and justice of the Holy Father his gratitude and approbation, rather than censure and condemnation.

Finally, with reference to the fourth article, which prohibited the Cardinals Di Pietro and Pacca from ever more approaching the sacred person of the Pope; neither had committed any other crime than faithfully serving the Pope, remaining with him at the risk of their lives till he was barbarously torn from his See, and undergoing, on account of their fidelity and affection to

their sovereign, the pains of the most bitter imprisonment.

Unwilling to heap affliction on the afflicted, I abstained from expressing to the Pope my full sense of the affront that had been offered to His Holiness by proposing the articles in question, and even by thinking him capable of affixing his signature to such opprobrious conditions; I therefore restricted myself during the remainder of the audience to the renewal of expressions of comfort and encouragement, such as I had made in the morning. On the evening of that day, the 18th, the Cardinal Consalvi, whom the Holy Father anxiously expected, having already appointed him his minister for the purpose of managing a pending negotiation with the Imperial Government, arrived at Fontainebleau, and had an audience immediately. Consalvi had, in fact, even from the very commencement of the present pontificate, always enjoyed the favour and full confidence of Pius VII., and might exclaim as our poet Dante sang of Pietro della Vigne, minister of the Emperor Frederick—

> " Io son colui, che tenni ambo le chiavi
> Del cuor di (*Chiaramonti*), e che le volsi,
> Serrando e disserando." [1]

[1] " I am the man who held both the keys of (*Chiaramonti's*) heart, and turned them too, locking and unlocking it."

On that evening and the following day I saw and embraced once more those of my colleagues who were at this time at Fontainebleau, many of whom, with tears in their eyes, most affectionately expressed to me the sentiments of sorrow they experienced during my imprisonment, and the consolation they felt at the present moment on seeing me again. On the evening of the 19th of February I took leave of the Holy Father, who gave me a supply of money, such as he had offered and had been accepted by several of the other Cardinals; and on the following day, leaving Fontainebleau at a late hour in the morning, I arrived before sunset at Paris.

END OF VOLUME I.

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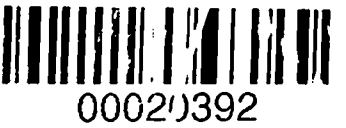
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